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CARLYLE'S COMPLETE WORKS
THE STERLING EDITION

HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

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ILLUSTRATION.

PORTRAIT: WILLIAM PITT.

Painted by WILLIAM HOARE, R. A. Etched by S. A. SCHOFF.

Frontispiece.

HISTORY OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN TWENTY-ONE BOOKS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BOOK XVIII.

(*CONTINUED.*)

SEVEN-YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT.

1757–1759.

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

Friedrich left Leipzig Sunday, October 30th; encamped, that night, on the famous Field of Lützen, with the vanguard, he (as usual, and Mayer with him, who did some brisk smiting home of what French there were); Keith and Duke Ferdinand following, with main body and rear.

Movements on the Soubise-Hildburghausen part are all retrograde again; — can Dauphiness Bellona do nothing, then, except shuttle forwards and then backwards according to Friedrich's absence or presence? The Soubise-Hildburghausen Army does immediately withdraw on this occasion, as on the former; and makes for the safe side of the Saale again, rapidly retreating before Friedrich, who is not above one to two of them, — more like one to three, now that Broglio's Detachment is come to hand. Broglio got to Merseburg October 26th, — guess 15,000 strong; — considerably out of repair, and glad to have done with such a march, and be within reach of Soubise. This is the Second Son of our old Blusterous Friend; a man who came to some mark, and to a great deal of trouble, in this

War; and ended, readers know how, at the Siege of the Bastille thirty-two years afterwards!

So soon as rested, Broglio, by order, moves leftwards to Halle, to guard Saale Bridge there; Soubise himself edging after him to Merseburg, on a similar errand; and leaving Hildburghausen to take charge of Weissenfels and the Third Saale Bridge. That is Dauphiness's posture while Friedrich encamps at Lützen: — let impatient human nature fix these three places for itself, and hasten to the catastrophe of wretched Dauphiness. Soubise, it ought to be remembered, is not in the highest spirits; but his Officers in over-high, "Doing this *petit Marquis de Brandebourg* the honor to have a kind of War with him (*de lui faire une espèce de guerre*)," as they term it. Being puffed up with general vanity, and the newspaper rumor about Haddick's feat, — which, like the gloves it got, is going all to left-hand in this way. Hildburghausen and the others overrule Soubise; and indeed there is no remedy; "Provision almost out; — how retreat to our magazines and our fastnesses, with Friedrich once across Saale, and sticking to the skirts of us?" Here, from eye-witnesses where possible, are the successive steps of Dauphiness towards her doom, which is famous in the world ever since.

"Monday, 31st October, 1757," as the Town-Syndic of Weissenfels records, "about eight in the morning,[1] the King of Prussia, with his whole Army" (or what seemed to us the whole, though it was but a half; Keith with the other half being within reach to northward, marching Merseburg way), "came before this Town." Has been here before; as Keith has, as Soubise and others have: a town much agitated lately by transit of troops. It was from the eastern, or high landward side, where the so-called Castle is, that Friedrich came: Castle built originally on some "White Crag (*Weisse Fels*" not now conspicuous), from which the town and whilom Duchy take their name.

"We have often heard of Weissenfels, while the poor old drunken Duke lived, who used to be a Suitor of Wilhelmina's,

[1] Müller, *Schlacht bei Rossbach* ("a Centenary Piece," Berlin, 1857, — containing several curious Extracts), p. 44; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 643, 651-668.

liable to hard usage; and have marched through it, with the Salzburgers, in peaceable times. A solid pleasant-enough little place (6,000 souls or so); lies leant against high ground (White Crags, or whatever it once was) on the eastern or right bank of the Saale; a Town in part flat, in part very steep; the streets of it, or main street and secondaries, running off level enough from the River and Bridge; rising by slow degrees, but at last rapidly against the high ground or cliffs, just mentioned; a stiff acclivity of streets, till crowned by the so-called Castle, the 'Augustus Burg' in those days, the 'Friedrich-Wilhelm Barrack' in ours. It was on this crown of the cliffs that his Prussian Majesty appeared.

"Saale is of good breadth here; has done perhaps two hundred miles, since he started, in the Fichtelgebirge (*Pine Mountains*), on his long course Elbe-ward; received, only ten miles ago, his last big branch, the wide-wandering Unstrut, coming in with much drainage from the northern parts: — in breadth, Saale may be compared to Thames, to Tay or Beauley; his depth not fordable, though nothing like so deep as Thames's; main cargo visible is rafts of timber: banks green, definite, scant of wood; river of rather dark complexion, mainly noiseless, but of useful pleasant qualities otherwise."

From this Castle or landward side come Friedrich and his Prussians, on Monday morning about eight. "The garrison, some 4,000 Reichs folk and a French Battalion or two, shut the Gates, and assembled in the Market-place," — a big square, close at the foot of the Heights; "on the other hand, from the top of the Heights [*Klammerk* the particular spot], the Prussians cannonaded Town and Gates; to speedy bursting open of the same; and rushed in over the walls of the Castle-court, and by other openings into the Town: so that the garrison above said had to quit, and roll with all speed across the Saale Bridge, and set the same on fire behind them." This was their remedy for all the Three Bridges, when attacked; but it succeeded nowhere so well as here.

"The fire was of extreme rapidity; prepared beforehand:" Bridge all of dry wood coated with pitch; — "fire reinforced too, in view of such event, by all the suet, lard and oleagi-

nous matter the Garrison could find in Weissenfels; some hundredweights of tallow-dips, for one item, going up on this occasion." Bridge, "worth 100,000 thalers," is instantly ablaze: some 400 finding the bridge so flamy, and the Prussians at their skirts, were obliged to surrender; — Feldmarschall Hildburghausen, sleeping about two miles off, gets himself awakened in this unpleasant manner. Flying garrison halt on the other side of the River, where the rest of their Army is; plant cannon there against quenching of the Bridge; and so keep firing, answered by the Prussians, with much noise and no great mischief, till 3 P.M., when the Bridge is quite gone (Toll-keeper's Lodge and all), and the enterprise of crossing there had plainly become impossible.

Friedrich quickly, about a mile farther down the River, has picked out another crossing-place, in the interim, and founded some new adequate plank or raft bridge there; which, by diligence all night, will be crossable to-morrow. So that, except for amusing the enemy, the cannonading may cease at Weissenfels. A certain Duc de Crillon, in command at this Weissenfels Bridge-burning and cannonade, has a chivalrous Anecdote (amounting nearly to zero when well examined) about saving or sparing Friedrich's life on this interesting occasion: How, being now on the safe side of the River, he Crillon with his staff taking some refection of breakfast after the furious flurry there had been; there came to him one of his Artillery Captains, stationed in an Island in the River, asking, "Shall I shoot the King of Prussia, Monseigneur? He is down reconnoitring his end of the Bridge: sha'n't I, then?" To whom Crillon gives a glass of wine and smilingly magnanimous answer to a negative effect.[1] Concerning which, one has to remark, Not only, *first*, that the Artillery Captain's power of seeing Friedrich (which is itself uncertain) would indeed mean the power of aiming at him, but differs immensely from that of hitting him with shot; so that this "Shall I kill the King?" was mainly thrasonic wind from Captain Bertin. But *secondly*, that there is no "Island" in the River there-

[1] "*Mémoires militaires de Louis &c. Duc de Crillon* (Paris, 1791), p. 166;" — as cited by Preuss, ii. 88.

abouts, for Captain Bertin to fire from! So that probably the whole story is wind or little more: dreamlike, or at best some idle thrasonic-theoretic question, on the part of Bertin; proper answer thereto (consisting mainly in a glass of wine) from Monseigneur: — all which, on retrospection, Monseigneur feels, or would fain feel, to have been not theoretic-thrasonic but practical, and of a rather godlike nature. Zero mainly, as we said; Friedrich thanks you for zero, Monseigneur.

"The Prussians were billeted in the Town that night," says our Syndic; "and in many a house there came to be twenty men, and even thirty and above it, lodged. All was quiet through the night; the French and the Reichs folk were drawn back upon the higher grounds, about Burgwerben and on to Tagwerben; and we saw their watch-fires burning." Friedrich's Bridge meanwhile, unmolested by the enemy, is getting ready.

Keith, looking across to Merseburg on the morrow morning (Tuesday, Nov. 1st), whither he had marched direct with the other Half of the Army, finds Merseburg Bridge destroyed, or broken; and Soubise with batteries on the farther side, intending to dispute the passage. Keith despatches Duke Ferdinand to Halle, another twelve miles down, who finds Halle Bridge destroyed in like manner, and Broglio intending to dispute; which, however, on second thoughts, neither of them did. Friedrich's new Bridge at Herren-Mühle (*Lordships' Mill*) is of course an important point to them; Friedrich's passage now past dispute! "Let us fall back," say they, "and rank ourselves a little; we are 50 or 60,000 strong; ill off for provisions; but well able to retreat; and have permission to fight on this side of the River."

The combined Army, "Dauphiness," or whatever we are to call it, does on Wednesday morning (November 2d) gather in its cannon and outskirts, and give up the Saale question; retire landwards to the higher grounds some miles; and diligently get itself united, and into order of battle better or worse, near the Village of Mücheln (which means Kirk *Michael*, and is still written "*Sanct Michel*" by some on this occasion). There Dauphiness takes post, leaning on the heights, not in a very

scientific way; leaving Keith and Ferdinand to rebuild their Bridges unmolested, and all Prussians to come across at discretion. Which they have diligently done (2d–3d November), by their respective Bridges; and on Thursday afternoon are all across, encamped at Bedra, in close neighborhood to Mücheln; which Friedrich has been out reconnoitring and finds that he can attack next morning very early.

Next morning, accordingly, "by 2 o'clock, with a bright moon shining," Friedrich is on horseback, his Army following. But on examining by moonlight, the enemy have shifted their position; turned on their axis, more or less, into new wood-patches, new batteries and bogs; which has greatly mended their affair. No good attacking them so, thinks Friedrich; and returns to his Camp; slightly cannonaded, one wing of him, from some battery of the enemy; and immoderately crowed over by them: "Dare not, you see! Tried, and was defeated!" cry their newspapers and they, — for one day. Friedrich lodges again in Bedra this night, others say in Rossbach; shifts his own Camp a little; left wing of it now at Rossbach (*Horse-Brook*, or *Beck*, soon to be a world-famous Hamlet): the effects of hunger on the Dauphiness, so far from her supplies, will, he calculates, be stronger than on him, and will bring her to better terms shortly. Dauphiness needs bread; one may have fine clipping at the skirts of her, if she try retreat. That Dauphiness would play the prank she did next morning, Friedrich had not ventured to calculate.

Catastrophe of Dauphiness (Saturday, 5th November, 1757).

Meandering Saale is on one of his big turns, as he passes Weissenfels; turning, pretty rapidly here, from southeastward, which he was a dozen miles ago, round to northeastward again or northward altogether, which he gets to be at Merseburg, a dozen farther down. Right across from Weissenfels, lapped in this crook of the Saale, or washed by it on south side and on east, rises, with extreme laziness, a dull circular lump of country, six or eight miles in diameter; with Rossbach and half a

dozen other scraggy sleepy Hamlets scattered on it; — which, till the morning of Saturday, 5th November, 1757, had not been notable to any visitor. The topmost point or points, for there are two (not discoverable except by tradition and guess), the country people do call Hills, *Janus-Hügel, Pölzen-Hügel,* — Hill sensible to wagon-horses in those bad loose tracks of sandy mud, but unimpressive on the Tourist, who has to admit that there seldom was so flat a Hill. Rising, let us guess, forty yards in the three or four miles it has had. Might be called a perceptibly pot-bellied plain, with more propriety; flat country, slightly puffed up; — in shape not steeper than the mould of an immense tea-saucer would be. Tea-saucer 6 miles in diameter, 100 feet in depth, and of irregular contour, which indeed will sufficiently represent it to the reader's mind.

Saale, at four or five miles distance, bounds this scraggy lump on the east and on the south. Westward and northward, springing about Mücheln on each hand, and setting off to right and to left Saale-ward, are what we take to be two brooks; at least are two hollows: and behind these, the country rises higher; undulating still on lazy terms, but now painted azure by the distance, not unpleasant to behold, with its litter all lapped out of sight, and its poor brooks tinkling forward (as we judge) into the Saale, Merseburg way, or reverse-wise into the Unstrut, the last big branch of Saale. Southward from our Janus Height, eight or nine miles off, may be seen some vestige of Freiburg; steeple or gilt weathercock faintly visible, on the Unstrut yonder; — which I take to be Soubise's bread-basket at present. And farther off, and opposite the *mouth* of the Unstrut, well across the Saale, lies another namable Town (visible in clear weather, as a smoke-cloud at certain hours, about meal-time, when the kettles are on boil), the Town of Naumburg, — one of several German Naumburgs, — the Naumburg of Gustaf Adolf; where his slain body lay, on the night of Lützen Battle, with his poor Queen and others weeping over it. Naumburg is on the other side of Saale, not of importance to Soubise in such posture.

This is the circular block or lump of country, on the north or northwest side of which Friedrich now lies, and which will

become, he little thinks how memorable on the morrow. Over the heights, immediately eastward of Friedrich, there is a kind of hollow, or scooped-out place; shallow valley of some extent, which deserves notice against to-morrow: but in general the ground is lazily spherical, and without noticeable hollows or valleys when fairly away from the River. A dull blunt lump of country; made of sand and mud, — may have been grassy once, with broom on it, in the pastoral times; is now under poor plough-husbandry, arable or scratchable in all parts, and looks rather miserable in winter-time. No vestige of hedge on it, of shrub or bush; one tree, ugly but big, which may have been alive in Friedrich's time, stands not far from Rossbach Hamlet; one, and no more, discoverable in these areas.

Various Hamlets lie sprinkled about: very sleepy, rusty, irregular little places; huts and cattle-stalls huddled down, as if shaken from a bag; much straw, thick thatch and crumbly mud-brick; but looking warm and peaceable, for the Four-footed and the Two-footed; which latter, if you speak to them, are solid reasonable people, with energetic German eyes and hearts, though so ill-lodged. These Hamlets, needing shelter and spring-water, stand generally in some slight hollow, if well up the Height, as Rossbach is; sometimes, if near the bottom, they are nestled in a sudden dell or gash, — work of the primeval rains, accumulating from above, and ploughing out their way. The rains, we can see, have been busy; but there is seldom the least stream visible, bottom being too sandy and porous. On the western slope, there is in our time a kind of coal, or coal-dust, dug up; in the way of quarrying, not of mining; and one or two big chasms of this sort are confusedly busy: the natives mix this valuable coal-dust with water, mould it into bricks, and so use as fuel: one of the features of these hamlets is the strange black bricks, standing on edge about the cottage-doors, to drip, and dry in the sun. For this or for other reasons, the westward slope appears to be the best; and has a major share of hamlets on it: Rossbach is high up, and looks over upon Mücheln, and its dim belfry and appurtenances, which lie safe across the hollow, perhaps two miles off, — safe from Friedrich, if there were

eatables and lodging to be had in such a place. Friedrich's left wing is in Rossbach. Bedra where Friedrich's right wing is; Branderode where the Soubise right is; then Gröst, Schevenroda, Zeuchfeld, Pettstädt, Lunstädt, — especially Reichartswerben, where Soubise's right will come to be: these the reader may take note of in his Map. Several of them lie in ashes just then; plundered, replundered, and at last set fire to; so busy have Soubise's hungry people been, of late, in the Country they came to "deliver." The Freiburg road, the Naumburg road, both towards Merseburg, cross this Height; straight like the string, Saale by Weissenfels being the bow.

The *Herrenhaus* (Squire's Mansion) still stands in Rossbach, with the littery Hamlet at its flank: a high, pavilion-roofed, and though dilapidated, pretentious kind of House; some kind of court round it, some kind of hedge or screen of brushwood and brick-wall: terribly in need of the besom, it and its environment throughout. King, I suppose, did lodge there overnight: certain it is the Squire was absent; and the Squire's Man, three days afterwards, reported to him as follows: . . . "Saturday, the 5th, about 8 A.M., his Majesty mounted to the roof of the Herrenhaus here, some tiles having been removed [for that end, or by accident, is not said], and saw how the French and Reichs Army were getting in movement" — wriggling out of their Camp leftwards, evidently aiming towards Gröst. "In about an hour, near half their Army was through Gröst, and had turned southward, rather southeastward, from Gröst, out in the Rossbach and Almsdorf region, and proceeding still towards Pettstädt," — towards Schevenroda more precisely, not towards Pettstädt yet. "His Majesty looked always through the perspective: and to me was the grace done to be ever at his side, and to name for him the roads the French and Reichs Army was marching."[1]

The King had heard of this phenomenon hours before, and had sent out Hussars and scouts upon it; but now sees it with his eyes: — "Going for Freiburg, and their bread-cupboard," thinks the King; who does not as yet make much of the

[1] Müller, p. 50; Rödenbeck, p. 326.

movement; but will watch it well, and calculates to have a stroke at the rear end of it, in due season. With which view, the cavalry, Seidlitz and Mayer, are ordered to saddle; foot regiments, and all else, to be in readiness. This French-Reichs Dauphiness is not rapid in her field-exercise; and has a great deal of wriggling and unwinding before she can fairly pick herself out, and get forward towards Schevenroda on the Freiburg road. In three or in two parallel columns, artillery between them, horse ahead, horse arear; haggling along there; — making for their bread-baskets, thinks the King. A body of French, horse chiefly, under St. Germain, come out, in the Schortau-Almsdorf part, with some salvoing and prancing, as if intending to attack about Rossbach, where our left wing is: but his Majesty sees it to be a pretence merely; and St. Germain, motionless, and doing nothing but cannonade a little, seems to agree that it is so. Dauphiness continues her slow movements; King, in this Squire's Mansion of Rossbach, sits down to dinner, dinner with Officers at the usual hour of noon, — little dreaming what the Dauphiness has in her head.

Truth is, the Dauphiness is in exultant spirits, this morning; intending great things against a certain "little Marquis of Brandenburg," to whom one does so much honor. Generals looking down yesterday on the King of Prussia's Camp, able to count every man in it (and half the men being invisible, owing to bends of the ground), counted him to 10,000 or so; and had said, "Pshaw, are not we above 50,000; let us end it! Take him on his left. Round yonder, till we get upon his left, and even upon his rear withal, St. Germain co-operating on the other side of him: on left, on rear, on front, at the same moment, is not that a sure game?" A very ticklish game, answers surly sagacious Lloyd: "No general will permit himself to be taken in flank with his eyes open; and the King of Prussia is the unlikeliest you could try it with!"

Trying it meanwhile they are; marching along by the low grounds here, intending to sweep gradually leftwards towards Janus-Hill quarter; there to sweep home upon him, coil him

up, left and rear and front, in their boa-constrictor folds, and end his trifle of an Army and him. "Why not, if we do our duty at all, annihilate his trifle of an Army; take himself prisoner, and so end it?" Report says, Soubise had really, in some moment of enthusiasm lately, warned the Versailles populations to expect such a thing; and that the Duchess of Orleans, forgetful of poor King Louis's presence, had in *her* enthusiasm, exclaimed: "*Tant Mieux*, I shall at last see a King, then!" But perhaps it is a mere French epigram, such as the winds often generate there, and put down for fact.— Friedrich's retreat to Weissenfels is cut off for Friedrich: an Austrian party has been at the Herren-Mühle Bridge this morning, has torn it up and pitched it into the river; planks far on to Merseburg by this time. And, in fact, unless Friedrich be nimble — But that he usually is.

Friedrich's dinner had gone on with deliberation for about two hours, Friedrich's intentions not yet known to any, but everybody, great and small, waiting eagerly for them, like greyhounds on the slip, — when Adjutant Gaudi, who had been on the House-top the while, rushes into the Dining-room faster than he ought, and, with some tremor in his voice and eyes, reports hastily: "At Schevenroda, at Pettstädt yonder! Enemy has turned to left. Clearly for the left." — "Well, and if he do? No flurry needed, Captain!" answered Friedrich, — (*not* in these precise words; but rebuking Gaudi, with a look not of laughter wholly, and with a certain question, as to the state of Gaudi's stomachic part, which is still known in traditionary circles, but is not mentionable here); — and went, with due gravity, himself to the roof, with his Officers. "To the left, sure enough; meaning to attack us there:" the thing Friedrich had despaired of is voluntarily coming, then; — and it is a thing of stern qualities withal; a wager of life, with glorious possibilities behind.

Friedrich earnestly surveys the phenomenon for some minutes; in some minutes, Friedrich sees his way through it, at least into it, and how he will do it. Off, eastward; march! Swift are his orders; almost still swifter the fulfilment of them. Prussian Army is a nimble article in comparison with

Dauphiness! In half an hour's time, all is packed and to the road; and, except Mayer and certain Free-Corps or Light-Horse, to amuse St. Germain and his Almsdorf people, there is not a Prussian visible in these localities to French eyes. "At half-past two," says the Squire's Man, — or let us take him a sentence earlier, to lose nothing of such a Document: "At noon his Majesty took dinner; sat till about two o'clock; then again went to the roof; and perceived that the Enemy's Army at Pettstädt were turning about the little Wood there northeastward, as if for Lunstädt [into the Lunstädt road]; — such cannonading too," from those Almsdorf people, "that the balls flew over our heads," — or I tremulously thought so. "At half-past two, the word was given, March! And good speed they made about it, in this Herrenhaus, and out of doors too, striking their tents, and cording up and trimly shouldering everything with incredible brevity," as if machinery were doing it; "and at three, on the Prussian part, all was packed and out into the court for being carried off; and, in fact, the Prussian Army was on march at three." Seidlitz, with all his Horse, vanishing round the corner of the Height; speeding along, invisible on his northern slope there, straight for the Janus-Pölzen Hill part; the Infantry following, double-quick; — well knowing, each, what he has got to do.

But at this interesting point, the Editors — small thanks to them, authentic but thrice-stupid mortals — cut short our Eye-witness, not so much as telling us his name, some of them not even his date or whereabouts; and so the curtain tumbles down (as if its string had been cut, or suddenly eaten by unwise animals), and we are left to gray hubbub, and our own resources at second-hand. Except only that a French Officer — one of those cannonading from Almsdorf, no doubt — declares that "it was like a change of scene in the Opera (*décoration d'Opéra*)," [1] so very rapid; and that "they all rolled off eastward at quick time." At extremely quick time;

[1] Letter in *Müller*, p. 60. In *Westphalen* (ii. 128–133) is a much superior French Letter, intercepted somewhere, and fallen to Duke Ferdinand; well worth reading, on Rossbach and the previous Affairs.

— and soon, in the slight hollow behind Janus Hügel, vanished from sight of these Almsdorf French, and of the Soubise-Hildburghausen Army in general. Which latter is agreeably surprised at the phenomenon; and draws a highly flattering conclusion from it. "Gone, then; off at double-quick for Merseburg; aha!" think the Soubise-Hildburghausen people: "Double-quick you too, my pretty men, lest they do whisk away, and we never get a stroke at them!" —

Seidlitz meanwhile, with his cavalry (thirty-eight squadrons, about 4,000 horse), is rapidly doing the order he has had. Seidlitz at a sharp military trot, and the infantry at double-quick to keep up near him, which they cannot quite do, are, as we have said, making right across for the Pölzen-Hill and Janus-Hill quarter; their route the string, French route the bow; and are invisible to the French, owing to the heights between. Seidlitz, when he gets to the proper point eastward, will wheel about, front to southward, and be our left wing; infantry, as centre and right, will appear in like manner; and — we shall see!

The exultant Dauphiness, or Soubise-Hildburghausen Army (let us call it, for brevity's sake, Dauphiness or French, which it mainly was), on that rapid disappearance of the Prussians, never doubted but the Prussians were off on flight for Merseburg, to get across by the Bridge there. Whereat Dauphiness, doubly exultant, mended her own pace, cavalry at a sharp trot, infantry double-quick, but unable to keep up, — for the purpose of capturing or intercepting the runaway Prussians. Speed, my friends, — if you would do a stroke upon Friedrich, and show the Versailles people a King at last! Thus they, hurrying on, in two parallel columns, — infantry, long floods of it, coming double-quick but somewhat fallen behind; cavalry 7,000 or so, as vanguard, — faster and faster; sweeping forward on their southern side of the Janus-and-Pölzen slope, and now rather climbing the same.

Seidlitz has his hussar pickets on the top, to keep him informed as to their motions, and how far they are got. Seidlitz, invisible on the south slope of the Polzen Hügel, finds about half-past three P.M. that he is now fairly ahead of

Dauphiness; Seidlitz halts, wheels, comes to the top, "Got the flank of them, sure enough!" — and without waiting signal or farther orders, every instant being precious, rapidly forms himself; and plunges down on these poor people. "Compact as a wall, and with an incredible velocity (*d'une vitesse incroyable*)," says one of them. Figure the astonishment of Dauphiness; of poor Broglio, who commands the horse here. Taken in flank, instead of taking other people; intercepted, not in the least needing to intercept! Has no time to form, though he tried what he could. Only the two Austrian regiments got completely formed; the rest very incompletely; and Seidlitz, in the blaze of rapid steel, is in upon them. The two Austrian regiments, and two French that are named, made what debate was feasible; — courage nowise wanting, in such sad want of captaincy; nay Soubise in person galloped into it, if that could have helped. But from the first, the matter was hopeless; Seidlitz slashing it at such a rate, and plunging through it and again through it, thrice, some say four times: so that, in the space of half an hour, this luckless cavalry was all tumbling off the ground; plunging down-hill, in full flight, across its own infantry or whatever obstacle, Seidlitz on the hips of it; and galloping madly over the horizon, towards Freiburg as it proved; and was not again heard of that day.

In about half an hour that bit of work was over; and Seidlitz, with his ranks trimmed again, had drawn himself southward a little, into the Hollow of Tageswerben, there to wait impending phenomena. For Friedrich with the Infantry is now emerging over Janus Hill, in a highly thunderous manner, — eighteen pieces of artillery going, and "four big guns taken from the walls of Leipzig;" and there will be events anon. It is said, Hildburghausen, at the first glimpse of Friedrich over the hill-top, whispered to Soubise, "We are lost, Royal Highness!" — "Courage!" Soubise would answer; and both, let us hope, did their utmost in this extremely bad predicament they had got into.

Friedrich's artillery goes at a murderous rate; had come in view, over the hill-top, before Seidlitz ended, — "nothing

but the muzzles of it visible" (and the fire-torrents from it) to us poor French below. Friedrich's lines; or rather his one line, mere tip of his left wing, — only seven battalions in it, five of them under Keith from the second or reserve line; whole centre and right wing standing "refused" in oblique rank, invisible, *behind* the Hill, — Friedrich's line, we say, the artillery to its right, shoots out in mysterious Prussian rhythm, in echelons, in potences, obliquely down the Janus-Hill side; straight, rigid, regular as iron clock-work; and strides towards us, silent, with the lightning sleeping in it: — Friedrich has got the flank of Dauphiness, and means to keep it. Once and again and a third time, poor Soubise, with his poor regiments much in an imbroglio, here heaped on one another, there with wide gaps, halt being so sudden, — attempts to recover the flank, and pushes out this regiment and the other, rightward, to be even with Friedrich. But sees with despair that it cannot be; that Friedrich with his echelons, potences and mysterious Prussian resources, pulls himself out like the pieces of a prospect-glass, piece after piece, hopelessly fast and seemingly no end to them; and that the flank is lost, and that — Unhappy Generals of Dauphiness, what a phenomenon for them! A terrible Friedrich, not fled to Merseburg at all; but mounted there on the Janus Hill, as on his saddle-horse, with face quite the other way; — and for holster-pistol, has plucked out twenty-two cannon. Clad verily in fire; Chimera-like, *riding* the Janus Hill, in that manner; left leg (or wing) of him spurning us into the abysses, right one ready to help at discretion!

Hildburghausen, I will hope, does his utmost; Soubise, Broglio, for certain do. The French line is in front, next the Prussians: poor Generals of Dauphiness are panting to retrieve themselves. But with regiments jammed in this astonishing way, and got collectively into the lion's throat, what can be done? Steady, rigid as iron clock-work, the Prussian line strides forward; at forty paces' distance delivers its first shock of lightning, bursts into platoon fire; and so continues, steady at the rate of five shots a minute, — hard to endure by poor masses all in a coil. "The artillery tore down whole

ranks of us," says the Würtemberg Dragoon;[1] "the Prussian musketry did terrible execution."

Things began to waver very soon, French reeling back from the Prussian fire, Reichs troops rocking very uneasy, torn by such artillery; when, to crown the matter, Seidlitz, seeing all things rock to the due extent, bursts out of Tageswerben Hollow, terribly compact and furious, upon the rear of them. Which sets all things into inextricable tumble; and the Battle is become a rout and a riding into ruin, no Battle ever more. Lasted twenty-five minutes, this second act of it, or till half-past four: after which, the curtains rapidly descending (Night's curtain, were there no other) cover the remainder; the only stage-direction, *Exeunt Omnes.* Which for a 50 or 60,000, ridden over by Seidlitz Horse, was not quite an easy matter! They left, of killed and wounded, near 3,000; of prisoners, 5,000 (Generals among them 8, Officers 300): in sum, about 8,000; not to mention cannon, 67 or 72; with standards, flags, kettle-drums and meaner baggages *ad libitum* in a manner. The Prussian loss was, 165 killed, 376 wounded; — between a sixteenth and a fifteenth part of theirs: in number the Prussians had been little more than one to three; 22,000 of all arms, — not above half of whom ever came into the fire; Seidlitz and seven battalions doing all the fighting that was needed. St. Germain tried to cover the retreat; but "got broken," he says, — Mayer bursting in on him, — and soon went to slush like the others.

Seldom, almost never, not even at Crecy or Poictiers, was any Army better beaten. And truly, we must say, seldom did any better deserve it, so far as the Chief Parties went. Yes, Messieurs, this is the *petit Marquis de Brandebourg;* you will know this one, when you meet him again! The flight, the French part of it, was towards Freiburg Bridge; in full gallop, long after the chase had ceased; crossing of the Unstrut there, hoarse, many-voiced, all night; burning of the Bridge; found burnt, when Friedrich arrived next morning. He had encamped at Obschütz, short way from the field itself. French Army, Reichs Army, all was gone

[1] His Letter in *Müller*, p. 83.

to staves, to utter chaotic wreck. Hildburghausen went by Naumburg; crossed the Saale there; bent homewards through the Weimar Country; one wild flood of ruin, swift as it could go; at Erfurt "only one regiment was in rank, and marched through with drums beating." His Army, which had been disgustingly unhappy from the first, and was now fallen fluid on these mad terms, flowed all away in different rills, each by the course straightest home; and Hildburghausen arriving at Bamberg, with hardly the ghost or mutilated skeleton of an Army, flung down his truncheon, — "A murrain on your Reichs Armies and regimental chaoses!" — and went indignantly home. Reichs Army had to begin at the beginning again; and did not reappear on the scene till late next Year, under a new Commander, and with slightly improved conditions.

Dauphiness Proper was in no better case; and would have flowed home in like manner, had not home been so far, and the way unknown. Twelve thousand of them rushed straggling through the Eichsfeld; plundering and harrying, like Cossacks or Calmucks: "Army blown asunder, over a circle of forty miles' radius," writes St. Germain: "had the Enemy pursued us, after I got broken [burst in upon by Mayer and his Free-Corps people] we had been annihilated. Never did Army behave worse; the first cannon-salvo decided our rout and our shame."[1]

In two days' time (November 7th), the French had got to Langensalza, fifty-five miles from the Battle-field of Rossbach; plundering, running, *sacre-dieu*-ing; a wild deluge of molten wreck, filling the Eichsfeld with its waste noises, making night hideous and day too; — in the villages Placards were stuck up, appointing Nordhausen and Heiligenstadt for rallying place.[2]

Soubise rode, with few attendants, all night towards Nordhausen, — eighty miles off, foot of the Brocken Country, where the Richelieu resources are; — Soubise with few attendants,

[1] St. Germain to Verney: different Excerpts of Letters in the two weeks after Rossbach and before (given in Preuss, ii. 97).

[2] Müller, p. 73.

face set towards the Brocken; himself, it is like, in a somewhat hag-ridden condition.

"The joy of poor Teutschland at large," says one of my Notes, "and how all Germans, Prussian and Anti-Prussian alike, flung up their caps, with unanimous *Lebe-hoch*, at the news of Rossbach, has often been remarked; and indeed is still almost touching to see. The perhaps bravest Nation in the world, though the least braggart, very certainly *ein tapferes Volk* (as their Goethe calls them); so long insulted, snubbed and trampled on, by a luckier, not a braver: — has not your exultant Dauphiness got a beautiful little dose administered her; and is gone off in foul shrieks, and pangs of the interior, — let no man ask whitherward! '*Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit* (Can a German possibly have sharpness of wits)?' Well, yes, it would seem: here is one German graduate who understands his medicine-chest, and the quality of patients! — Dauphiness got no pity anywhere; plenty of epigrams, and mostly nothing but laughter even in Paris itself. Napoleon long after, who much admires Friedrich, finds that this Victory of Rossbach was inevitable; 'but what fills me with astonishment and shame,' adds he, 'is that it was gained by six battalions and thirty squadrons [seven properly, and thirty-eight] over such a multitude!'[1] — It is well known, Napoleon, after Jena, as if Jena had not been enough for him, tore down the first Monument of Rossbach, some poor ashlar Pyramid or Pillar, raised by the neighborhood, with nothing more afflictive inscribed on it than a date; and sent it off in carts for Paris (where no stone of it ever arrived, the Thüringen carmen slinking off, and leaving it scattered in different places over the face of Thüringen in general); so that they had the trouble of a new one lately."[2]

From Friedrich the "Army of the Circles," that is, Dauphiness and Company, — called *Hoop*ers or "Coopers" (*Tonneliers*),

[1] Montholon, *Mémoires &c. de Napoléon* (Napoleon's *Précis des Guerres de Frédéric II.*, vii. 210).

[2] Rödenbeck, *Beiträge*, i. 299; ib. p. 385, Lithograph of the poor extinct Monument itself.

with a desperate attempt at wit by pun, — get their Adieu in words withal. This is the famed *Congé de l'Armée des Cercles et des Tonneliers;* a short metrical Piece; called by Editors the most profane, most indecent, most &c.; and printed with asterisk veils thrown over the worst passages. Who shall dare, searching and rummaging for insight into Friedrich, and complaining that there is none, to lift any portion of the veil; and say, "See — Faugh!" The cynicism, truly, but also the irrepressible honest exultation, has a kind of epic completeness, and fulness of sincerity; and, at bottom, the thing is nothing like so wicked as careless commentators have given out. Dare to look a little: —

"*Adieu, grands écraseurs de rois,*" so it starts: "Adieu, grand crushers of Kings; arrogant wind-bags, Turpin, Broglio, Soubise, — Hildburghausen with the gray beard, foolish still as when your beard was black in the Turk-War time: — brisk journey to you all!" That is the first stanza; unexceptionable, had we room. The second stanza is, — with the veils partially lifted; with probably "*Moïse*" put into the first blank, and into the third something of or belonging to "*César,*" —

> "*Je vous ai vu comme . . .*
> *Dans des ronces en certain lieu*
> *Eut l'honneur de voir . . .*
> *Ou comme au gré de sa luxure*
> *Le bon Nicomède à l'écart*
> *Aiguillonnait sa flamme impure*
> *Des . . .*"

Enough to say, the Author, with a wild burst of spiritual enthusiasm, sings the charms of the rearward part of certain men; and what a royal ecstatic felicity there sometimes is in indisputable survey of the same. He rises to the heights of Anti-Biblical profanity, quoting Moses on the Hill of Vision; sinks to the bottomless of human or ultra-human depravity, quoting King Nicomedes's experiences on Cæsar (happily known only to the learned); and, in brief, recognizes that there is, on occasion, considerable beauty in that quarter of the human figure, when it turns on you opportunely. A most cynical profane affair: yet, we must say by way of paren-

thesis, one which gives no countenance to Voltaire's atrocities of rumor about Friedrich himself in this matter; the reverse rather, if well read; being altogether theoretic, scientific; sings with gusto the glow of beauty you find in that unexpected quarter, — while *kicking* it deservedly and with enthusiasm. "To see the" — what shall we call it: seat of honor, in fact, "of your enemy:" has it not an undeniable charm? "I own to you in confidence, O Soubise and Company, this fine laurel I have got, and was so in need of, is nothing more or other than the sight of your" — *four asterisks*. "Oblige me, whenever clandestine Fate brings us together, by showing me that" — always that, if you would give me pleasure when we meet. "And oh," next stanza says, "to think what our glory is founded on," — on view of that unmentionable object, I declare to you! — And through other stanzas, getting smutty enough (though in theory only), which we need not prosecute farther.[1] A certain heartiness and epic greatness of cynicism, life's nakedness grown almost as if innocent again; an immense suppressed insuppressible Haha, on the part of this King. Strange *Te-Deum* indeed. Coming from the very heart, truly, as few of them do; but not, in other points, recommendable at all! — Here, of the night before, is something better: —

To Wilhelmina.

"Near Weissenfels [Obschutz, in fact; does not know yet what the Battle will be *called*], 5th November, 1757.

"At last, my dear Sister, I can announce you a bit of good news. You were doubtless aware that the Coopers with their circles had a mind to take Leipzig. I ran up, and drove them beyond Saale. The Duc de Richelieu sent them a reinforcement of twenty battalions and fourteen squadrons [say 15,000 horse and foot]; they then called themselves 63,000 strong. Yesterday I went to reconnoitre them; could not attack them in the post they held. This had rendered them rash. To-day they came out with the intention of attacking me; but I took the start of them (*les ai prévenu*). It was a Battle *en douceur*

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xii. 70–73 (*written* at Freiburg, 6th November, when his Majesty got thither, and found the Bridge burnt).

(soft to one's wish). Thanks to God I have not a hundred men killed; the only General ill wounded is Meinecke. My Brother Henri and General Seidlitz have slight hurts [gunshots, not so slight, that of Seidlitz] in the arm. We have all the Enemy's cannon, all the . . . I am in full march to drive them over the Unstrut [already driven, your Majesty; bridge burning].

"You, my dear Sister, my good, my divine and affectionate Sister [faithful to the bone, in good truth, poor Wilhelmina], who deign to interest yourself in the fate of a Brother who adores you, deign also to share in my joy. The instant I have time, I will tell you more. I embrace you with my whole heart. Adieu. F."[1]

Ulterior Fate of Dauphiness; flies over the Rhine in bad Fashion: Dauphiness's Ways with the Saxon Populations in her Deliverance-Work.

Friedrich had no more fighting with the French. November 9th, at Merseburg, in all stillness, Duke Ferdinand got his Britannic Commission, his full Powers, from Friedrich and the parties interested; in all stillness made his arrangements, as if for Magdeburg and his Governorship there, — Friedrich hastening off for Silesia the while. Duke Ferdinand did stay six days in Magdeburg, inspecting or pretending to inspect; very pleasant with his Sister and the Royalties that are now there; but at midnight of day sixth shot off silently on wider errand. And, in sum, on Thursday, 24th November, 1757, appeared in Stade, on horseback at morning parade there; intimating, to what joy of the poor Brunswick Grenadiers and others, That he was come to take command; that Kloster-Zeven is abolished; that we are not an "Observation Army," rotting here in the parish pound, any longer, but an "Allied Army" (such now our title), intending to strike for ourselves, and get out of pound straightway! —

"*Thursday, 24th November–Tuesday, 29th.* Duke Ferdinand did accordingly pick up the reins of this distracted Affair; and,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxvii. i. 310.

in a way wonderful to see, shot sanity into every fibre of it; and kept it sane and road-worthy for the Five Years coming. With a silent velocity, an energy, an imperturbable steadfastness and clear insight into cause and effect; which were creditable to the school he came from; and were a very joyful sight to Pitt and others concerned. So that from next Tuesday, 'November 29th, before daylight,' when Ferdinand's batteries began playing upon Harburg (French Fortress nearest to Stade), the reign of the French ceased in those Countries; and an astonished Richelieu and his French, lying scattered over all the West of Germany, in readiness for nothing but plunder, had to fall more or less distracted in their turn; and do a number of astonishing things. To try this and that, of futile, more or less frantic nature; be driven from post after post; be driven across the Aller first of all; — Richelieu to go home thereupon, and be succeeded by one still more incompetent.

"*December* 13*th*, a fortnight after Ferdinand's appearance, Richelieu had got to the safe side of the Aller (burning of Zelle Bridge and Zelle Town there, his last act in Germany); Ferdinand's quarters now wide enough; and vigorous speed of preparation going on for farther chase, were the weather mended. *February* 17*th*, 1758, Ferdinand was on foot again; Prince de Clermont, the still more incompetent successor of Richelieu, gazing wide-eyed upon him, but doing nothing else: and for the next six weeks there was seen a once triumphant Richelieu-D'Estrées French Army, much in rags, much in disorder, in terror, and here and there almost in despair, — winging their way; like clouds of draggled poultry caught by a mastiff in the corn. Across Weser, across Ems, finally across the Rhine itself, every feather of them, — their long-drawn cackle, of a shrieky type, filling all Nature in those months; the mastiff steadily following.[1] To the astonishment of Pitt

[1] Mauvillon, i. 252–284 ("9th November, 1757–1st April, 1758"); Westphalen, i. 316–503 (abundantly explicit, authentic and even entertaining, — with the ample Correspondences, ib. ii. 147–350); Schaper, *Vie militaire du Maréchal Prince Ferdinand* (2 tomes, 8vo, Magdebourg, 1796, 1799), i. 7–100 (a careful Book; of an official exactitude, like Westphalen's, — and appears to be left incomplete like his)

and mankind. Can this be the same Army that Royal Highness led to the Sea and the Parish Pound? The same identically, wasted to about two-thirds by Royal Highness; not a drum in it changed otherwise, only One Man different, — and he is the important one!

"Pitt, when the news of Rossbach came, awakening the bonfires and steeple-bells of England to such a pitch, had resolved on an emphatic measure: that of sending English Troops to reinforce our Allied Army, and its new General; — such an Ally as that Rossbach one being rare in the eyes of Pitt. 'Postpone the meeting of Parliament, yet a few days, your Majesty,' said Pitt, 'till I get the estimates ready!'[1] To which Majesty assented, and all England with him: 'England's own Cause,' thinks Pitt, with confidence: 'our way of Conquering America, — and, in the circumstances, our one way!' English did land, accordingly; first instalment of them, a 12,000 (in August next), increased gradually to 20,000; with no end of furnishings to them and everybody; with results again satisfactory to Pitt; and very famous in the England that then was, dim as they are now grown."

The effect of all which was, that Pitt, with his Ferdinands and reinforcements, found work for the French ever onwards from Rossbach; French also turning as if exclusively upon perfidious Albion: and the thing became, in Teutschland, as elsewhere, a duel of life and death between these natural enemies, — Teutschland the centre of it, — Teutschland and the accessible French Sea-Towns, — but the circumference of it going round from Manilla and Madras to Havana and Quebec again. Wide-spread furious duel; prize, America and life. By land and sea; handsomely done by Pitt on both elements. Land part, we say, was always mainly in Germany, under Ferdinand, — in Hessen and the Westphalian Countries, as far west as Minden, as far east as Frankfurt-on-Mayn, generally well north of Rhine, well south of Elbe: that was, for five years coming, the cockpit or place of deadly fence between France and England. Friedrich's arena lies eastward of that, occasionally playing into it a little, and played into by it, and

[1] Thackeray, i. 310.

always in lively sympathy and consultation with it: but, except the French subsidizings, diplomatizings and great diligence against him in foreign Courts, Friedrich is, in practical respects, free of the French; and ever after Rossbach, Ferdinand and the English keep them in full work, — growing yearly too full. A heavy Business for England and Ferdinand; which is happily kept extraneous to Friedrich thenceforth; to him and us; which is not on the stage of his affairs and ours, but is to be conceived always as vigorously proceeding alongside of it, close beyond the scenes, and liable at any time to make tragic entry on him again: — of which we shall have to notice the louder occurrences and cardinal phases, but, for the future, nothing more.

Soubise, who had crept into the skirts of the Richelieu Army in Hanover or Hessen Country, had of course to take wing in that general flight before the mastiff. Soubise did not cross the Rhine with it; Soubise made off eastward;[1] — found new roost in Hanau-Frankfurt Country; and had thoughts of joining the Austrians in Bohemia next Campaign; but got new order, — such the pinches of a winged Clermont with a mastiff Ferdinand at his poor draggled tail; — and came back to the Ferdinand scene, to help there; and never saw Friedrich again. Both Broglio and he had a good deal of fighting (mostly beating) from Ferdinand; and a great deal of trouble and sorrow in the course of this War; but after Rossbach it is not Friedrich or we, it is Ferdinand and the Destinies that have to do with them. Poor Soubise, except that he was the creature of Generalissima Pompadour, which had something radically absurd in it, did not deserve all the laughter he got: a man of some chivalry, some qualities. As for Broglio, I remember always, not without human emotion, the two extreme points of his career as a soldier: Rossbach and the Fall of the Bastille. He was towards forty, when Friedrich bestrode the Janus Hill in that fiery manner; he was turned of seventy when, from the pavements of Paris, the Chimera of Democracy rose on him, in fire of a still more horrible description.

[1] Westphalen, i. 501 ("end of March, 1758").

Dauphiness-Bellona, in her special and in her widest sense, has made exit, then. Gone, like clouds of draggled poultry home across the Rhine. She was the most marauding Army lately seen, also the most gasconading, and had the least capacity for fighting: three worse qualities no army could have. How she fought, we have seen sufficiently. Before taking leave of her forever, readers, as she is a paragon in her kind, would perhaps take a glance or two at her marauding qualities, — by a good opportunity that offers. Plotho at Regensburg, that a supreme Reichs Diet may know what a "deliverance of Saxony" this has been, submits one day the following irrefragable Documents, "which have happened," not without good industry of my own, "to fall into my [Plotho's] hands." They are Documents partly of epistolary, partly of a Petitionary form, presented to Polish Majesty, out of that Saxon Country; and have an *affidavit* quality about them, one and all.

1°. *Big Dauphiness* (that is, D'Estrées) *in the Wesel Countries, at an early Stage, — while still endeavoring what she could to behave well, hanging* 1,000 *marauders and the like* (A private Letter): —

"*County Mark*, 20*th June*, 1757. The French troops are going on here in a way to utterly ruin us. Schmidt, their President of Justice, whom they set up in Cleve, has got orders to change all the Magistracies of the Country [Protestant by nature], so as that half the members shall be Catholic. Bielefeld was openly plundered by the French for three hours long. You cannot by possibility represent to yourself what the actual state of misery in these Countries is. A *scheffel* of rye costs three thalers sixteen groschen [who knows how many times its natural price!]. And now we are to be forced to eat the spoiled meal those French troops brought with them; which is gone to such a state no animal would have it. This poisoned meal we are to buy from them, ready money, at the price they fix; and that famine may induce us, they are about to stop the mills, and forcibly take away what little bread-corn we have left. God have pity on us, and deliver us soon!

Next week we are to have a transit of 6,000 Pfalzers [Kur-Pfalz, foolish idle fellow, and Kur-Baiern too, are both in subsidy of France, as usual; 6,000 Pfalzers just due here]; these, I suppose, will sweep us clean bare."[1]

Wesel Fortress, Gate of the Rhine, could not be defended by Friedrich: and the Hanover Incapables, and England still all in St. Vitus, would not hear of undertaking it; left it wide open for the French; never could recover it, or get the Rhine-Gate barred again, during the whole War. One hopes they repented; — but perhaps it was only Pitt and Duke Ferdinand that did so, instead! The Wesel Countries were at once occupied by the French; "a conquest of her Imperial Majesty's;" continued to be administered in Imperial Majesty's name, — and are thriving as above.

2°. *Dauphiness Proper* (that is, Soubise) *in Thüringen, at a late Stage:* —

"*Letter from Freiburg, shortly after Rossbach.* — It was on the 23d October, a Sunday, that we of Freiburg had our first billeting of French; a body of Cavalry from different regiments [going to take Leipzig, take Torgau, what not]: and from that day Freiburg never emptied of French, who kept marching through it in extraordinary quantities. The marching lasted fourteen days, namely, till the 6th November [day *after* Rossbach; when they burnt our poor Bridge, and marched for the last time]; and often the billeting was so heavy, that in a single house there were forty or fifty men. Who at all times had to be lodged and dieted gratis; nay many householders, over and above the ordinary meal, were obliged to give them money too; and many poor people, who can scarcely get their own bit of bread, had to run and bring at once their sixteen or eighteen groschen [pence] worth of wine, not to speak of coffee and sugar. And a great increase of the mischief it was always, that the soldiers and common people did not understand one another's language." — Heavy billeting; but what was that? . . . "Vast, nearly impossible, quantities of forage and provision," were wrung from us, as from all the

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 399.

other Towns and Villages about, "under continual threatening to burn and raze us from the earth. Often did our French Colonel threaten, 'He would have the cannon opened on Freiburg straightway.' Nay, had it stood by foraging, we might have reckoned ourselves lucky. But our straits increased day by day; and sheer plundering became more and more excessive.

"The robbing and torturing of travellers, the plundering and burning of Saxon Villages . . . Almost all the Towns and Villages hereabouts are so plundered out, that many a one now has nothing but what he carries on his body. Plundering was universal: and no sooner was one party away, than another came, and still another; and often the same house was three or four times plundered. Branderode, a Village two leagues from this [stands on the Field of Rossbach, if we look], is so ruined out, that nobody almost has anything left: Chief Inspector Baron von Bose's Schloss there, with its splendid appointments, they ruined utterly; took all money, victuals, valuables, furniture, clothes, linen and beds, all they could carry; what could not be carried away, they cut, hewed and smashed to pieces; broke the wine-casks; and even tore up the documents and letters they found lying in the place. Branderode Dorf was twice set fire to by them; and was, at last, with Zeuchfeld, which is an Amtsdorf, — after both had been plundered, — reduced to ashes. The Churches of Branderode and Zeuchfeld, with several other Churches, were plundered; the altars broken, the altar-cloths and other vestures cut to pieces, and the sacred vessels and cups carried away, — except [for we have a notarial exactness, and will exaggerate nothing] that in the case of Branderode they sent the cup back. Of the pollution of the altars, and of the blasphemous songs these people sang in the churches, one cannot think without horror.

"And it was merely our pretended Allies and Protectors that have desecrated our divine service, utterly wasted our Country, reduced the inhabitants to want and desperation, and, in short, have so behaved that you would not know this region again. Truly these troops have realized for us most of the infamies we heard reported of the Cossacks, and their ravagings in Preussen lately.

"It is one of their smallest doings that they robbed a Saxon Clergyman [name and circumstances can be given if required], three times over, on the public Highway; shot at him, tied him to a horse's tail and dragged him along with them; so that he is now lying ill, in danger of his life. On the whole, it is our beloved Pastors, Clergymen most of all, that have been plundered of everything they had.

"Balgart and Zschieplitz, both Villages half a league from this, have likewise been heavily plundered; they have even left the Parson nothing but what he wore on his back. Grösst," another Rossbach place, "which belongs to the Kammerjunker Heldorf, has likewise" . . . *Ohe, satis!* — "All this happened between the 23d and 31st October; consequently before the Battle. . . . In many Villages you see the trees and fields sprinkled with feathers from the beds that have been slit up.

"In several Villages belonging to the Royal Electoral Privy Councillor von Brühl [who is properly the fountain of all this and of much other misery to us, if we knew it!], the plundering likewise had begun; and a quantity of about a hundred swine [so ho!] had been cut in pieces: but in the midst of their work, the Allies heard that these were Brühl estates, and ceased their havoc of them. These accordingly are the only lands in all this region whose fate has been tolerable.

"The appellation, every moment renewed, of 'Heretic!' was the courteous address from these people to our fellow-Christians; 'heretic dogs (*ketzerische Hunde*)' was a *Prädicat* always in their mouth.

"In Weischütz," a mile or two from us, up the Unstrut, "a French Colonel who wanted to ride out upon the works, made the there Pastor, Magister Schren, stoop down by way of horse-block, and mounted into the saddle from his back. [Messieurs, you will kindle the wrath of mankind some day, and get a terrible plucking, with those high ways of yours!]

"Churches are all smashed; obscene songs were sung, in form of litany, from the pulpits and altars; what was done with the communion-vessels, when they were not worth stealing," — is hideous to the religious sense, and shall not be mentioned in human speech.

3°. *The Broglio Reinforcement coming across to join Soubise, and perform at Rossbach* (Humble Petition from the Magistrates of Sangerhausen, To the King of Poland's Majesty): —

Sangerhausen, 23d October, 1757. — "Scarcely had we, with profound submission (*allerunterthänigst*), under date of the 13th current, represented to your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency how heavily we were pressed down by the forage requisitions and transits of troops, and the consequent expenditure in food, drinking, in oats and hay, which no one pays, — when directly thereafter, on the 14th of October, a new French party, of the Fischer Corps," — Fischer is a mighty Hussar, scarcely inferior to Turpin; and stands in astonishing authority with Richelieu, and an Army whose object is plunder,[1] — "new party of the Fischer Corps, of some sixty men and horse, arrived in the Town; demanded meat, drink, oats and hay, and all things necessary; which they received from us; — and not only paid not one farthing for all this, but furthermore some of them, instead of thanks to their Landlord, Rossold, forcibly broke up his press, drank his brandy, and carried off a *Toute* (gather-all) with money in it. From a Tanner, Lindauer by name, they bargained for a buckskin; and having taken, would not pay it. In the *Rathskeller* (Town Public-house) they drank much wine, and gave nothing for it: nay on marching off, — because no mounted guide (*reitender Bote*) was at hand, and though they had before expressly said none such would be needed, — they rushed about like distracted persons (*wie rasende Leute*) in the market-place and in the streets; beat the people, tumbled them about, and lugged them along, in a violent manner; using abusive language to a frightful extent, and threatening every misfortune.

"Hardly were we rid of this confusion and astonishment, when, on October 21st, a whole swarm of horses, men, women, children and wagons, which likewise all belonged to the Fischer Corps, and were commanded by First-Lieutenant Schmidt,

[1] Ferdinand's Correspondents, *sæpius* (*Westphalen*, i. 40–127); &c. &c.

came into our Town. This troop consisted of 80 men, part infantry, part cavalry; with some 80 work-horses, 10 baggage-wagons, and about 100 persons, women, sick people and the like. They stayed the whole night here; made meat, drink, corn, hay and whatever they needed be brought them; and went off next day without paying anything.

"Our Inns were now almost quite exhausted of forage in corn or hay; and we knew not how we were to pay what had been spent, — when the thirty French Light Cavalry, of whom we, with profound submission, on the 13th *hujus* gave your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency account, renewed their visit upon us; came, under the command of Rittmeister de Mocu, on the 22d of October [while the baggage-wagons, work-horses, women, sick, and so forth, were hardly gone], towards evening, into the Town; consumed in meat and drink, oats and hay, and the like, what they could lay hold of; and next morning early marched away, paying, as their custom is, nothing.

"Not enough that, — besides the great forage-contribution (*Lieferung*), which we already, with profound submission, notified to your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency as having been laid upon us; and that, by order of the Duc de Broglio, a new requisition is now laid on us, and we have had to engage for sixty-four more sacks of wheat, and thirty-two of rye (as is noted under head A, in the enclosed copy), — there has farther come on us, on the part of the Reichs Army, from Kreis-Commissarius Heldorf [whose Schloss of Grösst, we perceive, they have since burnt, by way of thanks to him [1]], the simultaneous Order for instant delivery of Forage (as under head B, here enclosed)! Thus are we, at the appointed places, all at once to furnish such quantities, more than we can raise; and know not when or where we shall, either for what has been already furnished, or for what is still to be, receive one penny of money: nay, over and above, we are to sustain the many marchings of troops, and provide to the same what meat, drink, oats, hay and so on, they require, without the least return of payment!

"So unendurable, and, taken all together, so hard (*sic*)

[1] Suprà, No. 2.

begins the conduct of these troops, that profess being come as friends and helpers, to appear to us. And Heaven alone knows how long, under a continuance of such things, the subjects (whom the Hail-storm of last year had at any rate impoverished) shall be able to support the same. We would, were a reasonable delivery of forage laid upon us even at a low price, and the board and billet of the marching troops paid to us even in part, lay out our whole strength in helping to bear the burdens of the Fatherland; but if such things go on, which will soon leave us only bare life and empty huts, we can look forward to nothing but our ruin and destruction. But, as it is not your Royal Majesty's and Electoral Translucency's most gracious will that we, your Most Supreme Self's most faithful subjects, should entirely perish, therefore we repeat our former most submissive prayer once again with hot (*sic*) sorrow of mind to Highest-the-Same; and sob most submissively for that help which your Most Supreme Self, through most gracious mediation with the Duc de Richelieu, with the Reichs Army or wherever else, might perhaps most graciously procure for us. Who, in deepest longing thitherwards, with the most deepest devotion, remain —" [1] (*Names*, unfortunately, not given).

How many Saxons and Germans generally — alas, how many men universally — cry towards celestial luminaries of the governing kind with the most deepest devotion, in their extreme need, under their unsufferable injuries; and are truly like dogs in the backyard barking at the Moon. The Moon won't come down to them, and be eaten as green cheese; the Moon can't!

4°. *Dauphiness after Rossbach.* "Excise-Inspector Neitsche, at Bebra, near Weissenfels [Bebra is well ahead from Freiburg and the burnt Bridge, and a good twenty-five miles west of Weissenfels], writes To the King of Poland's Majesty, *9th November*, 1757: —

"May it please your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency, out of your highest grace, to take knowledge, from the accompanying Registers *sub signo Martis* [sign unknown to

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 688–691.

readers here], of the things which, in the name of this Township of Bebra, the Bürgermeister Johann Adam, with the Raths and others concerned, have laid before the Excise-Inspection here. As follows: —

"It will be already well known to the Excise-Inspection that on the 7th of November (*a. c.*) of the current year [day before yesterday, in fact!], the French Army so handled this place as to have not only taken from the inhabitants, by open force, all bread and articles of food, but likewise all clothes, beds, linens (*Wäsche*), and other portable goods; that it has broken, split to pieces, and emptied out, all chests, boxes, presses, drawers; has shot dead, in the backyards and on the thatch-roofs, all manner of feathered-stock, as hens, geese, pigeons; also carried forth with it all swine, cow, sheep and horse cattle; laid violent hands on the inhabitants, clapped guns, swords, pistols to their breast, and threatened to kill them unless they showed and brought out whatever goods they had; or else has hunted them wholly out of their houses, shooting at them, cutting, sticking and at last driving them away, thereby to have the freer room to rob and plunder: flung out hay and other harvest-stock from the barns into the mud and dung, and had it trampled to ruin under the horses' feet; nay, in fact, has dealt with this place in so unpermitted a way as even to the most hard-hearted man must seem compassionable." — Poor fellows: *cetera desunt;* but that is enough! What can a Polish Majesty and Electoral Translucency do? Here too is a sorrowful howling to the Moon.[1]

. . . "For a hundred miles round," writes St. Germain, "the Country is plundered and harried as if fire from Heaven had fallen on it; scarcely have our plunderers and maranders left the houses standing. . . . I lead a band of robbers, of assassins, fit for breaking on the wheel; they would turn tail at the first gunshot, and are always ready to mutiny. If the Government (*la Cour*," with its Pompadour presiding, very unlikely for such an enterprise!) "cannot lay the knife to the root of all this, we may give up the notion of War."[2] . . .

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 692.

[2] St. Germain, after Rossbach and before (in Preuss, *ubi supra*).

Such a pitch have French Armies sunk to. When was there seen such a Bellona as Dauphiness before? Nay, in fact, she is the same devil-serving Army that Maréchal de Saxe commanded with such triumph, — Maréchal de Saxe in better luck for opponents; Army then in a younger stage of its development. Foaming then as sweet must, as new wine, in the hands of a skilful vintner, poisonous but brisk; not run, as now, to the vinegar state, intolerable to all mortals. She can now announce from her camp-theatres the reverse of the Roucoux program, "To-morrow, Messieurs, you are going to fight; our Manager foresees" — you will be beaten; and we cannot say what or where the next Piece will be! Impious, licentious, high-flaring efflorescence of all the Vices is not to be redeemed by the one Quasi-Virtue of readiness to be shot; — sweet of that kind, and sour of this, are the same substance, if you only wait. How kind was the Devil to his Saxe; and flew away with him in rose-pink, while it was still time!

CHAPTER IX.

FRIEDRICH MARCHES FOR SILESIA.

THE fame of Friedrich is high enough again in the Gazetteer world; all people, and the French themselves, laughing at their grandiloquent Dauphiness-Bellona, and writing epigrams on Soubise. But Friedrich's difficulties are still enormous. One enemy coming with open mouth, you plunge in upon, and ruin, on this hand; and it only gives you room to attempt upon another bigger one on that. Soubise he has finished handsomely, for this season; but now he must try conclusions with Prince Karl. Quick, towards Silesia, after this glorious Victory which the Gazetteers are celebrating.

The news out of Silesia are ominously doubtful, bad at the best. Duke Bevern, once Winterfeld was gone, had, as we observed, felt himself free to act; unchecked, but also unsupported, by counsel of the due heroism; and had acted

unwisely. Made direct for Silesia, namely, where are meal-magazines and strong places. Prince Karl, they say, was also unwise; took no thought beforehand, or he might have gained marches, disputed rivers, Bober, Queiss, with Bevern, and as good as hindered him from ever getting to Silesia. So say critics, Retzow and others; perhaps looking too fixedly on one side of the question. Certain it is, Bevern marched in peace to Silesia; found it by no means the better place it had promised to be.

Prince Karl — Daun there as second, but Karl now the dominant hand — was on the heels of Bevern, march after march. Prince Karl cut athwart him by one cunning march, in Liegnitz Country; barring him from Schweidnitz, the chief stronghold of Silesia, and to appearance from Breslau, the chief city, too. Bevern, who did not want for soldiership, when reduced to his shifts, now made a beautiful manœuvre, say the critics; struck out leftwards, namely, and crossed the Oder, as if making for Glogau, quite beyond Prince Karl's sphere of possibility, — but turned to right, not to left, when across, and got in upon Breslau from the other or east side of the River. Cunning manœuvre, if you will, and followed by cunning manœuvres: but the result is, Prince Karl has got Schweidnitz to rear, stands between Breslau and it; can besiege Schweidnitz when he likes, and no relief to it possible that will not cost a battle. A battle, thinks Friedrich, is what Bevern ought to have tried at first; a well-fought battle might have settled everything, and there was no other good likelihood in such an expedition: but now, by detaching reinforcements to this garrison and that, he has weakened himself beyond right power of fighting.[1] Schweidnitz is liable to siege; Breslau, with its poor walls and multitudinous population, can stand no siege worth mentioning; the Silesian strong places, not to speak of meal-magazines, are like to go a bad road. Quite dominant, this Prince Karl; placarding and proclaiming in all places, according to the new "Imperial Patent,"[2] That

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 141, 159.

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte* (iv. 832, 833), Copy of it: "Absolved from all prior Treaties by Prussian Majesty's attack on us, We" &c. &c. ("21st Sept. 1757").

Silesia is her Imperial Majesty's again! Which seems to be fast becoming the fact; — unless contradicted better. Quick!

Bevern has now, October 1st, no manœuvre left but to draw out of Breslau; post himself on the southern side of it, in a safe angle there, marshy Lohe in front, broad Oder to rear, Breslau at his right-hand with bread; and there intrenching himself by the best methods, wait slowly, in a sitting posture, events which are extensively on the gallop at present. One fancies, Had Winterfeld been still there! It is as brave an Army, 30,000, or more, as ever wore steel. Surely something could have been done with it; — something better than sit watching the events on full gallop all round! Bevern was a loyal, considerably skilful and valiant man; in the Battle of Lobositz, and elsewhere, we have seen him brave as a lion; but perhaps in the other kind of bravery wanted here, he — Well, his case was horribly difficult; full of intricacy. And he sat, no doubt in a very wretched state, consulting the oracles, with events (which are themselves oracular) going at such a pace.

Schweidnitz was besieged October 26th. Nadasti, with 20,000, was set to do it; Prince Karl, with 60,000, ready to protect him; Prince Bevern asking the oracles: — what a bit of news for Friedrich; breaking suddenly the effulgency of Rossbach with a bar of ominous black! Friedrich, still in the thick of pure Saxon business, makes instant arrangement for Silesia as well: Prince Henri, with such and such corps, to maintain the Saale, and guard Saxony; Marshal Keith, with such and such, to step over into Bohemia, and raise contributions at least, and tread on the tail of the big Silesian snake: all this Friedrich settles within a week; takes certain corps of his own, effective about 13,000; and on November 13th marches from Leipzig. Round by Torgau, by Mühlberg, Grossenhayn; by Bautzen, Weissenberg, across the Queiss, across the Bober; and so, with long marches, strides continually forward, all hearts willing, and all limbs, though in this sad winter weather, towards relief of Schweidnitz.

At Grossenhayn, fifth day of the march, Friedrich learns that Schweidnitz is gone. November 12th–14th, Schweidnitz went by capitulation; contrary to everybody's hope or fear;

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certainly a very short defence for such a fortress. Fault of the Commandant, was everybody's first thought. Not probably the best of Commandants, said others gradually; but his garrison had Saxons in it; — one day "180 of them in a lump threw down their arms, in the trenches, and went over to the Enemy." Owing to whatsoever, the place is gone. Such towers, such curtains, star-ramparts; such an opulence of cannons, stores, munitions, a £30,000 of hard cash, one item. All is gone, after a fortnight's siege. What a piece of news, as heard by Friedrich, coming at his utmost towards the scene itself! As seen by Bevern, too, in his questioning mood, it was an event of very oracular nature.

On Monday, 14th, Schweidnitz fell; Karl, with Nadasti reunited to him, was now 80,000 odd; and lost no time. On Tuesday next, *November 22d*, 1757, "at three in the morning," long hours before daybreak, Karl, with his 60,000, all learnedly arranged, comes rolling over upon hapless Bevern: with no end of cannonading and storm of war: *Battle of Breslau*, they call it; ruinous to Bevern. Of which we shall attempt no description: except to say, that Karl had five bridges on the Lohe, came across the Lohe by five Bridges; and that Bevern stood to his arms, steady as the rocks, to prevent his getting over, and to entertain him when over; that there were five principal attacks, renewed and re-renewed as long as needful, with torrents of shot, of death and tumult; over six or eight miles of country, for the space of fifteen hours. Battle comparable only to Malplaquet, said the Austrians; such a hurricane of artillery, strongly intrenched enemy and loud doomsday of war. Did not end till nine at night; Austrians victorious, more or less, in four of their attacks or separate enterprises: that is to say, masters of the Lohe, and of the outmost Prussian villages and posts in front of the Prussian centre and right wing; victorious in that northern part; — but plainly unvictorious in the southeast or Prussian left wing, — farthest off from Breslau, and under Ziethen's command, — where they were driven across the Lohe again, and lost prisoners and cannons, or a cannon.[1]

[1] In Seyfarth, Three Accounts; *Beylagen*, ii. 198, 221, 234 et seq.

Some of Bevern's people, grounding on this latter circumstance, and that they still held the Battle-field, or most part of it, wrote themselves victorious; — though in a dim brief manner, as if conscious of the contrary. Which indeed was the fact. At the council of war, which he summoned that evening, there were proposals of night-attack, and other fierce measures; but Bevern, rejecting the plan for a night attack on the Austrian camp as too dubious, did, in the dark hours, through the silent streets of Breslau, withdraw himself across the Oder, instead; leaving 80 cannon, and 8,000 killed and wounded; an evidently beaten man and Army. And indeed did straightway disappear personally altogether, as no longer equal to events. Rode out, namely, to reconnoitre in the gray of his second sad morning, on this new Bank of the Oder; saw little except gray mist; but rode into a Croat outpost, only one poor groom attending him; and was there made prisoner: — intentionally, thought mankind; intentionally, thinks Friedrich, who was very angry with the poor man.[1]

The poor man was carried to Vienna, if readers care to know; but being a near Cousin there (second-cousin, no less, to the late Empress-Mother), was by the high now-reigning Empress-Queen received in a charmingly gracious manner, and sent home again without ransom. "To Stettin!" beckoned Friedrich sternly from the distance, and would not see him at all: "To Stettin, I say, your official post in time of peace! Command me the invalid Garrison there; you are fit for nothing better!" — I will add one other thing, which unhappily will seem strange to readers: that there came no whisper of complaint from Bevern; mere silence, and loyal industry with his poor means, from Bevern; and that he proved heroically useful in Stettin two years hence, against the Swedes, against the Russians in the Siege-of-Colberg time; and gained Friedrich's favor again, with other good results. Which I observe was a common method with Prussian Generals and soldiers, when, unjustly or justly, they fell into trouble of this kind;

[1] Preuss, ii. 102. More exact in Kutzen, *Der Tag von Leuthen* (Breslau, 1857, — an excellent exact little Compilation, from manifold sources well studied), pp. 166–169, date "24th November."

and a much better one than that of complaining in the Newspapers, and demanding Commissions of Inquiry, presided over by Chaos and the Fourth-Estate, now is.

Bevern being with the Croats, the Prussian Army falls to General Kyau, as next in rank; who (directly in the teeth of fierce orders that are speeding hither for Bevern and him) marches away, leaving Breslau to its fate; and making towards Glogau, as the one sure point in this wreck of things. And Prince Karl, that same day, goes upon Breslau; which is in no case to resist and be bombarded: so that poor old General Lestwitz, the Prussian Commandant, — always thought to be a valiant old gentleman, but who had been wounded in the late Action, and was blamably discouraged, — took the terms offered, and surrendered without firing a gun. Garrison and he to march out, in "Free Withdrawal;" these are the terms: Garrison was 4,000 and odd, mostly Silesian recruits; but there marched hardly 500 out with poor Lestwitz; the Silesian recruits — persuaded by conceivable methods, that they were to be prisoners of war, and that, in short, Austria was now come to be King again, and might make inquiry into men's conduct — found it safer to take service with Austria, to vanish into holes in Breslau or where they could; and, for instance, one regiment (or battalion, let us hide the name of it), on marching through the Gate, consisted only of nine chief officers and four men.[1]

There were lost 98 pieces of cannon; endless magazines and stores of war. A Breslau scandalously gone; — a Breslau preaching day after next (27th, which was Sunday), in certain of its churches, especially Cardinal Schaffgotsch in the Dom Insel doing it, Thanksgiving Sermons, as per order, with unction real or official, "That our ancient sovereigns are restored to us:" which Sermons — except in the Schaffgotsch case, Prince Karl and the high Catholic world all there in gala — were "sparsely attended," say my authors. The Austrians are at the top of their pride; and consider full surely that Silesia is

[1] Müller, *Schlacht bei Leuthen* (Berlin, 1857, — professedly a mere abridgment and shadow of *Kutzen:* unindexed like it), p. 12 (with name and particulars).

theirs, though Friedrich were here twice over. "What is Friedrich? We beat him at Kolin. His Prussians at Zittau, at Moys, at Breslau in the new Malplaquet, were we beaten by them? Hnh!" — and snort (in the Austrian mess-rooms), and snap their fingers at Friedrich and his coming.

It was at Görlitz (scene of poor Winterfeld's death) that Friedrich, "on November 23d, the tenth day of his march," first got rumor of the Breslau Malplaquet: "endless cannonading heard thereabouts all yesterday!" said rumor from the east, — more and more steadily, as Friedrich hastened forward; — and that it was "a victory for Bevern." Till, at Naumburg on the Queiss, he gets the actual tidings: Bevern gone to the Croats, Breslau going, Kyau marching vague; and what kind of victory it was.

Ever from Grossenhayn onwards there had been message on message, more and more rigorous, precise and indignant, "Do this, do that; your Dilection shall answer it with your head!" — not one message of which reached his Dilection, till Dilection and Fate (such the gallop of events) had done the contrary: and now Dilection and his head have made a finish of it. "No," answers Friedrich to himself; "not till we are all finished!" — and pushes on, he too, like a kind of Fate. "What does or can he mean, then?" say the Austrians, with scornful astonishment, and think his head must be turning: "Will he beat us out of Silesia with his Potsdam Guard-Parade, then?" "*Potsdamsche Wacht-Parade:*" — so they denominate his small Army; and are very mirthful in their mess-rooms. "I will attack them, if they stood on the Zobtenberg, if they stood on the steeples of Breslau!" said Friedrich; and tramped diligently forward. Day after day, as the real tidings arrive, his outlook in Silesia is becoming darker and darker: a sternly dark march this altogether. Prince Karl has thrown a garrison into Liegnitz on Friedrich's road; Prince Karl lies encamped with Breslau at his back; has above 80,000 when fully gathered; and reigns supreme in those parts. Darker march there seldom was: all black save a light that burns in one heart, refusing to be quenched till death.

Friedrich sends orders that Kyau shall be put in arrest; that Ziethen shall be general of the Bevern wreck, shall bring it round by Glogau, and rendezvous with Friedrich at a place and day, — Parchwitz, 2d of December coming; — and be steady, my old Ziethen. Friedrich brushes past the Liegnitz Garrison, leaves Liegnitz and it a trifle to the right; arrives at Parchwitz November 28th; and there rests, or at least his weary troops do, till Ziethen come up; the King not very restful, with so many things to prearrange; a life or death crisis now nigh. Well, it is but death; and death has been fronted before now! We who are after the event, on the safe sunny side of it, can form small image of the horrors and the inward dubieties to him who is passing through it; — and how Hope is needed to shine heroically eternal in some hearts. Fire of Hope, that does not issue in mere blazings, mad audacities and chaotic despair, but advances with its eyes open, measuredly, counting its steps, to the wrestling-place, — this is a godlike thing; much available to mankind in all the battles they have; battles with steel, or of whatever sort.

Friedrich, at Parchwitz, assembled his Captains, and spoke to them; it was the night after Ziethen came in, night of December 3d, 1757; and Ziethen, no doubt, was there: for it is an authentic meeting, this at Parchwitz, and the words were taken down.

Friedrich's Speech to his Generals (Parchwitz, 3d December, 1757).[1]

"It is not unknown to you, *meine Herren*, what disasters have befallen here, while we were busy with the French and Reichs Army. Schweidnitz is gone; Duke of Bevern beaten; Breslau gone, and all our war-stores there; good part of Silesia gone: and, in fact, my embarrassments would be at the insuperable pitch, had not I boundless trust in you, and your qualities, which have been so often manifested, as soldiers and sons of your Country. Hardly one among you but has distinguished himself by some nobly memorable action: all these

[1] From *Retzow*, i. 240–242 (slightly abridged).

services to the State and me I know well, and will never forget.

"I flatter myself, therefore, that in this case too nothing will be wanting which the State has a right to expect of your valor. The hour is at hand. I should think I had done nothing, if I left the Austrians in possession of Silesia. Let me apprise you, then: I intend, in spite of the Rules of Art, to attack Prince Karl's Army, which is nearly thrice our strength, wherever I find it. The question is not of his numbers, or the strength of his position: all this, by courage, by the skill of our methods, we will try to make good. This step I must risk, or everything is lost. We must beat the enemy, or perish all of us before his batteries. So I read the case; so I will act in it.

"Make this my determination known to all Officers of the Army; prepare the men for what work is now to ensue, and say that I hold myself entitled to demand exact fulfilment of orders. For you, when I reflect that you are Prussians, can I think that you will act unworthily? But if there should be one or another who dreads to share all dangers with me, he," — continued his Majesty, with an interrogative look, and then pausing for answer, — "can have his Discharge this evening, and shall not suffer the least reproach from me." — Modest strong bass murmur; meaning "No, by the Eternal!" if you looked into the eyes and faces of the group. Never will Retzow Junior forget that scene, and how effulgently eloquent the veteran physiognomies were.

"Hah, I knew it," said the King, with his most radiant smile, "none of you would desert me! I depend on your help, then; and on victory as sure." — The speech winds up with a specific passage: "The Cavalry regiment that does not on the instant, on order given, dash full plunge into the enemy, I will, directly after the Battle, unhorse, and make it a Garrison regiment. The Infantry battalion which, meet with what it may, shows the least sign of hesitating, loses its colors and its sabres, and I cut the trimmings from its uniform! Now good-night, Gentlemen: shortly we have either beaten the Enemy, or we never see one another again."

An excellent temper in this Army; a rough vein of heroism in it, steady to the death; — and plenty of hope in it too, hope in Vater Fritz. "Never mind," the soldiers used to say, in John Duke of Marlborough's time, "Corporal John will get us through it!" — That same evening Friedrich rode into the Camp, where the regiments he had were now all gathered, out of their cantonments, to march on the morrow. First regiment he came upon was the Life-Guard Cuirassiers: the men, in their accustomed way, gave him good-evening, which he cheerily returned. Some of the more veteran sort asked, ruggedly confidential, as well as loyal: "What is thy news, then, so late?" "Good news, children (*Kinder*): to-morrow you will beat the Austrians tightly!" "That we will, by —!" answered they. — "But think only where they stand yonder, and how they have intrenched themselves?" said Friedrich. "And if they had the Devil in front and all round them, we will knock them out; only thou lead us on!" — "Well, I will see what you can do: now lay you down, and sleep sound; and good sleep to you!" "Good-night, Fritz!" answer all;[1] as Fritz ambles on to the next regiment, to which, as to every one, he will have some word.

Was it the famous Pommern regiment, this that he next spoke to, — who answered Loudon's summons to them once (as shall be noticed by and by) in a way ineffable, though unforgettable? Manteuffel of Foot; yes, no other![2] They have their own opinion of their capacities against an enemy, and do not want for a good conceit of themselves. "Well, children, how think you it will be to-morrow? They are twice as strong as we." "Never thou mind that; there are no Pommerners among them; thou knowest what the Pommerners can do!" — *Friedrich:* "Yea, truly, that do I; otherwise I durst not risk the battle. Now good sleep to you! to-morrow, then, we shall either have beaten the Enemy or else be all dead." "Yea," answered the whole regiment; "dead, or else the Enemy beaten:" and so went to deep sleep, preface to a deeper for many of them, — as beseems brave

[1] Müller, p. 21 (from *Kaltenborn*, of whom *infrà*); Preuss, &c. &c.

[2] Archenholtz, ii. 61; and Kutzen, p. 35.

men. In this world it much beseems the brave man, uncertain about so many things, to be certain of himself for one thing.

These snatches of Camp Dialogue, much more the Speech preserved to us by Retzow Junior, appear to be true; though as to the dates, the circumstances, there has been debating.[1] Other Anecdotes, dubious or more, still float about in quantity; — of which let us give only one; that of the Deserter (which has merit as a myth). "What made thee desert, then?" "Hm, alas, your Majesty, we were got so down in the world, and had such a time of it!" — "Well, try it one day more; and if we cannot mend matters, thou and I will both desert."

A learned Doctor, one of the most recent on these matters, is astonished why the Histories of Friedrich should be such dreary reading, and Friedrich himself so prosaic, barren an object; and lays the blame upon the Age, insensible to real greatness; led away by clap-trap Napoleonisms, regardless of expense. Upon which Smelfungus takes him up, with a twitch: —

"To my sad mind, Herr Doctor, it seems ascribable rather to the Dryasdust of these Ages, especially to the Prussian Dryasdust, sitting comfortable in his Academies, waving sublimely his long ears as he tramples human Heroisms into unintelligible pipe-clay and dreary continents of sand and cinders, with the Doctors all applauding.

"Had the sacred Poet, or man of real Human Genius, been at his work, for the thousand years last past, instead of idly fiddling far away from his work, — which surely is definable as being very mainly, That of *interpreting* human Heroisms; of painfully extricating, and extorting from the circumambient chaos of muddy babble, rumor and mendacity, some not inconceivable human and divine Image of them, more and more clear, complete and credible for mankind (poor mankind dumbly looking up to him for guidance, as to what it shall think of God and of Men in this Scene of Things), — I calculate, we should by this time have had a different Friedrich

[1] Kutzen, pp. 175–181.

of it; O Heavens, a different world of it, in so many respects!

"My esteemed Herr Doctor, it is too painful a subject. Godlike fabulous Achilles, and the old Greek Kings of men, one perceives, after study, to be dim enough Grazier Sovereigns, 'living among infinite dung,' till their sacred Poet extricated them. And our *un*sacred all-desecrating Dryasdust, — Herr Doctor, I must say, it fills me with despair! Authentic human Heroisms, not fabulous a whit, but true to the bone, and by all appearance very much nobler than those of godlike Achilles and pious Æneas ever could have been, — left in this manner, trodden under foot of man and beast; man and beast alike insensible that there is anything but common mud under foot, and grateful to anybody that will assure them there is nothing. Oh, Doctor, oh, Doctor! And the results of it — You need not go exclusively 'to France' to look at them. They are too visible in the so-called 'Social Hierarchies,' and sublime gilt Doggeries, sacred and secular, of all Modern Countries! Let us be silent, my friend." —

"Prussian Dryasdust," he says elsewhere, "does make a terrible job of it; especially when he attempts to weep through his pipe-clay, or rise with his long ears into the moral sublime. As to the German People, I find that they dimly have not wanted sensibility to Friedrich; that their multitudes of Anecdotes, still circulating among them in print and *vivâ voce*, are proof of this. Thereby they have at least made a *Myth* of Friedrich's History, and given some rhythmus, life and cheerful human substantiality to his work and him. Accept these Anecdotes as the Epic *they* could not write of him, but were longing to hear from somebody who could. Who has not yet appeared among mankind, nor will for some time. Alas, my friend, on piercing through the bewildering nimbus of babble, malignity, mendacity, which veils seven-fold the Face of Friedrich from us, and getting to see some glimpses of the Face itself, one is sorrowfully struck dumb once more. What a suicidal set of creatures; commanding as with one voice, That there shall be no Heroism more among them; that all shall be Doggery and Common-

place henceforth. '*Ach, mein lieber Sulzer,* you don't know that damned brood!'—Well, well. 'Solomon's Temple,' the Moslem say, 'had to be built under the chirping of ten thousand Sparrows.' Ten thousand of them; committee of the whole house, unanimously of the opposite view;—and could not quite hinder it. That too is something!"—

More to our immediate purpose is this other thing: That the Austrians have been in Council of War; and, on deliberation, have decided to come out of their defences; to quit their strong Camp, which lies so eligibly, ahead of Breslau and arear of Lissa and of Schweidnitz Water yonder; to cross Schweidnitz Water, leave Lissa behind them; and meet this offensively aggressive Friedrich in pitched fight. Several had voted, No, why stir?—Daun especially, and others with emphasis. "No need of fighting at all," said Daun: "we can defend Schweidnitz Water; ruin him before he ever get across." "Defend? Be assaulted by an Army like his?" urges Lucchesi, the other Chief General: "It is totally unworthy of us! We have gained the game; all the honors ours; let us have done with it. Give him battle, since he fortunately wishes it; we finish him, and gloriously finish the War too!" So argued Lucchesi, with vivacity, persistency,—to his own ill luck, but evidently with approval from Prince Karl. Everybody sees, this is the way to Prince Karl's favor at present. "Have not I reconquered Silesia?" thinks Prince Karl to himself; and beams applause on the high course, not the low prudent one.[1] In a word, the Austrians decide on stepping out to meet Friedrich in open battle: it was the first time they ever did so; and it was likewise the last.

Sunday, December 4th, at four in the morning, Friedrich has marched from Parchwitz, straight towards the Austrian Camp;[2] he hears, one can fancy with what pleasure, that the Austrians are advancing towards him, and will not need to be forced in their strong position. His march is in four columns, Friedrich in the vanguard; quarters to be Neumarkt, a little Town about fourteen miles off. Within some miles of

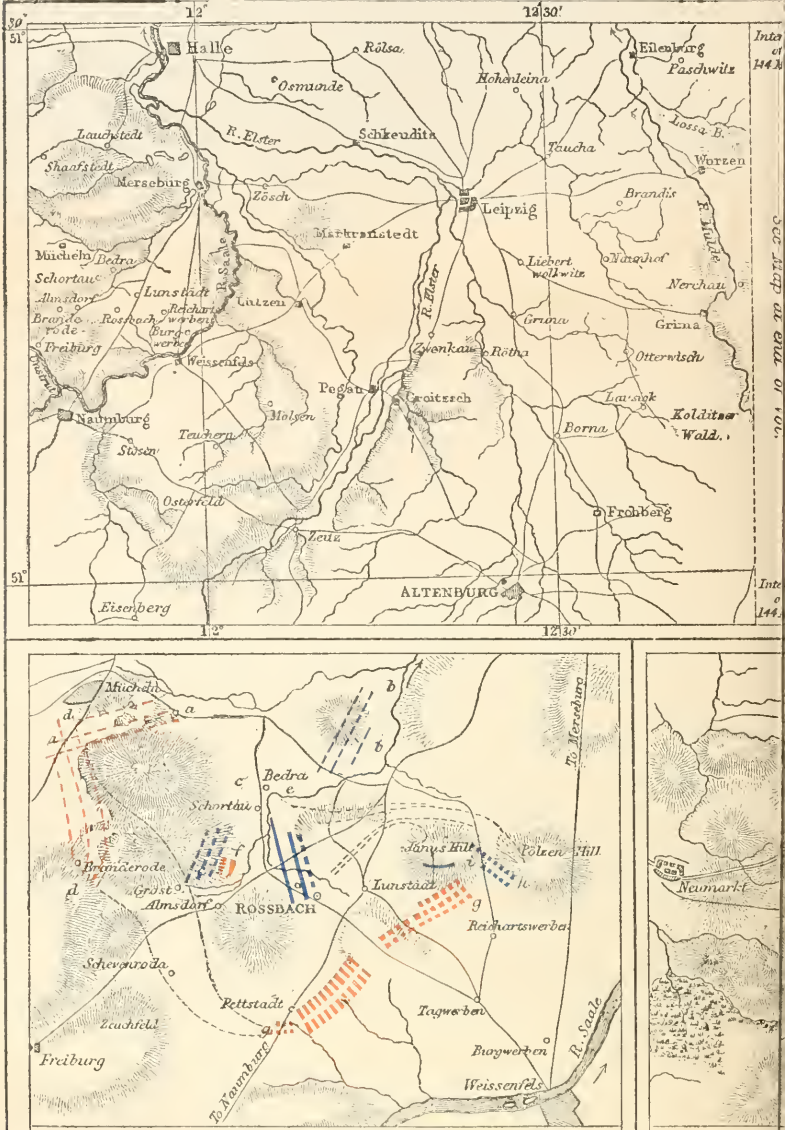
[1] Kutzen, pp. 45–48. [2] Müller, p. 26

Neumarkt, early in the afternoon, he learns that there are a thousand Croats in the place, the Austrian Bakery at work there, and engineer people marking out an Austrian Camp. "On the Height beyond Neumarkt, that will be?" thinks Friedrich; for he knows this ground, having often done reviews here; to Breslau all the way on both hands, not a rood of it but is familiar to him. Which was a singular advantage, say the critics; and a point the Austrian Council of War should have taken more thought of.

Friedrich, before entering Neumarkt, sends a regiment to ride quietly round it on both sides, and to seize that Height he knows of. Height once seized, or ready for seizing, he bursts the barrier of Neumarkt; dashes in upon the thousand Croats; flings out the Croats in extreme hurry, musketry and sabre acting on them; they find their Height beset, their retreat cut off, and that they must vanish. Of the 1,000 Croats, "569 were taken prisoners, and 120 slain," in this unexpected sweeping out of Neumarkt. Better still, in Neumarkt is found the Austrian Bakery, set up and in full work; — delivers you 80,000 bread-rations hot-and-hot, which little expected to go such a road. On the Height, the Austrian stakes and engineer-tools were found sticking in the ground; so hasty had the flight been.

How Prince Karl came to expose his Bakery, his staff of life so far ahead of him? Prince Karl, it is clear, was a little puffed up with high thoughts at this time. The capture of Schweidnitz, the late "Malplaquet" (poorish Anti-Bevern Malplaquet), capture of Breslau, and the low and lost condition of Friedrich's Silesian affairs, had more or less turned everybody's head, — everybody's except Feldmarschall Daun's alone: — and witty mess-tables, we already said, were in the daily habit of mocking at Friedrich's march towards them with aggressive views, and called his insignificant little Army the "Potsdam Guard-Parade."[1] That was the common triumphant humor; naturally shared in by Prince Karl; the ready way to flatter him being to sing in that tune. Nobody otherwise can explain, and nobody in any wise can

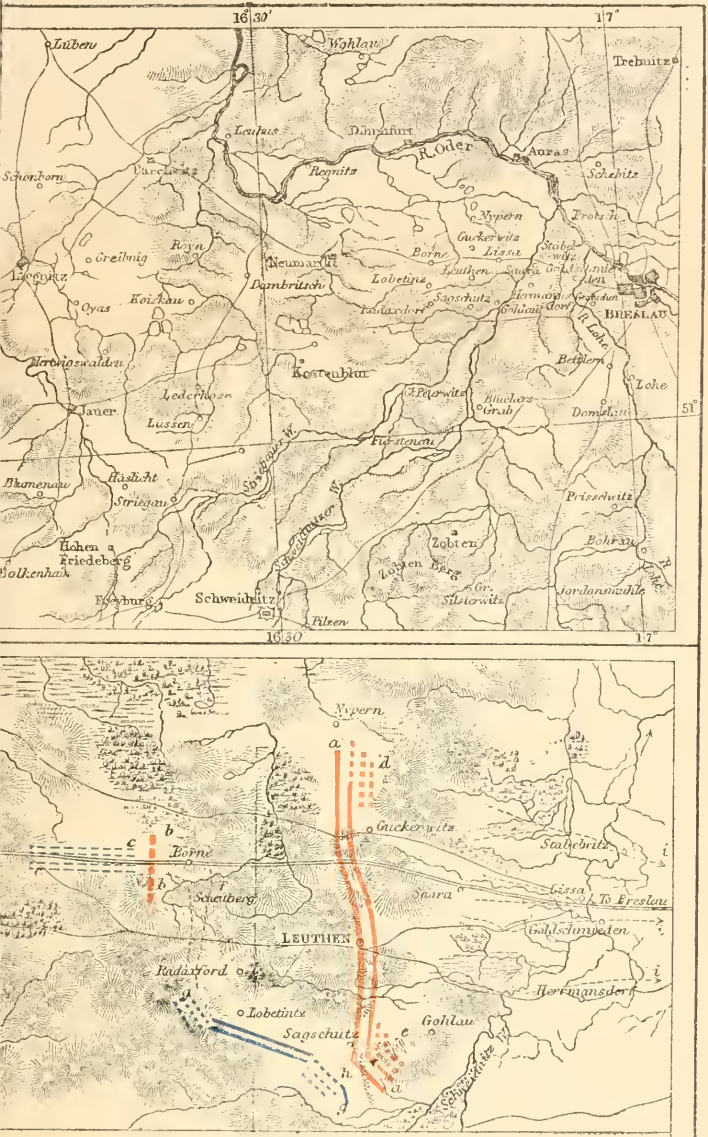
[1] Cogniazzo, ii. 417–422.



BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

5TH NOVEMBER 1757.

a. a. First position of Combined Army.
b. b. First position of Prussian Camp.
c. c. Advance of Prussian Army.
d. d. Second position of Combined Army.
e. e. Prussians retire to Rossbach.
f. French Cavalry, under St Germain.
g. g. March of Combnd Army to attack Prussian rear.
k. Prussian attack led by Seidlitz.
i. Position of Prussian Guns.



BATTLE OF LEUTHEN.

5TH DECEMBER 1757.

a. a. *Austrian Army.*
b. b. *Position of Saxon Forepost, under Nostitz.*
c. c. *Advance of Prussian Army.*
d. *Lucchesis Cavalry, reinforced by Daun.*
e. *Left wing, under Nadasti.*
f. *Friedrich's hill of observation.*
g. g. *Prussian Army about to attack.*
h. *Ziethen's Cavalry.*
i. i. i. *Retreat of Austrians.*

justify, Prince Karl's ignorance of Friedrich's advance, his almost voluntary losing of his staff-of-life in that manner.

Prince Karl's soldiers have each (in the cold form) three days' provision in their haversacks: they have come across the Weistritz River (more commonly called Schweidnitz Water), which was also the height of contemptuous imprudence; and lie encamped, this night, — in long line, not ill-chosen (once the River *is* behind), — perpendicular to Friedrich's march, some ten miles ahead of him. Since crossing, they had learned with surprise, How their Bakery and Croats had been snapt up; that Friedrich was not at a distance, but near; — and that arrangements could not be made too soon! Their position intersects the Great Road at right angles, as we hint; and has villages, swamps, woody knolls; especially, on each wing, good defences. Their right wing leans on Nypern and its impassable peat-bogs, a Village two or three miles north from the Great Road; their centre is close behind another Village called Leuthen, about as far south from it: length of their bivouac is about five miles; which will become six or so, had Nadasti once taken post, who is to form the left wing, and go down as far as Sagschütz, southward of Leuthen. Seven battalions are in this Village of Leuthen, eight in Nypern, all the Villages secured; woods, scraggy abatis, redoubts, not forgotten: their cannon are numerous, though of light calibre. Friedrich has at least 71 heavy pieces; and 10 of them are formidably heavy, — brought from the walls of Glogau, with terrible labor to Ziethen; but with excellent effect, on this occasion and henceforth. They got the name of "Boomers, Bellowers (*Die Brummer*)," those Ten. Friedrich was in great straits about artillery; and Retzow Senior recommended this hauling up of the Ten Bellowers, which became celebrated in the years coming. And now we are on the Battle-ground, and must look into the Battle itself, if we can.

CHAPTER X.

BATTLE OF LEUTHEN.

From Neumarkt, on Monday, long before day, the Prussians, all but a small party left there to guard the Bakery and Army Properties, are out again; in four columns; towards what may lie ahead. Friedrich, as usual in such cases, for obvious reasons, rides with the vanguard. To Borne, the first Village on the Highway, is some seven or eight miles. The air is damp, the dim incipiences of dawn struggling among haze; a little way on this side Borne, we come on ranks of cavalry drawn across the Highway, stretching right and left into the dim void: Austrian Army this, then? Push up to it; see what it is, at least.

It proves to be poor General Nostitz, with his three Saxon regiments of dragoons, famous since Kolin-day, and a couple of Hussar regiments, standing here as outpost; — who ought to have been more alert; but they could not see through the dark, and so, instead of catching, are caught. The Prussians fall upon them, front and flank, tumble them into immediate wreck; drive the whole outpost at full gallop home, through Borne, upon Nypern and the right wing, — without news except of this symbolical sort. Saxon regiments are quite ruined, "540 of them prisoners" (poor Nostitz himself not prisoner, but wounded to death[1]); and the ground clear in this quarter.

Friedrich, on the farther side of Borne, calls halt, till the main body arrive; rides forward, himself and staff, to the highest of a range or suite of knolls, some furlongs ahead; sees there in full view, far and wide, the Austrians drawn up before him. From Nypern to Sagschütz yonder; miles in length; and so distinct, while the light mended and the hazes

[1] Died in Breslau, the twelfth day after (Seyfarth, ii. 362).

faded, "that you could have counted them [through your glasses], man by man." A highly interesting sight to Friedrich; who continues there in the profoundest study, and calls up some horse regiments of the vanguard to maintain this Height and the range of Heights running south from it. And there, I think, the King is mainly to be found, looking now at the Austrians, now at his own people, for some three hours to come. His plan of Battle is soon clear to him: Nypern, with its bogs and scrags, on the Austrian right wing, is tortuous impossible ground, as he well remembers, no good prospect for us there: better ground for us on their left yonder, at Leuthen, even at Sagschütz farther south, whither they are stretching themselves. Attempt their left wing; try our "Oblique Order" upon that, with all the skill that is in us; perhaps we can do it rightly this time, and prosper accordingly! That is Friedrich's plan of action. The four columns once got to Borne shall fall into two; turn to the right, and go southward, ever southward: — they are to become our two Lines of Battle, were they once got to the right point southward. Well opposite Sagschütz, that will be the point for facing to left, and marching up, — in "Oblique Order," with the utmost faculty they have!

"The Oblique Order, *Schräge Stellung*," let the hasty reader pause to understand, "is an old plan practised by Epaminondas, and revived by Friedrich, — who has tried it in almost all his Battles more or less, from Hohenfriedberg forward to Prag, Kolin, Rossbach; but never could, in all points, get it rightly done till now, at Leuthen, in the highest time of need. "It is a particular manœuvre," says Archenholtz, rather sergeant-wise, "which indeed other troops are now [1793] in the habit of imitating; but which, up to this present time, none but Prussian troops can execute with the precision and velocity indispensable to it. You divide your line into many pieces; you can push these forward stairwise, so that they shall halt close to one another," obliquely, to either hand; and so, on a minimum of ground, bring your mass of men to the required point at the required angle. Friedrich invented this mode of getting into position; by its close ranking, by its depth, and the

manner of movement used, it had some resemblance to the "Macedonian Phalanx," — chiefly in the latter point, I should guess; for when arrived at its place, it is no deeper than common. "Forming itself in this way, a mass of troops takes up in proportion very little ground; and it shows in the distance, by reason of the mixed uniforms and standards, a totally chaotic mass of men heaped on one another," going in rapid mazes this way and that. "But it needs only that the Commander lift his finger; instantly this living coil of knotted intricacies develops itself in perfect order, and with a speed like that of mountain rivers when the ice breaks," — is upon its Enemy.[1]

"Your Enemy is ranked as here, in long line, three or two to one. You march towards him, but keep him uncertain as to how you will attack; then do on a sudden march up, not parallel to him, but oblique, at an angle of 45°, — swift, vehement, in overpowering numbers, on the wing you have chosen. Roll that wing together, ruined, in upon its own line, you may roll the whole five miles of line into disorder and ruin, and always be in overpowering number at the point of dispute. Provided, only, you are swift enough about it, sharp enough! But extraordinary swiftness, sharpness, precision is the indispensable condition; — by no means try it otherwise; none but Prussians, drilled by an Old Dessauer, capable of doing it. This is the *Schräge Ordnung*, about which there has been such commentating and controversying among military people: whether Friedrich invented it, whether Cæsar did it, how Epaminondas, how Alexander at Arbela; how"— Which shall not in the least concern us on this occasion.

The four columns rustled themselves into two, and turned southward on the two sides of Borne; — southward henceforth, for about two hours; as if straight towards the Magic Mountain, the Zobtenberg, far off, which is conspicuous over all that region. Their steadiness, their swiftness and exactitude were unsurpassable. "It was a beautiful sight," says Tempelhof, an eye-witness: "The heads of the columns were constantly on the same level, and at the distance necessary for forming; all flowed on exact, as if in a review. And you

[1] Archenholtz, i. 209.

could read in the eyes of our brave troops the noble temper they were in."[1] I know not at what point of their course, or for how long, but it was from the column nearest him, which is to be first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field-music, as they marched there, the sound of Psalms, — many-voiced melody of a Church Hymn, well known to him; which had broken out, band accompanying, among those otherwise silent men. The fact is very certain, very strange to me: details not very precise, except that here, as specimen, is a verse of their Hymn: —

> "Grant that with zeal and skill, this day, I do
> What me to do behooves, what thou command'st me to;
> Grant that I do it sharp, at point of moment fit,
> And when I do it, grant me good success in it."
>
> "*Gieb dass ich thu' mit Fleiss was mir zu thun gebühret,*
> *Wozu mich dein Befehl in meinem Stande führet,*
> *Gieb dass ich's thue bald, zu der Zeit da ich's soll;*
> *Und wenn ich's thu', so gieb dass es gerathe wohl.*"[2]

One has heard the voice of waters, one has paused in the mountains at the voice of far-off Covenanter psalms; but a voice like this, breaking the commanded silences, one has not heard. "Shall we order that to cease, your Majesty?" "By no means," said the King; whose hard heart seems to have been touched by it, as might well be. Indeed there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his History. His religion, and he had in withered forms a good deal of it, if we will look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state, — nay, ultra-voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known. "By no means!" answered he: and a moment after, said to some one, Ziethen probably: "With men like these, don't you think I shall have victory this day!"

The loss of their Saxon Forepost proved more important to

[1] Tempelhof, i. 288, 287.

[2] "*Hymn-Book* of Porst" (Prussian Sternhold-and-Hopkins), "p. 689:" cited in Preuss, ii. 107.

the Austrians than it seemed; — not computable in prisoners, or killed and wounded. The Height named Scheuberg, — "Borne Rise" (so we might call it, which has got its Pillar of memorial since, with gilt Victory atop[1]); — where Friedrich now is and where the Austrians are not, is at once a screen and a point of vision to Friedrich. By loss of their Nostitz Forepost, they had lost view of Friedrich, and never could recover view of him; could not for hours learn distinctly what he was about; and when he did come in sight again, it was in a most unexpected place! On the farther side of Borne, edge of the big expanse of open country there, Friedrich has halted; ridden with his adjutants to the top of "the Scheuberg (Shy-*hill*)," as the Books call it, though it is more properly a blunt Knoll or "Rise," — the nearest of a Chain of Knolls, or swells in the ground, which runs from north to south on that part.

Except the Zobtenberg, rising blue and massive, on the southern horizon (famous mythologic Mountain, reminding you of an *Arthur's Seat* in shape too, only bigger and solitary), this Country, for many miles round, has nothing that could be called a Hill; it is definable as a bare wide-waving champaign, with slight bumps on it, or slow heavings and sinkings. Country mostly under culture, though it is of sandy quality; one or two sluggish brooks in it; and reedy meres or mires, drained in our day. It is dotted with Hamlets of the usual kind; and has patches of scraggy fir. Your horizon, even where bare, is limited, owing to the wavy heavings of the ground; windmills and church-belfries are your only resource, and even these, from about Leuthen and the Austrian position, leave the Borne quarter mostly invisible to you. Leuthen Belfry, the same which may have stood a hundred years before this Battle, ends in a small tile-roof, open only at the gables: — "Leuthen Belfry," says a recent Tourist, "is of small resource for a view. To south you can see some distance, Sagschütz, Lobetintz and other Hamlets, amid scraggy fir-patches, and meadows, once miry pools; but to north you are soon shut in by a swell or slow rise, with two

[1] Not till 1854 (Kutzen, pp. 194, 195).

windmills upon it [important to readers at present]; and to eastward [Breslau side and Lissa side], or to westward [Friedrich's side], one has no view, except of the old warped rafters and their old mouldy tiles within few inches; or, if by audacious efforts at each end, to the risk of your neck, you get a transient peep, it is stopt, far short of Borne, by the slow irregular heavings, with or without fir about them."[1]

In short, Friedrich keeps possession of that Borne ridge of Knolls, escorted by Cavalry in good numbers; twinkling about in an enigmatic way:—"Prussian right wing yonder," think the Austrians; "whitherward, or what can they mean?"—and keeps his own columns and the Austrian lines in view; himself and his movements invisible, or worse, to the Austrian Generals from any spy-glass or conjecture they can employ.

The Austrian Generals are in windmills, on church-belfries, here, there; diligently scanning the abstruse phenomenon, of which so little can be seen. Daun, who had always been against this adventure, thinks it probable the vanished Prussians are retiring southward: for Bohemia and our Magazines probably. "These good people are smuggling off (*Die guten Leute paschen ab*)," said he: "let them go in peace."[2] Daun, that morning, in his reconnoitrings, had asked of a peasant, "What is that, then?" (meaning the top of a Village-steeple in the distance, but thought by the peasant to be meaning something nearer hand). "That is the Hill our King chases the Austrians over, when he is reviewing here!" Which Daun reported at head-quarters with a grin.[3]

Lucchesi, on the other hand, scanning those Borne Hills, and the cavalry of Friedrich's escort twinkling hither and thither on them, becomes convinced to a moral certainty, That yonder is the Prussian Vanguard, probable extremity of left wing; and that he, Lucchesi, here at Nypern, is to be attacked. "Attacked, you?" said one Montazet, French Agent or Emissary here: "unless they were snipes, it is impossible!" But Lucchesi saw it too well.

[1] Tourist's Note, *penes me.*

[2] Müller, p. 36.

[3] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iv. 34.

He sends to say that such is the evident fact, and that he, Lucchesi, is not equal to it, but must have large reinforcement of Horse to his right wing. "Tush!" answer Prince Karl and Daun; and return only argument, verbal consolation, to distressed Lucchesi. Lucchesi sends a second message, more passionately pressing, to the like effect; also with the like return. Upon which he sends a third message, quite passionate: "If Cavalry do not come, I will not be responsible for the issue!" And now Daun does collect the required reinforcement; "all the reserve of Horse, and a great many from the left wing;" — and, Daun himself heading them, goes off at a swift trot; to look into Lucchesi and his distresses, three or four miles to right, five or six from where the danger lies. Now is Friedrich's golden moment.

Wending always south, on their western or invisible side of those Knolls, Friedrich's people have got to about the level, or *latitude* as we might call it, of Nadasti's left. To Radaxdorf, namely, to Lobetintz, or still farther south, and perhaps a mile to west of Nadasti. Friedrich has mounted to Lobetintz Windmill; and judges that the time is come. Daun and Cavalry once got to support their right wing, and our south latitude being now sufficient, Friedrich, swift as Prussian manœuvring can do it, falls with all his strength upon their left wing. Forms in oblique order, — horse, foot, artillery, all perfect in their paces; and comes streaming over the Knolls at Sagschütz, suddenly like a fire-deluge on Nadasti, who had charge there, and was expecting no such adventure! How Friedrich did the forming in oblique order was at that time a mystery known only to Friedrich and his Prussians: but soldiers of all countries, gathering the secret from him, now understand it, and can learnedly explain it to such as are curious. Will readers take a touch more of the *Drill-Sergeant?*

"You go stairwise (*en échelon*)," says he: "first battalion starts, second stands immovable till the first have done fifty steps; at the fifty-first, second battalion also steps along; third waiting for *its* fifty-first step. First battalion [rightmost battalion or leftmost, as the case may be; rightmost in this Leuthen case] doing fifty steps before the next stirs, and

each battalion in succession punctually doing the same:" march along on these terms, — or halt at either end, while you advance at the other, — it is evident you will swing yourself out of the parallel position into any degree of obliquity. And furthermore, merely by halting and facing half round at the due intervals, you shove yourself to right or to left as required (always to right in this Leuthen case): and so — provided you *can* march as a pair of compasses would — you will, in the given number of minutes, impinge upon your Enemy's extremity at the required angle, and overlap him to the required length: whereupon, At him, in flank, in front, and rear, and see if he can stand it! "A beautiful manœuvre," says Captain Archenholtz; "devised by Friedrich," by Friedrich inheriting Epaminondas and the Old Dessauer; "and which perhaps only Friedrich's men, to this day, could do with the requisite perfection."

Nadasti, a skilful War-Captain, especially with Horse, was beautifully posted about Sagschütz; his extreme left folded up *en potence* there (elbow of it at Sagschütz, forearm of it running to Gohlau eastward); *potence* ending in firwood Knolls with Croat musketeers, in ditches, ponds, difficult ground, especially towards Gohlau. He has a strong battery, 14 pieces, on the Height to rear of him, at the angle or elbow of his *potence;* strong abatis, well manned in front to rightwards: upon this, and upon the Croats in the firwood, the Prussians intend their attack. General Wedell is there, Prince Moritz as chief, with six battalions, and their batteries, battery of 10 Brummers and another; Ziethen also and Horse: coming on, in swift fire-flood, and at an angle of forty-five degrees. Most unexpected, strange to behold! From southwest yonder; about one o'clock of the day.

Nadasti, though astonished at the Prussian fire-deluge, stands to his arms; makes, in front, vigorous defence; and even takes, in some sort, the initiative, — that is, dashes out his Cavalry on Ziethen, before Ziethen has charged. Ziethen's Horse, who are rightmost of the Prussians, and are bare to the right, — ground offering no bush, no brook there (though

Ziethen, foreseeing such defect, has a clump of infantry near by to mend it), — reel back under this first shock, coming downhill upon them; and would have fared badly, had not the clump of infantry instantly opened fire on the Nadasti visitors, and poured it in such floods upon them, that they, in their turn, had to reel back. Back they, well out of range; — and leave Ziethen free for a counter-attack shortly, on easier terms, which was successful to him. For, during that first tussle of his, the Prussian Infantry, to left of Ziethen, has attacked the Sagschütz Firwood; clears that of Croats; attacks Nadasti's line, breaks it, their Brummer battery potently assisting, and the rage of Wedell and everybody being extreme. So that, in spite of the fine ground, Nadasti is in a bad way, on the extreme left or outmost point of his *potence*, or tactical *knee*. Round the knee-pan or angle of his *potence*, where is the abatis, he fares still worse. Abatis, beswept by those ten Brummers and other Batteries, till bullet and bayonet can act on it, speedily gives way. "They were mere Würtembergers, these; and could not stand!" cried the Austrians apologetically, at a great rate, afterwards; as if anybody could well have stood.

Indisputably the Würtembergers and the abatis are gone; and the Brandenburgers, storming after them, storm Nadasti's interior battery of 14 pieces; and Nadasti's affairs are rapidly getting desperate in this quarter. Figure Prince Karl's scouts, galloping madly to recall that Daun Cavalry! Austrian Battalions, plenty of them, rush down to help Nadasti; but they are met by the crowding fugitives, the chasing Prussians; are themselves thrown into disorder, and can do no good whatever. They arrive on the ground flurried, blown; have not the least time to take breath and order: the fewest of them ever got fairly ranked, none of them ever stood above one push: all goes rolling wildly back upon the centre about Leuthen. Chaos come on us; — and all for mere lack of time: could Nadasti but once stretch out one minute into twenty! But he cannot. Nadasti does not himself lose head; skilfully covers the retreat, trying to rally once and again. Not for the first few furlongs, till the ditches, till the firwood, quagmires are all done, could Ziethen, now on the open ground, fairly

hew in; "take whole battalions prisoners;" drive the crowd in an altogether stormy manner; and wholly confound the matter in this part.

Prince Karl, his messengers flying madly, has struggled as man seldom did to put himself in some posture about Leuthen, to get up some defences there. Leuthen itself, the churchyard of it especially, is on the defensive. Men are bringing cannon to the windmills, to the swelling ground on the north side of Leuthen; they dig ditches, build batteries, — could they but make Time halt, and Friedrich with him, for one quarter of an hour. But they cannot. By the extreme of diligence, the Austrians have in some measure swung themselves into a new position, or imperfect Line round Leuthen as a centre, — Lucchesi, voluntarily or by order, swinging southwards on the one hand; Nadasti swinging northwards by compulsion; — new Line at an angle say of 75° to the old one. And here, for an hour more, there was stiff fighting, the stiffest of the day; — of which, take one direct glimpse, from the Austrian side, furnished by a Young Gentleman famous afterwards: —

Leuthen, let us premise, is a long Hamlet of the usual littery sort; with two rows, in some parts three, of farm-houses, barns, cattle-stalls; with Church, or even with two Churches, a Protestant and a Catholic; goes from east to west above a mile in length. With the wrecks of Nadasti tumbling into it pell-mell from the southeast, and Lucchesi desperately endeavoring to swing round from the northwest, not quite incoherently, and the Prussian fire-storm for accompaniment, Leuthen is probably the most chaotic place in the Planet Earth during that hour or so (from half-past two to half-past three) while the agony lasted. At one o'clock Nadasti was attacked; at two he is tumbling in mid-career towards Leuthen: I guess the date of this Excerpt, or testimony by a Notable Eye-witness, may be half-past two; crisis of the agony just about to begin: and before four it was all finished again. Eye-witness is the young Prince de Ligne, now Captain in an Austrian Regiment of Foot; and standing here in this perilous

posture, having been called in as part of the Reserve. He says: —

"Cry had risen for the Reserve," in which was my regiment, "and that it must come on as fast as possible," — to Leuthen, west of us yonder. "We ran what we could run. Our Lieutenant-Colonel fell killed almost at the first; beyond this we lost our Major, and indeed all the Officers but three, — three only, and about eleven or twelve of the Volunteer or Cadet kind. We had crossed two successive ditches, which lay in an orchard to left of the first houses in Leuthen; and were beginning to form in front of the Village. But there was no standing of it. Besides a general cannonade such as can hardly be imagined, there was a rain of case-shot upon this Battalion, of which I, as there was no Colonel left, had to take command; and a third Battalion of the Royal Prussian Foot-guards, which had already made several of our regiments pass that kind of muster, gave, at a distance of eighty paces, the liveliest fire on us. It stood as if on the parade-ground, that third Battalion, and waited for us, without stirring.

"The Austrian regiment Andlau, at our right hand, could not get itself formed properly by reason of the houses; it was standing thirty deep, and sometimes its shot hit us on the back. On my left the Austrian regiment Merci ran its ways; and I was glad of that, in comparison. By no method or effort could I get the dragoons of Bathyani, who stood fifty yards in rear of me, to cut in a little, and help me out," — no good cutting hereabouts, think the dragoons of Bathyani. "My soldiers, who were still tired with running, and had no cannon (these either from necessity or choice they had left behind), were got scattered, fewer in number, and were fighting mainly out of sullenness. More our honor, than the notion of doing good in the affair, prevented us from running off. An Ensign of the regiment Arberg helped me awhile to form, from his and my own fragments, a kind of line; but he was shot down. Two Officers of the Grenadiers brought me what they still had. Some Hungarians, too, were luckily got together. But at last, as, with all helps and the remnants of my own brave Battalion, I had come down to at most 200, I drew back to the Height

where the Windmill is,"[1] — where many have drawn back, and are standing in sheltered places, a hundred deep, say our Books.

Stiff fighting at Leuthen; especially furious till Leuthen Churchyard, a place with high stone walls, was got. Leuthen Village, we observe, was crammed with Austrians spitting fire from every coign of vantage; Church and Churchyard especially are a citadel of death. Cannon playing from the Windmill Heights, too; — moments are inestimable. The Prussian Commander (name charitably hidden) at Leuthen Churchyard seems to hesitate in the murderous fire-deluge: Major Möllendorf, namable from that day forward, growling, "No time this for study," dashes out himself, "*Ein andrer Mann* (Follow me, whoever is a man)!" — smashes in the Church-Gate of the place, nine muskets blazing on him through it; smashes, after a desperate struggle, the Austrians clean out of it, and conquers the citadel.[2]

The Austrians, on confused terms, made stiff dispute in this second position for about an hour. The Prussian Reserve was ordered up by Friedrich; the Prussian left wing, which had stood "refused," about Radaxdorf, till now: at one time nearly all the Prussians were in fire. Friedrich is here, is there, wherever the press was greatest; "Prince Ferdinand," whom we now and then find named, as a diligent little fellow, and ascertain to be here in this and other Battles of Friedrich's, — "Prince Ferdinand at one time pointed his cannon on the Bush or Fir-Clump of Radaxdorf; — an aide-de-camp came to him with message: 'You are firing on the King; the King is yonder!' At which Ferdinand [his dear little Brother] *erschrack*," or almost fainted with terror.[3]

Stiff dispute; and had the Austrians possessed the Prussian dexterity in manœuvring, and a Friedrich been among them, — perhaps? But on their own terms, there was from the first little hope in it. "Behind the Windmills they are a hundred

[1] Kutzen p. 103 (from "Prince de Ligne's *Diary*, i. 63, German Translation").

[2] Müller, p. 42.

[3] Kutzen, p. 110.

men deep;" by and by, your Windmills, riddled to pieces, have to be abandoned; the Prussian left wing rushing on with bayonets, will not all of you have to go? Lucchesi, with his abundant Cavalry, seeing this latter movement and the Prussian flank bare in that part, will do a stroke upon them; — and this proved properly the finale of the matter, finale to both Lucchesi and it.

The Prussian flank was to appearance bare in that leftward quarter; but only to appearance: Driesen with the left wing of Horse is in a Hollow hard by; strictly charged by Friedrich to protect said flank, and take nothing else in hand. Driesen lets Lucchesi gallop by, in this career of his; then emerges, ranked, and comes storming in upon Lucchesi's back, — entirely confounding his astonished Cavalry and their career. Astonished Cavalry, bullet-storm on this side of them, edge of sword on that, take wing in all directions (or all except to west and south) quite over the horizon; Lucchesi himself gets killed, — crosses a still wider horizon, poor man. He began the ruin, and he ends it. For now Driesen takes the bared Austrians in flank, in rear; and all goes tumbling here too, and in few minutes is a general deluge rearward towards Saara and Lissa side.

At Saara the Austrians, sun just sinking, made a third attempt to stand; but it was hopelessly faint this time; went all asunder at the first push; and flowed then, torrent-wise, towards all its Bridges over the Schweidnitz Water, towards Breslau by every method. There are four Bridges, Stabelwitz below Lissa; Goldschmieden, Hermannsdorf, above; and the main one at Lissa itself, a standing Bridge on the Highroad (also of wood); and by this the chief torrent flows; Prussian horse pursuing vigorously; Prussian Infantry drawn up at Saara, resting some minutes, after such a day's work.[1]

Truly a memorable bit of work; no finer done for a hundred years, or for hundreds of years; and the results of it manifold,

[1] Archenholtz, i. 209; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 243–252 (by an eye-witness, intelligent succinct Account of the Battle and previous March; ib. 252–272, of the Sieges &c. following); Preuss, ii. 112, &c.; Tempelhof, i. 276.

immediate and remote. About 10,000 Austrians are left on the field, 3,000 of them slain; prisoners already 12,000, in a short time 21,000; flags 51, cannon 116; — "Conquest of Silesia" gone to water; Prince Karl and Austria fallen from their high hopes in one day. The Prussians lost in killed 1,141, in wounded 5,118; 85 had been taken prisoners about Sagschütz and Gohlau, in the first struggle there.[1] There and at Leuthen Village had been the two tough passages; about an hour each; in three hours the Battle was done. "*Meine Herren*," said Friedrich that night at parole, "after such a spell of work, you deserve rest. This day will bring the renown of your name, and of the Nation's, to the latest posterity."

High and low had shone this day; especially these four: Ziethen, Driesen, Retzow, — and above all Moritz of Dessau. Riding up the line, as night fell, Friedrich, in passing Moritz and the right wing, drew bridle for an instant: "I congratulate you on the Victory, Herr Feldmarschall!" cried he cheerily, and with emphasis on the last word. Moritz, still very busy, answered slightly; and Friedrich repeated louder, "Don't you hear that I congratulate you, Herr *Feldmarschall!*" — a glad sound to Moritz, who ever since Kolin had stood rather in the shadow. "You have helped me, and performed every order, as none ever did before in any battle," added the grateful King.

Riding up the line, all now grown dusky, Friedrich asks, "Any battalion a mind to follow me to Lissa?" Three battalions volunteering, follow him; three are plenty. At Saara, on the Great Road, things are fallen utterly dark. "Landlord, bring a lantern, and escort." Landlord of the poor Tavern at Saara escorts obediently; lantern in his right hand, left hand holding by the King's stirrup-leather, — King (Excellency or General, as the Landlord thinks him) wishing to speak with the man. Will the reader consent to their Dialogue, which is dullish, but singular to have in an authentic form, with Nicolai as voucher?[2] Like some poor old horse-shoe, ploughed up on the field. Two farthings worth of rusty old iron; now little

[1] Kutzen, pp. 118, 125. [2] *Anekdoten*, iii. 231–235.

other than a curve of brown rust: but it galloped at the Battle of Leuthen; that is something!—

King. "Come near; catch me by the stirrup-leather [Landlord with lantern does so]. We are on the Breslau Great Road, that goes through Lissa, are n't we?"

Landlord. "Yea, Excellenz."

King. "Who are you?"

Landlord. "Your Excellenz, I am the *Krätschmer* [Silesian for Landlord] at Saara."

King. "You have had a great deal to suffer, I suppose."

Landlord. "*Ach*, your Excellenz, had not I! For the last eight-and-forty hours, since the Austrians came across Schweidnitz Water, my poor house has been crammed to the door with them, so many servants they have; and such a bullying and tumbling:—they have driven me half mad; and I am clean plundered out."

King. "I am sorry indeed to hear that!—Were there Generals too in your house? What said they? Tell me, then."

Landlord. "With pleasure, your Excellenz. Well; yesterday noon, I had Prince Karl in my parlor, and his Adjutants and people all crowding about. Such a questioning and bothering! Hundreds came dashing in, and other hundreds were sent out: in and out they went all night; no sooner was one gone, than ten came. I had to keep a roaring fire in the kitchen all night; so many Officers crowding to it to warm themselves. And they talked and babbled this and that. One would say, That our King was coming on, then, 'with his Potsdam Guard-Parade.' Another answers, '*Oach*, he dare n't come! He will run for it; we will let him run.' But now my delight is, our King has paid them their fooleries so prettily this afternoon!"

King. "When got you rid of your high guests?"

Landlord. "About nine this morning the Prince got to horse; and not long after three, he came past again, with a swarm of Officers; all going full speed for Lissa. So full of bragging when they came; and now they were off, wrong side

foremost! I saw how it was. And ever after him, the flood of them ran, Highroad not broad enough, — an hour and more before it ended. Such a pell-mell, such a welter, cavalry and musketeers all jumbled: our King must have given them a dreadful lathering. That is what they have got by their bragging and their lying, — for, your Excellenz, these people said too, 'Our King was forsaken by his own Generals, all his first people had gone and left him:' what I never in this world will believe."

King (not liking even rumor of that kind). "There you are right; never can such a thing be believed of my Army."

Landlord (whom this "*my*" has transfixed). "*Mein Gott*, you are our *gnädigster König* (most gracious King) yourself! Pardon, pardon, if, in my stupidity, I have — "

King. "No, you are an honest man: — probably a Protestant?"

Landlord. "*Joa, joa, Ihr Majestät*, I am of your Majesty's creed!"

Crack-crack! At this point the Dialogue is cut short by sudden musket-shots from the woody fields to right; crackle of about twelve shots in all; which hurt nothing but some horse's feet, — had been aimed at the light, and too low. Instantly the light is blown out, and there is a hunting out of Croats; Lissa or environs not evacuated yet, it seems; and the King's Entrance takes place under volleyings and cannonadings.

King rides directly to the Schloss, which is still a fine handsome house, off the one street of that poor Village, — north side of street; well railed off, and its old ditches and defences now trimmed into flower-plots. The Schloss is full of Austrian Officers, bustling about, intending to quarter, when the King enters. They, and the force they still had in Lissa, could easily have taken him: but how could they know? Friedrich was surprised; but had to put the best face on it.[1] "*Bon soir, Messieurs!*" said he, with a gay tone, stepping in: "Is

[1] In Kutzen (pp. 121, 209 et seq.) explanation of the true circumstances, and source of the mistake.

there still room left, think you?" The Austrians, bowing to the dust, make way reverently to the divinity that hedges a King of this sort; mutely escort him to the best room (such the popular account); and for certain make off, they and theirs, towards the Bridge, which lies a little farther east, at the end of the Village.

Weistritz or Schweidnitz Water is a biggish muddy stream in that part; gushing and eddying; not voiceless, vexed by mills and their weirs. Some firing there was from Croats in the lower houses of the Village, and they had a cannon at the farther bridge-end; but they were glad to get away, and vanish in the night; muddy Weistritz singing hoarse adieu to their cannon and them. Prussian grenadiers plunged indignant into the houses; made short work of the musketries there. In few minutes every Croat and Austrian was across, or silenced otherwise too well; Prussian cannon now going in the rear of them, and continuing to go, — such had been the order, "till the powder you have is done." Fire of musketry and occasional cannon lasts all night, from the Lissa or Prussian side of the River, — "lest they burn this Bridge, or attempt some mischief." A thing far from their thoughts, in present circumstances.

The Prussian host at Saara, hearing these noises, took to its arms again; and marched after the King. Thick darkness; silence; tramp, tramp: — a Prussian grenadier broke out, with solemn tenor voice again, into Church-Music; a known Church-Hymn, of the homely *Te-Deum* kind; in which five-and-twenty thousand other voices, and all the regimental bands, soon join: —

"*Nun danket alle Gott*	"Now thank God, one and all,
Mit Herzen, Mund und Händen,	With heart, with voice, with hands-a,
Der grosse Dinge thut	Who wonders great hath done
An uns und allen Enden." [1]	To us and to all lands-a."

And thus they advance; melodious, far-sounding, through the hollow Night, once more in a highly remarkable manner. A pious people, of right Teutsch stuff, tender though stout; and, except perhaps Oliver Cromwell's handful of Ironsides, prob-

[1] Müller, p. 48.

ably the most perfect soldiers ever seen hitherto. Arriving at the end of Lissa, and finding all safe as it should be there, they make their bivouac, their parallelogram of two lines, miles long across the fields, left wing resting on Lissa, right on Guckerwitz; and — having, I should think, at least tobacco to depend on, with abundant stick-fires, and healthy joyful hearts — pass the night in a thankful, comfortable manner.

Leuthen was the most complete of all Friedrich's victories; two hours more of daylight, as Friedrich himself says, and it would have been the most decisive of this century.[1] As it was, the ruin of this big Army, 80,000 against 30,000,[2] was as good as total; and a world of Austrian hopes suddenly collapsed; and all their Silesian Apparatus, making sure of Silesia beyond an *if*, was tumbled into wreck, — by this one stroke it had got, smiting the corner-stone of it as if with unexpected lightning. On the morrow after Leuthen, Friedrich laid siege to Breslau; Karl had left a garrison of 17,000 in it, and a stout Captain, one Sprecher, determined on defence: such interests hung on Breslau, such immensities of stores were in it, had there been nothing else. Friedrich, pushing with all his strength, in spite of bad weather and of Sprecher's industrious defence, got it in twelve days.[3] Sprecher had posted placards on the gallows and up and down, terrifically proclaiming that any man convicted of mentioning surrender should be instantly hanged: but Friedrich's bombardment was strong, his assaults continual; and the ditches were threatening to freeze. On the seventh day of the siege, a Laboratorium blew up; on the ninth, a Powder-Magazine, carrying a lump of the rampart away with it. Sprecher had to capitulate: Prisoners of War, we 17,000; our cannons, ammunitions (most opulent, including what we took from Bevern lately); these, we and Breslau altogether, alas, it is all yours again.

Liegnitz Garrison, seeing no hope, consented to withdraw

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 167.

[2] "89,200 was the Austrian strength before the Battle" (deduct the Garrisons of Schweidnitz and Liegnitz): Preuss, ii. 109 (from the *Staff-Officers*).

[3] 7th–19th December: *Diarium*, &c. of it in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 955–961.

on leave.[1] Schweidnitz cannot be besieged till Spring come: except Schweidnitz, Maria Theresa, the high Kaiserinn, has no foot of ground in Silesia, which she thought to be hers again. Gone utterly, Patents and all; Schweidnitz alone waiting till Spring. To the lively joy of Silesia in general; to the thrice-lively sorrow and alarm of certain individuals, leading Catholic Ecclesiastics mainly, who had misread the signs of the times in late months! There is one Schaffgotsch, Archbishop or head-man of them, especially, who is now in a bad way. Never was such royal favor; never such ingratitude, say the Books at wearisome length. Schaffgotsch was a showy man of quality, nephew of the quondam Austrian Governor, whom Friedrich, across a good deal of Papal and other opposition, got pushed into the Catholic Primacy, and took some pains to make comfortable there, — Order of the Black Eagle, guest at Potsdam, and the like; — having a kind of fancy for the airy Schaffgotsch, as well as judging him suitable for this Silesian High-Priesthood, with his moderate ideas and quality ways, — which I have heard were a little dissolute withal. To the whole of which Schaffgotsch proved signally traitorous and ingrate; and had plucked off the Black Eagle (say the Books, nearly breathless over such a sacrilege) on some public occasion, prior to Leuthen, and trampled it under his feet, the unworthy fellow. Schaffgotsch's pathetic Letter to Friedrich, in the new days posterior to Leuthen, and Friedrich's contemptuous inexorable answer, we could give, but do not: why should we? O King, I know your difficulties, and what epoch it is. But, of a truth, your airy dissolute Schaffgotsch, as a grateful "Archbishop and Grand-Vicar," is almost uglier to me than as a Traitor ungrateful for it; and shall go to the Devil in his own way! They would not have him in Austria; he was not well received at Rome; happily died before long.[2] Friedrich was not cruel to Schaffgotsch or the others, contemptuously mild rather; but he knew henceforth what to expect of them, and slightly changed this and that in his Silesian methods in consequence.

[1] 26th December: *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 1016.

[2] Preuss, ii. 113, 114; Kutzen, pp 12, 155-160, for the real particulars.

Of Prince Karl let us add a word. On the morrow after Leuthen, Captain Prince de Ligne and old Papa D'Ahremberg could find little or no Army; they stept across to Gräbschen, a village on the safe side of the Lohe, and there found Karl and Daun: "rather silent, both; one of them looking, 'Who would have thought it!' the other, 'Did n't I tell you?'" — and knowing nothing, they either, where the Army was. Army was, in fact, as yet nowhere. "Croat fellows, in this Farmstead of ours," says De Ligne, "had fallen to shooting pigeons." The night had been unusually dark; the Austrian Army had squatted into woods, into office-houses, farm-villages, over a wide space of country; and only as the day rose, began to dribble in. By count, they are still 50,000; but heart-broken, beaten as men seldom were. "What sound is that?" men asked yesterday at Brieg, forty miles off; and nobody could say, except that it was some huge Battle, fateful of Silesia and the world. Breslau had it louder; Breslau was still more anxious. "What *is* all that?" asked somebody (might be Deblin the Shoemaker, for anything I know) of an Austrian sentry there: "That? That is the Prussians giving us such a beating as we never had." What news for Deblin the Shoemaker, if he is still above ground! —

"Prince Karl, gathering his distracted fragments, put 17,000 into Breslau by way of ample garrison there; and with the rest made off circuitously for Schweidnitz; thence for Landshut, and down the Mountains, home to Königsgrätz, — self and Army in the most wrecked condition. Chased by Ziethen; Ziethen 'sticking always to the hocks of them,' as Friedrich eagerly enjoins on him; or sometimes it is, 'sitting on the breeches of them:' for about a fortnight to come.[1] Ziethen took 2,000 prisoners; no end of baggages, of wagons left in the difficult places: wild weather even for Ziethen, still more for Karl, among the Silesian-Bohemian Hill-roads: heavy rains, deep muds, then sudden glass, with cutting snow-blasts: 'An Army not a little dilapidated,' writes Prince Karl, almost with tears in his eyes; 'Army without linens, without clothes; in

[1] Eleven Royal Autographs: in Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen* (ii. 94–111), a feeble incorrect Translation of them.

condition truly sad and pitiable; and has always, so close are the enemy, to encamp, though without tents.'[2] Did not get to Königsgrätz, and safe shelter, for ten days more. Counted, at Königsgrätz in the Christmas time, 37,000 rank and file, — '22,000 of whom are gone to hospital,' by the Doctor's report.

"Universal astonishment, indignation, even incredulity, is the humor at Vienna: the high Kaiserinn herself, kept in the dark for some time, becomes dimly aware; and by Kaiser Franz's own advice she relieves Prince Karl from his military employments, and appoints Daun instead. Prince Karl withdrew to his Government of the Netherlands; and with the aid of generous liquors, and what natural magnanimity he had, spent a noiseless life thenceforth; Sword laid entirely on the shelf; and immortal Glory, as of Alexander and the like, quite making its exit from the scene, convivial or other. 'The first General in the world,' so he used to be ten years ago, in Austria, in England, Holland, the thrice-greatest of Generals: but now he has tried Friedrich in Five pitched Battles (Czaslau, Hohenfriedberg, Sohr, then Prag, then Leuthen); — been beaten every time, under every form of circumstance; and now, at Leuthen, the fifth beating is such, no public, however ignorant, can stand it farther. The ignorant public changes its long-eared eulogies into contumeliously horrid shrieks of condemnation; in which one is still farther from joining. 'That crossing of the Rhine,' says Friedrich, 'was a *belle chose;* but flatterers blew him into dangerous self-conceit; besides, he was ill-obeyed, as others of us have been.'[2] Adieu to him, poor red-faced soul; — and good liquor to him, — at least if he can take it in moderation!"

The astonishment of all men, wise and simple, at this sudden oversetting of the scene of things, and turning of the gazetteer-diplomatic theatre bottom uppermost, was naturally extreme, especially in gazetteer and diplomatic circles; and the admiration, willing or unwilling, of Friedrich, in some most essential points of him, rose to a high pitch. Better soldier, it is clear,

[1] Kutzen, p. 134 ("Prince Karl to the Kaiser, December 14th").

[2] "Prince de Ligne, *Mémoires sur Frédéric* (Berlin, 1789), p. 38" (Preuss, ii. 112).

has not been heard of in the modern ages. Heroic constancy, courage superior to fate: several clear features of a hero; — pity he were such a liar withal, and ignorant of common honesty; thought the simple sort, in a bewildered manner, endeavoring to forget the latter features, or think them *not* irreconcilable. Military judges of most various quality, down to this day, pronounce Leuthen to be essentially the finest Battle of the century; and indeed one of the prettiest feats ever done by man in his Fighting Capacity. Napoleon, for instance, who had run over these Battles of Friedrich (apparently somewhat in haste, but always with a word upon them which is worth gathering from such a source), speaks thus of Leuthen: "This Battle is a masterpiece of movements, of manœuvres, and of resolution; enough to immortalize Friedrich, and rank him among the greatest Generals. Manifests, in the highest degree, both his moral qualities and his military."[1]

How the English Walpoles, in Parliament and out of it; how the Prussian Sulzers, D'Argenses, the Gazetteer and vague public, may have spoken and written at that time, when the matter was fresh and on everybody's tongue, — judge still by two small symptoms which we have to show: —

1°. *A Letter of Friedrich's to D'Argens* (Dürgoy, near Breslau, 19th December, 1757). — "Your friendship seduces you, *mon cher;* I am but a paltry knave (*polisson*) in comparison with 'Alexander,' and not worthy to tie the shoe-latchets of 'Cæsar'! Necessity, who is the mother of industry, has made me act, and have recourse to desperate remedies in evils of a like nature.

"We have got here [this day, by capitulation of Breslau] from fourteen to fifteen thousand prisoners: so that, in all, I have above twenty-three thousand of the Queen's troops in my hands, fifteen Generals, and above seven hundred Officers. 'T is a plaster on my wounds, but it is far enough from healing them.

[1] Montholon, *Mémoires &c., de Napoléon*, vii. 211. This Napoleon *Summary of Friedrich's Campaigns*, and these brief Bits of Criticism, are pleasant reading, though the fruit evidently of slight study, and do credit to Napoleon perhaps still more than to Friedrich.

"I am now about marching to the Mountain region, to settle the chain of quarters there; and if you will come, you will find the roads free and safe. I was sorry at the Abbé's treason," — paltry De Prades, of whom we heard enough already.[1]

2°. *A Pottery-Apotheosis of Friedrich.* — "There stands on this mantel-piece," says one of my Correspondents, the amiable Smelfungus, in short, whom readers are acquainted with, "a small China Mug, not of bad shape; declaring itself, in one obscure corner, to be made at Worcester, 'R. I., Worcester, 1757' (late in the season, I presume, demand being brisk); which exhibits, all round it, a diligent Potter's-Apotheosis of Friedrich, hastily got up to meet the general enthusiasm of English mankind. Worth, while it lasts unbroken, a moment's inspection from you in hurrying along.

"Front side, when you take our Mug by the handle for drinking from it, offers a poor well-meant China Portrait, labelled King of Prussia: Copy of Friedrich's Portrait by Pesne, twenty years too young for the time, smiling out nobly upon you; upon whom there descends with rapidity a small Genius (more like a Cupid who had hastily forgotten his bow, and goes headforemost on another errand) to drop a wreath on this deserving head; — wreath far too small for ever getting on (owing to distance, let us hope), though the artless Painter makes no sign; and indeed both Genius and wreath, as he gives them, look almost like a big insect, which the King will be apt to treat harshly if he notice it. On the opposite side, again, separated from Friedrich's back by the handle, is an enormous image of Fame, with wings filling half the Mug, with two trumpets going at once (a bass, probably, and a treble), who flies with great ease; and between her eager face and the unexpectant one of Friedrich (who is 180° off, and knows nothing of it) stands a circular Trophy, or Imbroglio of drums, pikes, muskets, cannons, field-flags and the like; very slightly tied together, — the knot, if there is one, being hidden by some fantastic bit of scroll or escutcheon, with a Fame and *one* trumpet scratched on it; — and high out of the Imbroglio rise three standards inscribed with Names,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 47.

which we perceive are intended to be names of Friedrich's Victories; standards notable at this day, with Names which I will punctually give you.

"Standard first, which flies to the westward or leftward, has 'Reisberg' (no such place on this distracted globe, but meaning Bevern's *Reichenberg*, perhaps), — 'Reisberg,' 'Prague,' 'Collin.' Middle standard curves beautifully round its staff, and gives us to read, 'Welham' (non-extant, too; may mean *Welmina* or Lobositz), 'Rossbach' (very good), 'Breslau' (poor Bevern's, thought a *victory* in Worcester at this time!). Standard third, which flies to eastward or right hand, has 'Neumark' (that is, *Neumarkt* and the Austrian Bread-ovens, 4th December); 'Lissa' (not yet *Leuthen* in English nomenclature); and 'Breslau' again, which means the capture of Breslau *City* this time, and is a real success, 7th–19th December; — giving us the approximate date, Christmas, 1757, to this hasty Mug. A Mug got up for temporary English enthusiasm, and the accidental instruction of posterity. It is of tolerable China; holds a good pint, 'To the Protestant Hero, with all the honors;' — and offers, in little, a curious eyehole into the then England, with its then lights and notions, which is now so deep-hidden from us, under volcanic ashes, French Revolutions, and the wrecks of a Hundred very decadent Years."

CHAPTER XI.

WINTER IN BRESLAU: THIRD CAMPAIGN OPENS.

FRIEDRICH, during those grand victories, is suffering sadly in health, "*colique depuis huit jours*, neither sleep nor appetite;" "eight months of mere anguishes and agitations do wear one down." He is tired too, he says, of the mere business-talk, coarse and rugged, which has been his allotment lately; longs for some humanly roofed kind of lodging, and a little talk that shall have flavor in it.[1] The troops once all in their

[1] Letters of his to Prince Henri (December 26th, &c.: *Œuvres*, xxvi. 167 169; Stenzel, v. 123).

Winter-quarters, he sits down in Breslau as his own wintering-place: place of relaxation, — of rest, or at least of changed labor, — no man needing it more. There for some three months he had a tolerable time; perhaps, by contrast, almost a delightful. Readers must imagine it; we have no details allowed us, nor any time for them even if we had.

There come various visitors, various gayeties, — King's Birthday (January 24th); quality Balls, "at which Royal Majesty sometimes deigned to show himself." A lively Breslau, in comparison. Sister Amelia paid a beautiful visit of a fortnight or more: Sister Amelia, and along with her, two married Cousins (once Margravines of Schwedt), whose Husbands, little Brother Ferdinand, and Eugen of Würtemberg, are wintering here. The Marquis d'Argens, how exquisitely treated we shall see, is a principal figure; Excellency Mitchell, deep in very important business just now, is another. Reader de Catt (he who once, in a Dutch River-Boat, got into conversation with the snuffy gentleman in black wig) made his new appearance, this Winter, — needed now, since De Prades is off. "Should you have known me again?" asked Friedrich. "Hardly, in that dress; besides, your Majesty looks thinner." "That I can believe, with the cursed life I have been leading!"[1] There came also, day not given, a Captain Guichard ("Major Quintus Icilius" that is to be) with his new Book on the Art Military of the Ancients, *Mémoires Militaires sur les Grecs et les Romains*;[2] which cannot but be welcome to Friedrich. A solid account of that matter, by the first man who ever understood both War and Greek. Far preferable to Folard's, a man without Greek at all, and with military ideas not a little fantastic here and there. Of Captain Guichard, were his Book once read, and himself a little known, there will be more to say. For the present, fancy him retained as supernumerary: — and in regard to Friedrich's Winter generally, accept the following small hints, small but direct: —

[1] Rödenbeck, i. 285.

[2] à La Haye, 2 tomes, 4to, 1757 (Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 134).

Friedrich to D'Argens (three different times).

1°. *On the road to Leuthen* "(Torgau, 15th November 1757). . . . I have been obliged to have the Abbé arrested [De Prades, of whom enough, long since]; he has been playing the spy, and I have many evident proofs of it. That is very infamous and very ungrateful. — I have made a prodigious quantity of verses (*prodigieusement de vers*). If I live, I will show them you in Winter-quarters: if I perish, they are bequeathed to you, and I have ordered that they be put into your hand. . . .

"Adieu, my dear Marquis. I fancy you to be in bed: don't rot there; — and remember you have promised to join me in Winter-quarters;" — on this latter point Friedrich is very urgent, amiably eager; prepared to wrap the poor Marquis in cotton, and carry him and lodge him, like glass with care.[1] For example: —

2°. *While settling the Winter-quarters* ("Striegau, 26th December, 1757:" Siege of Breslau done ten days ago). . . . "What a pleasure to hear you are coming! Your travelling you can do in your own way. I have chosen a party of Light Horse (*Jäger*), who will appear at Berlin to conduct you. You can make short journeys: the first to Frankfurt, the second to Crossen, the third to Grünberg, fourth to Glogau, fifth to Parchwitz, sixth to Breslau. I have directed that horses be ordered for you, that your rooms be warmed everywhere, and good fowls ready on all roads. Your apartment in this House [Royal House in Breslau, which the King has built for himself years ago] is carpeted, hermetically shut. You shall suffer nothing from draughts or from noise."[2] — Lucky Marquis; what a Landlord! Came accordingly; stayed till deep in April, — waiting latterly for weather, I perceive; long after the King himself was off. Thus: —

3°. *Friedrich on the field again for five weeks past* ("Münsterberg, 23d April, 1758"). "Adieu, dear Marquis; I fancy you are now in Berlin again. Go to Charlottenburg whenever and how you like; take care of yourself; and be ready for the

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 43. [2] Ib. xix. 48.

beginning of October next! — As to me, *mon cher*, I am off to fight windmills and ostriches (*Autruches*), that is, Russians and Austrians (*Autrichiens*). Adieu, *mon cher*." [1]

There circulated in the Newspapers, this Winter, something of what was called a *Letter* from Friedrich to Maria Theresa, formally proposing Peace, after these magnificent successes. And certainly, of all things in the Earth, Friedrich would have best liked Peace, this year, last year, and for the next five years: "Go home, then, good neighbors; don't break into my house, don't cut my poor throat, and we will be friends again!" Friedrich, it appears, had actually, finding or making opportunity, sent some polite Letter, of pacific tenor, in his light clever way, to that address; — not without momentary hopes of perhaps getting good from it.[2] And the Kaiserinn herself, Austria's high Mother, did, they say, after such a Leuthen coming on the back of such a Rossbach, feel discouraged; but the Pompadour (not France's Mother, whatever she might be to France) was of far other mind: "Do not speak of it, *ma Reine!* Double or quits, that is our game: can we yield for a little ill-luck? Never!"

France dismisses its D'Argenson, "What Armies are these of his; flying home on us, like draggled poultry, across the Rhine!" — summons the famed Belleisle to be War-Minister, and give things an eagle-quality: [3] France engages to pay its subsidies better (France now the general paying party, Austria, Sweden, Russia itself, all looking to France, — would she were as punctual as England used to be!), — in a word, engages to be magnanimous extremely, and will hear of nothing but persistence. "Shall not we reap, then, where there is such a harvest standing white to us?" Kaunitz admits that there never will again be such a chance. — Peace, it is clear enough, will not be got of these people by any Letter, or human device

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 49.

[2] In *Preuss*, ii. 130 (Friedrich's Letter mostly given; — bearer a Prince von Lobkowitz, prisoner at Leuthen, now going home on handsome terms) Stenzel, v. 124 (for the *per-contra* feeling).

[3] "26th February, 1758" (*Barbier*, iv. 258).

whatever, except simply by uttermost, more or less miraculous fighting for it. Friedrich is profoundly aware of this fact; — is busy completing his Army: 145,000 for the field, this Year, 53,000 the Silesian part, "a good many of them Austrian deserters;" [1] and is closing an important Subsidy Treaty with England, — of which more anon.

And if this is the mood in France and Austria, think what Russia's will be! The Czarina is not dead of dropsy, as some had expected, but, on the contrary, alive, and fiercer than ever; furious against Apraxin, and determined that Fermor, his successor, shall defy Winter, and begin work at once. She has indignantly dismissed Apraxin (to be tried by Court-Martial, he); dismisses Bestuchef the Chancellor; appoints a new General, Fermor by name; orders Fermor to go and lose not a moment, now in the depth of Winter since it was not done in the crown of Summer, and take possession of East Preussen in her name.

Which Fermor does; 16th January, crosses the border again, 31,000 in all, without opposition except from the frost; plants himself up and down, — only two poor Prussian battalions there; who retire with their effects, especially "with seven wagons of money." January 22d, Fermor enters Königsberg; publishes no end of proclamations, manifestoes, rescripts, to inform the poor people, trembling at the Cossack atrocities of last Year, "That his august Sovereign Elizabeth of All the Russias has now become Proprietress of East Preussen, which shall be perfectly protected and exquisitely well-governed henceforth; and that all men of official or social position have, accordingly, to come and take the oath to her, with the due alacrity and punctuality, at their peril."

No man is willing for the operation, most men shudder at it; but who can help them? Surely it was an unblessed operation. Poor souls, one pities them; for at heart they were, and continued, loyal to their own King; thoroughly abhorrent of becoming Russian, as Czarish Majesty has thoroughly resolved they shall. Some few absconded, leaving their property as spoil; the rest swore, with mental reservation,

[1] Stenzel, v. 155.

with shifts, such as they could devise: — for example, some were observed to swear with gloves on; the right hand, which they held up, was a mere right *fist* with a stuffed glove at the end of it, — *so* help me Beelzebub (or whoever is the recording Angel here)![1] And thus does Preussen, with astonishment, as by the spell of a Czarina Circe, find itself changed suddenly to Russian: and does not recover the old human form till four years hence, — when, again suddenly, as we shall see, the Circe and her wand chance to get broken.

Friedrich could not mend or prevent this bad Business; but was so disgusted with it, he never set foot in East Preussen again, — never could bear to behold it, after such a transformation into temporary Russian shape. I cannot say he abhorred this constrained Oath as I should have done: on the contrary, in the first spurt of indignation, he not only protested aloud, but made reprisals, — "Swear *me* those Saxons, then!" said he; and some poor magistrates of towns, and official people, had to make a figure of swearing (if not allegiance altogether, allegiance for the time being), in the same sad fashion, till one's humor cooled again.[2] East Preussen, lost in this way, held by its King as before, or more passionately now than ever; still loved Friedrich, say the Books; but it is Russia's for the present, and the mischief is done. East Preussen itself, Circe Czarina cherishing it as her own, had a much peaceabler time: in secret it even sent moneys, recruits, numerous young volunteers to Friedrich; much more, hopes and prayers. But his disgust with the late transformation by enchantment was inexpiable.

It was May or June, as had been anticipated, before the Russian main Army made its practical appearance in those parts. Fermor had, in the interim, seized Thorn, seized Elbing ("No offence, magnanimous Polacks, it is only for a time!"), — and would fain have had Dantzig too, but Dantzig would n't. Not till June 16th did the unwieldy mass (on paper 104,000, and in effect, and exclusive of Cossack rabble, about 75,000) get on way; and begin slowly staggering west-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 147–149; Preuss, ii. 145, iii. 578, iv. 477, &c.

[2] Preuss, ii. 163: Oath given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 631.

ward. Very slowly, and amid incendiary fire and horrid cruelty, as heretofore; — and in August coming we shall be sure to hear of it.

Lehwald was just finishing with the Swedes, — had got them all bottled up in Stralsund again, about New-Year's time, when these Russians crossed into Preussen. We said nothing of the Swedish so-called Campaign of last Year; — and indeed are bound to be nearly silent of that and of all the others. Five Campaigns of them, or at least Four and a half; such Campaigns as were never made before or since. Of Campaign 1757, the memorable feature is, that of the whole "Swedish Division," as the laughing Newspapers called it, which was "put to flight by five Berlin Postilions;" — substantially a truth, as follows: —

"Night of September 12th–13th, 1757, the Swedes, 22,000 strong, did at last begin business; crossed Peene River, the boundary between their Pommern and ours; and, having nothing but some fractions of Militia to oppose them, soon captured the Redoubts there; spread over Prussian Pommern, and on into the Uckermark; diligently raising contributions, to a heavy amount. No less than £90,000 in all for this poor Province; though, by a strange accident, £60,000 proved to be the actual sum.

"Towards the end of October they had got as much as £60,000 from the northern parts of Uckermark, Prentzlow being their head-quarter during that operation; and they now sent out a Detachment of 200 grenadiers and 100 dragoons towards Zehdenick, another little Town, some forty miles farther south, there to wring out the remaining sum. The Detachment marched by night, not courting notice; but people had heard of its coming; and five Prussian Postilions, — shifty fellows, old hussars it may be, at any rate skilful on the trumpet, and furnished with hussar jackets and an old pistol each, determined to do something for their Country. The Swedish Detachment had not marched many miles, when, — after or before some flourishes of martial trumpeting, — there verily fell on the Swedish flank, out of a clump of dark

wood, five shots, and wounded one man. To the astonishment and panic of the other two hundred and ninety-nine; who made instant retreat, under new shots and trumpet-tones, as if it were from five whole hussar regiments; retreat double-quick, to Prentzlow; alarm waxing by the speed; alarm spreading at Prentzlow itself: so that the whole Division got to its feet, recrossed the Peene; and Uckermark had nothing more to pay, for that bout! This is not a fable, such as go in the Newspapers," adds my Authority, "but an accurate fact:"[1] — probably, in our day, the alone memorable one of that "Swedish War."

"The French," says another of my Notes, "who did the subsidying all round (who paid even the Russian Subsidy, though in Austria's name), had always an idea that the Swedes — 22,000 stout men, this year, 4,000 of them cavalry — might be made to co-operate with the Russians; with them or with somebody; and do something effective in the way of destroying Friedrich. And besides their subsidies and bribings, the French took incredible pains with this view; incessantly contriving, correspondencing, and running to and fro between the parties:[2] but had not, even from the Russians and Czarish Majesty, much of a result, and from the Swedes had absolutely none at all. By French industry and flagitation, the Swedish Army was generally kept up to about 20,000: the soldiers were expert with their fighting-tools, knew their field-exercise well; had fine artillery, and were stout hardy fellows: but the guidance of them was wonderful. 'They had no field-commissariat,' says one Observer, 'no field-bakery, no magazines, no pontoons, no light troops; and,'

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 764, 807; Archenholtz, i. 160.

[2] For example: M. le Marquis de Montalembert, *Correspondance avec &c., étant employé par le Roi de France à l'Armée Suédoise*, 1757–1761 ("with the Swedish Army," yes, and sometimes with the Russian, — and sometimes on the French Coasts, ardently fortifying against Pitt and his Descents there: — a very intelligent, industrious, observant man; still amusing to read, if one were idler), *à Londres* (evidently Paris), 1777, 3 vols. small 8vo. Then, likewise very intelligent, there is a Montazet, a Mortaigne, a Caulaincourt; a *Campagne des Russes en* 1757; &c. &c., — in short, a great deal of fine faculty employed there in spinning ropes from sand.

among the Higher Officers, 'no subordination.'[1] Were, in short, commanded by nobody in particular. Commanded by Senator Committee-men in Stockholm; and, on the field, by Generals anxious to avoid responsibility; who, instead of acting, held continual Councils of War. The history of their Campaigns, year after year, is, in summary, this: —

"Late in the season (always late, War-Offices at home, and Captaincies here, being in such a state), they emerged from Stralsund, an impregnable place of their own, — where the men, I observe, have had to live on dried fishy substances, instead of natural boiled oatmeal;[2] and have died extensively in consequence: — they march from Stralsund, a forty or thirty miles, till they reach the Swedish-Pommern boundary, Peene River; a muddy sullen stream, flowing through quagmire meadows, which are miles broad, on each shore: River unfordable everywhere; only to be crossed in four or five places, where paved causeways are. The Swedes, with deliberation, cross Peene; after some time, capture the bits of Redoubts, and the one or two poor Prussian Towns upon it; Anklam Redoubt, *Peene-münde* (Peene-mouth) Redoubt; and rove forward into Prussian Pommern, or over into the Uckermark, for fifty, for a hundred miles; exacting contributions; foraging what they can; making the poor country-people very miserable, and themselves not happy, — their soldiers 'growing yearly more plunderous,' says Archenholtz, 'till at length they got, though much shyer of murder, to resemble Cossacks,' in regard to other pleas of the crown.

"There is generally some fractional regiment or two of Prussian force, left under some select General Manteuffel, Colonel Belling; who hangs diligently on the skirts of them, exploding by all opportunities. There have been Country Militias voluntarily got on foot, for the occasion; five or six small regiments of them; officered by Prussian Veterans of the Squirearchy in those parts; who do excellent service. The Governor of Stettin, Bevern, our old Silesian friend,

[1] Archenholtz, i. 158.

[2] Montalembert, i. 32–37, 335, 394, &c. (that of the demand for No-se *porridge*, which interested me, I cannot find again).

strikes out now and then, always vigilant, prompt and effective, on a chance offering. This, through Summer, is what opposition can be made: and the Swedes, without magazines, scout-service, or the like military appliances, but willing enough to fight [when they can *see*], and living on their shifts, will rove inward, perhaps 100 miles; say southwestward, say southeastward [towards Ruppin, which we used to know], — they love to keep Mecklenburg usually on their flank, which is a friendly Country. Small fights befall them, usually beatings; never anything considerable. That is their success through Summer.

"Then, in Autumn, some remnant more of Prussian regulars arrive, disposable now for that service; upon which the Swedes are driven over Peene again (quite sure to be driven, when the River with its quagmires freezes); lose Anklam Redoubt, Peene-münde Redoubt; lose Demmin, Wollin; are followed into Swedish Pommern, oftenest to the gates of Stralsund, and are locked up there, there and in Rügen adjoining, till a new season arrive." — This year (1757–1758), Lehwald, on turning the key of Stralsund, might have done a fine feat; frost having come suddenly, and welded Rügen to mainland. "What is to hinder you from starving them into surrender?" signifies Friedrich, hastily: "Besiege me Stralsund!" Which Lehwald did; but should have been quicker about it; or the thaw came too soon, and admitted ships with provision again. Upon which Lehwald resigned, to a General Graf von Dohna; and went home, as grown too old: and Dohna kept them bottled there till the usual Russian Advent (deep in June); by which time, what with limited stockfish diet, what with sore labor (breaking of the ice, whenever frost reappeared) and other hardship, more than half of them had died. — "Every new season there was a new General tried; but without the least improvement. There was mockery enough, complaint enough; indignant laughter in Stockholm itself; and the Dalecarlians thought of revolting: but the Senator Committee-men held firm, ballasted by French gold, for four years.

"The Prussian Militias are a fine trait of the matter; about

fifteen regiments in different parts; — about five in Pommern, which set the example; which were suddenly raised last Autumn by the *Stände* themselves, drilled in Stettin continually, while the Swedes were under way, and which stood ready for some action, under veterans of the squirearchy, when the Swedes arrived. They were kept up through the War. The *Stände* even raised a little fleet,[1] river fleet and coast fleet, twelve gunboats, with a powerful carronade in each, and effective men and captain; a great check on plundering and coast mischief, till the Swedes, who are naval, at last made an effort and destroyed them all."

Friedrich was very sensible of these procedures on the part of his *Stände;* and perhaps readers are not prepared for such, or for others of the like, which we could produce elsewhere, in a Country without Constitution to speak of. Friedrich raises no new taxes, — except upon himself exclusively, and these to the very blood: — Friedrich gets no Life-and-Fortune Addresses of the vocal or printed sort, but only of the acted. Very much the preferable kind, where possible, to all parties concerned. These poor militias and flotillas one cheerfully puts on record; cheerfully nothing else, in regard to such a Swedish War; — nor shall we henceforth insult the human memory by another word upon it that is not indispensable.

Of the English Subsidy.

One of Friedrich's most important affairs, at present, — vitally connected with his Army and its furnishings, which is the all-important, — was his Subsidy Treaty with England. It is the third treaty he has signed with England in regard to this War; the second in regard to subsidy for it; and it is the first that takes real practical effect. It had cost difficulty in adjusting, not a little correspondence and management from Mitchell; for the King is very shy about subsidy, though grim necessity prescribes it as inevitable; and his pride, and his reflections on the last Subsidy Treaty, "One Million sterling, Army of Observation, and Fleet in the Baltic," instead of

[1] Archenholtz, i. 110.

which came Zero and Kloster-Zeven, have made him very sensitive. However, all difficulties are got over; Plenipotentiary Knyphausen, Pitt, Britannic Majesty and everybody striving to be rational and practical; and at London, 11th April, 1758, Subsidy Treaty, admirably brief and to the point, is finished:[1] "That Friedrich shall have Four Million Thalers, that is, £670,000; payable in London to his order, in October, this Year; which sum Friedrich engages to spend wholly in maintenance and increase of his Army for behoof of the common object; — neither party to dream of making the least shadow of peace or truce without the other." Of Baltic Fleet, there is nothing said; nor, in regard to that, was anything done, this year or afterwards; highly important as it would have been to Friedrich, with the Navies so called of both Sweden and Russia doing their worst upon him. "Why not spare me a small English squadron, and blow these away?" Nor was the why ever made clear to him; the private why being, that Czarish Majesty had, last year, intimated to Britannic, "Any such step on your part will annihilate the now old friendship of Russia and England, and be taken as a direct declaration of War!" — which Britannic Majesty, for commercial and miscellaneous reasons, hoped always might be avoided. Be silent, therefore, on that of Baltic Fleet.

In all the spoken or covenanted points the Treaty was accurately kept: £670,000, two-thirds of a million very nearly, will, in punctual promptitude, come to Friedrich's hand, were October here. And in regard to Ferdinand (a point left silent, this too), Friedrich's expectations were exceeded, not the contrary, so long as Pitt endured. This is the Third English-Prussian Treaty of the Seven-Years War, as we said above; and it is the First that took practical effect: this was followed by three others, year after year, of precisely the same tenor, which were likewise practical and punctually kept, — the last of them, "12th December, 1760," had reference to Subsidy for 1761: — and before another came, Pitt was out. So that, in all, Friedrich had Four Sub-

[1] In four short Articles; given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 16, 17.

sidies; £670,000 × 4 = £2,680,000 of English money altogether: — and it is computed by some, there was never as much good fighting otherwise had out of all the £800,000,000 we have funded in that peculiar line of enterprise.[1]

Pitt had no difficulty with his Parliament, or with his Public, in regard to this Subsidy; the contrary rather. Seldom, if ever, was England in such a heat of enthusiasm about any Foreign Man as about Friedrich in these months since Rossbach and what had followed. Celebrating this "Protestant Hero," authentic new Champion of Christendom; toasting him, with all the honors, out of its Worcester and other Mugs, very high indeed. Take these Three Clippings from the old Newspapers, omitting all else; and rekindle these, by good inspection and consideration, into feeble symbolic lamps of an old illumination, now fallen so extinct.

No. 1. *Reverend Mr. Whitfield and the Protestant Hero.* "Monday, January 2d," 1758, "was observed as a Day of Thanksgiving, at the Chapel in Tottenham-Court Road [brand-new Chapel, still standing and acting, though now in a dingier manner], by Mr. Whitfield's people, for the signal Victories gained by the King of Prussia over his Enemies.[2] — 'Why rage the Heathen; why do the people imagine a vain thing? Sinful beings we, perilously sunk in sin against the Most High: — but they, do they think that, by earthly propping and hoisting, their unblessed Chimera, with his Three Hats, can sweep away the Eternal Stars!'" — In this strain, I suppose: Protestant Hero and Heaven's long-suffering Patiences and Mercies in raising up such a one for a backsliding generation; doubtless with much unction by Mr. Whitfield.

[1] First Treaty, 16th January, 1756 (is in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 681), "We will oppose by arms any foreign Armament entering Germany;" Second Treaty, 11th January, 1757 (never published till 1802), is in Schöll, iii. 30–32: "one million subsidy, a Fleet &c." (not *kept* at all); after which,

Third Treaty (the *first* really issuing in subsidy and performance) is 11th April, 1758 (given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 17); Fourth (really *second*), 7th December, 1758 (Ib. v. 752); Fifth (*third*), 9th November, 1759; Sixth (*fourth*), 12th December, 1760. See *Preuss*, ii. 124 n.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. (for 1758), p. 41

No. 2. *King of Prussia's Birthday* (Tuesday, January 24th). "This being the Birthday of the King of Prussia, who then entered into the forty-seventh year of his age, the same was observed with illuminations and other demonstrations of joy;" — throughout the Cities of London and Westminster, "great rejoicings and illuminations," it appears,[1] — now shining so feebly at a century's distance! — No. 3 is still more curious; and has deserved from us a little special inquiring into.

No. 3. *Miss Barbara Wyndham's Subsidy.* "March 13th, 1758," — while Pitt and Knyphausen are busy on the Subsidy Treaty, still not out with it, the Newspapers suddenly announce, —

"Miss Bab. Wyndham, of Salisbury, sister of Henry Wyndham, Esq., of that City, a maiden lady of ample fortune, has ordered her banker to prepare the sum of £1,000 to be immediately remitted, in her own name, as a present to the King of Prussia."[2] Doubtless to the King of Prussia's surprise, and that of London Society, which would not want for commentaries on such a thing!

Before long, the Subsidy Treaty being now out, and the Wyndham topic new again, London Society reads, in the same Newspaper, a Documentary Piece, calculated to help in its commentaries. There is good likelihood of guess, though no certainty now attainable, that the "English Lady" referred to may be Miss Bab. herself; — of whose long-vanished biography, and brisk, airy, nomadic ways, we catch hereby a faint shadow, momentary, but conceivable, and sufficient for us: —

"*To the Authors of the London Chronicle.*[3]

"The following Account, which is a real fact, will serve to show with what punctuality and exactness the King of Prussia attends to the most minute affairs, and how open he is to applications from all persons.

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. (for 1758), p. 43; and vol. xxix. p. 42, for next year's birthday, and p. 81 for another kind of celebration.

[2] *London Chronicle*, March 14th–16th, 1758; *Lloyd's Evening Post*; &c. &c.

[3] *London Chronicle*, of 13th–15th April, 1758.

"An English Lady being possessed of actions [shares] in the Embden Company, and having occasion to raise money on them, repaired to Antwerp [some two years ago, as will be seen], and made application for that purpose to a Director of the Company, established there by the King of Prussia for the managing all affairs relative thereto. This person," Van Erthorn the name of him, "very willingly entered into treaty with her; but the sum he offered to lend being far short of what the actions would bring, and he also insisting on forfeiture of her right in them, if not redeemed in twelve months, — she broke off with him, and had recourse to some merchants at Antwerp, who were inclinable to treat with her on much more equitable terms. The proceeding necessarily brought the parties before this Director for receiving his sanction, which was essential to the solidity of the agreement; and he, finding he was like to lose the advantage he had flattered himself with, disputed the authenticity of the actions, and thereby threw her into such discredit, as to render all attempts to raise money on them ineffectual. Upon this the Lady wrote a Letter by the common post to his Majesty of Prussia, accompanied with a Memorial complaining of the treatment she had received from the Director; and she likewise enclosed the actions themselves in another letter to a friend at Berlin. By the return of the post, his Majesty condescended to answer her Letter; and the actions were returned authenticated; which so restored her credit, that in a few hours all difficulties were removed relating to the transaction she had in hand; and it is more than probable the Director has felt his Majesty's resentment for his ill-behavior. — The Lady's Letter was as follows: —

"'ANTWERP, 19th February, 1756.

"'SIR, — Having had the happiness to pay my court to your Majesty during a pretty long residence at Berlin [say in Voltaire's time; Miss Barbara's "Embden Company," I observe, was the first of the two, date 1750; that of 1753 is not hers], and to receive such marks of favor from their Majesties the Queens [a Barbara capable of shining in the Royal soirées at Monbijou, of talking to, or of, your Voltaires and lions, and invest-

ing moneys in the new Embden Company] as I shall ever retain a grateful sense of, — I presume to flatter myself that your Majesty will not be offended at the respectful liberty I have taken in laying before you my complaints against one Van Erthorn, a Director of the Embden China Company, whose bad behavior to me, as set forth in my Memorial, hath forced me to make a very long and expensive stay at this place; and, as the considerable interest I have in that Company may farther subject me to his caprices, I cannot forbear laying my grievances at the foot of your Majesty's throne; most respectfully supplicating your Majesty that you would be graciously pleased to give orders that this Director shall not act towards me for the future as he hath done hitherto.

"'I hope for this favor from your Majesty's sovereign equity; and I shall never cease offering up my ardent prayers for the prosperity of your glorious reign; having the honor to be, with the most respectful zeal, Sir, your Majesty's most humble, most obedient, and most devoted servant, * * *'

"*The King of Prussia's Answer.*

"'Potsdam, 26th February, 1756.

"'Madam, — I received the Letter of the 19th instant, which you thought proper to write to me; and was not a little displeased to hear of the bad behavior of one of the Directors of the Asiatic Company of Embden towards you, of which you were forced to complain. I shall direct your grievances to be examined, and have just now despatched my orders for that purpose to Lenz, my President of the Chamber of East Friesland,' Chief Judge in those parts.[1] 'You may assure yourself the strictest justice shall be done you that the case will admit. God keep you in his holy protection. Friedrich.'"

Whether this refers to Miss Barbara or not, there is no affirming. But the interesting point is, Friedrich did receive and accept Miss Barbara's £1,000. The Prussian account, which calls her "an English *Jungfrau, Lady Salisbury*, who

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 139.

actually sent a sum of money,"[1] would not itself be satisfactory: but, by good chance, there is still living, in Salisbury City, a very aged Gentleman, well known for his worth, and intelligence on such matters, who, being inquired of, makes reply at once: That the First Earl of Malmesbury (who was of his acquaintance, and had many anecdotes and reminiscences of Friedrich, all noted down, it was understood, with diplomatic exactitude, but never yet published or become accessible) did, as "I well remember, among other things, mention the King's telling him that he," the King, "had received a Thousand Pounds from Miss Wyndham; with a part of which he had bought the Flute then in his hand."[2] Which latter circumstance, too, is curious. For, at all times, however straitened Friedrich's Exchequer might be, it was his known habit, during this War, to have always, before the current year ended, the ways and means completely settled and provided for the year coming; so that everything could be at once paid in money (good money or bad, — good still up to this date); — and nothing was observed to fall short, so much as the customary liberality of his gifts to those about him. I infer, therefore: Friedrich had decided to lay out this £1,000 in what he would call luxuries, chiefly gifts, — and, among other things, had said to himself, "I will have a new flute, too!" Probably one of his last; for I understand he had, by this time (Malmesbury's time, 1772), ceased much playing, and ceased altogether not long after.[3]

James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, was Resident at Berlin, 1772: that is all the date we have for the King's saying, "And with part of it I bought this Flute!" Date of Lord Malmesbury's mention of it at Salisbury, we have none,

[1] Preuss, ii. 124, whose reference is merely "*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1758." Both in the *Annual Register* of that Year (i. 86), and in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, pp. 142, 177, the above Paragraph and Letters are copied from the Newspapers, but without the smallest commentary (there or elsewhere), or any mention of a "Lady Salisbury."

[2] Letter from John Fowler, Esq., "Salisbury, 2d April, 1860," to a Friend of mine (*penes me*): of Barbara's identity, or otherwise, with the Antwerp Embden Lady, Mr. F. can say nothing.

[3] Preuss, i. 371–373.

—likeliest there might be various dates; a thing mentioned more than once, and not improvable by dating. The Wyndhams still live in the Close of Salisbury; a respected and well-known Family; record of them (none of Barbara there, or elsewhere except here) to be found in the County Histories.[1] I only know farther, Barbara died May, 1765, "aged and wealthy," and "with the bulk of her fortune endowed a Charity, to be called 'Wyndham College,'"[2]—which I hope still flourishes. Enough on this small Wyndham matter; which is nearly altogether English, but in which Friedrich too has his indefeasible property.

Friedrich, as indeed Pitt's People and Others have done, takes the Field uncommonly early: Friedrich goes upon Schweidnitz, as the Preface to whatever his Campaign may be.

While this Subsidy Treaty is getting settled in England, Duke Ferdinand has his French in full cackle of universal flight; and before the signing of it (April 11th), every feather of them is over the Rhine; Duke Ferdinand busy preparing to follow. Glorious news, day after day, coming in, for Pitt, for Miss Barbara and for all English souls, Royal Highness of Cumberland hardly excepted! The "Descent on Rochefort," last Autumn, had a good deal disappointed Pitt and England;—an expensively elaborate Expedition, military and naval; which could not "descend" at all, when it got to the point; but merely went groping about, on the muddy shores of the Charente, holding councils of war yonder; "cannonaded the Isle of Aix for two hours;" and returned home without result of any kind, Courts-martial following on it, as too usual. This was an unsuccessful first-stroke for Pitt. Indeed, he never did much succeed in those Descents on the French Coast, though never again so ill as this time. Those are a kind of things that require an exactitude as of clock-

[1] Britton's *Beauties of England and Wales*, xv. part ii. p. 118; Hoare's *Salisbury* (mistaken, p. 815); &c.

[2] *Annual Register* (for 1765), viii. 86.

work, in all their parts: and Pitt's Generalcies and War-Offices, — we know whether they were of the Prussian type or of the Swedish! A very grievous hindrance to Pitt; — which he will not believe to be quite incurable. Against which he, for his part, stands up, in grim earnest, and with his whole strength; and is now, and at all times, doing what in him lies to abate or remedy it: — successfully, to an unexpected degree, within the next four years. From America, he has decided to recall Lord Loudon, as a cunctatory haggling mortal, the reverse of a General; how very different from his Austrian Cousin![1] "Abercrombie may be better," hopes he; — was better, still not good. But already in the gloomy imbroglio over yonder, Pitt discerns that one Amherst (the son of people unimportant at the hustings) has military talent: and in this puddle of a Rochefort Futility, he has got his eye on a young Officer named Wolfe, who was Quartermaster of the Expedition; a young man likewise destitute of Parliamentary connection, but who may be worth something. Both of whom will be heard of! In a four years' determined effort of this kind, things do improve: and it was wonderful, to what amount, — out of these chaotic War-Offices little better than the Swedish, and ignorant Generalcies fully worse than the Swedish, — Pitt got heroic successes and work really done.

On Pitt, amid confused clouds, there is bright dawn rising; and Friedrich too, for the last month, in Breslau, has a cheerful prospect on that Western side of his horizon. Here is one of his Postscripts, thrown off in Autograph, which Duke Ferdinand will read with pleasure: "I congratulate you, *mon cher*, with my whole heart! May you *fleur-de-lys* every French

[1] Cousins certainly enough; their Progenitors were Brothers, of that House, about 1568, — when Matthew, the cadet, went "into Livonia," into foreign Soldiering (Papa having fallen Prisoner "at the Battle of Langside," 1568, and the Family prospects being low); from this Matthew comes, through a series of Livonian Soldiers, the famed Austrian Loudon. Douglas, *Peerage of Scotland*, p. 425; &c. &c. *Vie de Loudon* (ill-informed on that point and some others) says, the first Livonian Loudon came from Ayrshire, "in the fourteenth century"!

skin of them; cutting out on their" — what shall we say (*leur imprimant sur le cul*)! — "the Initials of the Peace of Westphalia, and packing them across the Rhine," tattooed in that latest extremity of fashion![1]

Friedrich, grounding partly on those Rhine aspects, has his own scheme laid for Campaign 1758. It is the old scheme tried twice already: to go home upon your Enemy swiftly, with your utmost collective strength, and try to strike into the heart of him before he is aware. Friedrich has twice tried this; the second time with success, respectable though far short of complete. Weakened as now, but with Ferdinand likely to find the French in employment, he means to try it again; and is busy preparing at Neisse and elsewhere, though keeping it a dead secret for the time. There is, in fact, no other hopeful plan for him, if this prove feasible at all. Double your velocity, you double your momentum. One's weight is given, — weight growing less and less; — but not, or not in the same way and degree, one's velocity, one's rightness of aim. Weight given: it is only by doubling or trebling his velocity that a man can make his momentum double or treble, as needed! Friedrich means to try it, readers will see how, — were the Fort of Schweidnitz once had; for which object Friedrich watches the weather like a very D'Argens, eager that the frost would go. Recapture of Schweidnitz, the last speck of Austrianism wiped away there; that is evidently the preface to whatsoever day's-work may be ahead.

March 15th, frost being now off, Friedrich quits Breslau and D'Argens, — his Head-quarter thenceforth Kloster-Grüssau, near Landshut, troops all getting cantoned thereabout, to keep Bohemia quiet, — and goes at once upon Schweidnitz. With the top of the morning, so to speak; means to have Schweidnitz before campaigning usually can begin, or common laborers take their tools in this trade. The Austrian Com-

[1] Friedrich to Duke Ferdinand, "Grüssau, 19th March, 1758:" in Knesebeck, *Herzog Ferdinand*, i. 64. *Herzog Ferdinand während des 7-jährigen Krieges* ("from the English and Prussian Archives") is the full Title of Knesebeck's Book: *Letters* altogether; not very intelligently edited, but well worth reading by every student, military and civil: 2 vols. 8vo. Hannover, 1857.

mandant has been greatly strengthening the works; he had, at first, some 8,000 of garrison; but the three months' blockade has been tight upon him and them; and it is hoped the thing can be done.

April 1st–2d, — Siege-material being got to the ground, and Siege Division and Covering Army all in their places, — in spite of the heavy rains, we open our first parallel, Austrian Commandant not noticing till it is nearly done. April 8th, we have our batteries built; and burst out, at our best rate, into cannonade; aiming a good deal at "Fort No. 1," called also "*Galgen* or Gallows Fort," which we esteem the principal. Cannonade continues day after day, prospers tolerably on Gallows Fort," — though the wet weather, and hardship to the troops, are grievous circumstances, and make Friedrich doubly urgent. "Try it by storm!" counsels Balbi, who is Engineer. Night of *April 15th–16th* storm takes place; with such vigor and such cunning, that the Gallows Fort is got for almost nothing (loss of ten men); — and few hours after, Austria beat the chamade.[1] Fifty-one new Austrian guns, for one item, and about £7,000 of money. Prisoners of War the Garrison, 8,000 gone to 4,900; with such stores as we can guess, of ours and theirs added: Balbi was Prussian Engineer-in-Chief, Treskau Captain of the Siege; — other particulars I spare the reader.

Unfortunate Schweidnitz underwent four Sieges, four captures or recaptures, in this War; — upon all of which we must be quite summary, only the results of them important to us. For the curious in sieges, especially for the scientifically curious, there is, by a Captain Tielcke, excellent account of all these Schweidnitz Sieges, and of others; — Artillery-Captain Tielcke, in the Saxon or Saxon-Russian service; whom perhaps we shall transiently fall in with, on a different field, in the course of this Year.

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 21–25; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 109–123: above all, Tielcke, *Beyträge zur Kriegs-Kunst und zur Geschichte des Krieges von* 1756 *bis* 1763 (6 vols. 4to, Freyberg, 1775–1786), iv. 43–76. Volume iv. is wholly devoted to Schweidnitz and its successive Sieges.

CHAPTER XII.

SIEGE OF OLMÜTZ.

Fouquet, on the first movement towards Schweidnitz, had been detached from Landshut to sweep certain Croat Parties out of Glatz; Ziethen, with a similar view, into Troppau Country; both which errands were at once perfectly done. Daun lies behind the Bohemian Frontier (betimes in the field he too, "arrived at Königsgrätz, March 13th"); and is, with all diligence, perfecting his new levies; intrenching himself on all points, as man seldom did; "felling whole forests," they say, building abatis within abatis; — not doubting, especially on these Ziethen-Fouquet symptoms, but Friedrich's Campaign is to be an Invasion of Bohemia again. "Which he shall not do gratis!" hopes Daun; and, indeed, judges say the entrance would hardly have been possible on that side, had Friedrich tried it; which he did not.

Schweidnitz being done, and Daun deep in the Bohemian problem, — Friedrich, in an unintelligible manner, breaks out from Grüssau and the Landshut region (April 19th–25th), not straight southward, as Daun had been expecting, but straight southeastward through Neisse, Jägerndorf: all gone, or all but Ziethen and Fouquet gone, that way; — meaning who shall say what, when news of it comes to Daun? In two divisions, from 30 to 40,000 strong; through Jägerndorf, ever onward through Troppau, and not till *then* turning southward: indubitable march of that cunning Enemy; rapidly proceeding, his 40,000 and he, along those elevated upland countries, watershed of the Black Sea and the Baltic, bleakly illumined by the April sun; a march into the mists of the future tense, which do not yet clear themselves to Daun. Seeing the march turn southward at Troppau, a light breaks on Daun: "Ha! coming round upon Bohemia from the east, then?" That is

Daun's opinion, for some time yet; and he immediately starts that way, to save a fine magazine he has at Leutomischl over there. Daun, from Skalitz near Königsgrätz where he is, has but some eighty miles to march, for the King's hundred and fifty; and arrives in those parts few days after the King; posts himself at Leutomischl, veiled in Pandours. Not for two weeks more does he ascertain it to have been a march upon the Olmütz Country, and the intricate forks of the Morawa River; with a view to besieging Olmütz, by this wily Enemy! Upon which Daun did strive to bestir himself thitherward, at last; and, though very slow and hesitative, his measures otherwise were unexceptionable, and turned out luckier than had been expected by some people.

Olmütz is an ancient pleasant little City, in the Plains of Mähren, romantic, indistinct to the English mind; with Domes, with Steeples eminent beyond its size, — population little above 10,000 souls; — has its Prince-Archbishop and ecclesiastic outfittings, with whom Friedrich has lodged in his time. City which trades in leather, and Russian and Moldavian droves of oxen. Memorable to the Slavic populations for its grand Czech Library, which was carried away by the Swedes, happily into thick night;[1] also for that poor little Wenzel of theirs (last heir of the Bohemian Czech royalties, whom no reader has the least memory of) being killed on the streets here; — uncertain, to this day, by whom, though for whose benefit that dagger-stroke ended is certain enough:[2] — poor little Wenzel's dust lies under that highest Dome, of the old Cathedral yonder, if anybody thought of such a thing in hot practical times. Poor Lafayette, too, lodged here in prison, when the Austrians seized him. City trades in leather and live stock, we said; has much to do with artillery, much with ecclesiastry; — and Friedrich besieged it, for seven weeks, in the hot summer days of 1758, to no purpose. Friedrich has been in Olmütz more than once before; his Schwerin once took it in a single day, and it was his for months, in the old

[1] To Stralsund (1645), "and has not since been heard of."

[2] Suprà, vol. v. p. 118.

Moravian-Foray time: but the place is changed now; become an arsenal or military storehouse of Austria; strongly fortified, and with a Captain in it, who distinguishes himself by valiant skill and activity on this occasion.

Friedrich's Olmütz Enterprise, the rather as it was unsuccessful, has not wanted critics. And certainly, according to the ordinary rules of cautious prudence, could these have been Friedrich's in his present situation, it was not to be called a prudent Enterprise. But had Friedrich's arrangements been punctually fulfilled, and Olmütz been got in fair time, as was possible or probable, the thing might have been done very well. Duke Ferdinand, in these early May days, is practically making preparations to follow the French across the Rhine; no fear of French Armies interfering with us this year. Dohna has the Swedes locked in Stralsund (capable of being starved, had not the thaw come); and in Hinter-Pommern he has General Platen, with a tolerable Detachment, watching Fermor and his Russians; Dohna, with Platen, may entertain the Russians for a little, when they get on way, — which we know will be at a slow pace, and late in the season. Prince Henri commands in Saxony, say with 30,000; — King's vicegerent and other self there, "Do *your* wisest and promptest; hold no councils of war!" Prince Henri, altogether on the aggressive as yet, is waiting what Reichs Army there may be; — has already had Mayer and Free Corps careering about in Franken Country once and again, tearing up the incipiencies and preparations, with the usual emphasis; and is himself intending to follow thither, in a still more impressive manner. Friedrich's calculation is, Prince Henri will have his hands free for a good few weeks yet. Which proved true enough, so far as that went.

And now, supposing Olmütz ours, and Vienna itself open to our insults, does not, by rapid suction, every armed Austrian flow thitherward; Germany all drained of them: in which case, what is to hinder Prince Henri from stepping into Böhmen, by the Metal Mountains; capturing Prag; getting into junction with us here, and tumbling Austria at a rate that will astonish her! Her, and her miscellaneous tagraggery of

Confederates, one and all. Königsberg, Stralsund, Bamberg; Russians, Swedes, Reichsfolk, — here, in Mähren, will be the crown of the game for all these. Prosper in Mähren, all these are lamed; one right stroke at the heart, the limbs become manageable quantities! This was Friedrich's program; and had not imperfections of execution, beyond what was looked for, and also a good deal of plain ill-luck, intervened, this bold stroke for Mähren might have turned out far otherwise than it did.

The march thither (started from Neisse April 27th) was beautiful: Friedrich with vanguard and first division; Keith with rear-guard and second, always at a day's distance; split into proper columns, for convenience of road and quarter in the hungry countries; threading those silent mountain villages, and upper streamlets of Oder and Morawa: Ziethen waving intrusive Croateries far off; Fouquet, in thousands of wagons, shoving on from Neisse, "in four sections," with the due intervals, under the due escorts, the immensity of stores and siege-furniture, through Jägerndorf, through Troppau, and onwards; [1] — punctual everybody; besiegers and siege materials ready on their ground by the set day. Daun too had made speed to save his Magazine. Daun was at Leutomischl, May 5th, — a forty miles to west of the Morawa, — few days after Friedrich had arrived in those countries by the eastern or left bank, by Troppau, Gibau, Littau, Aschmeritz, Prossnitz; and a week before Friedrich had finished his reconnoitrings, campings, and taken position to his mind. Camps, four or more (shrank in the end to three), on both banks of the River; a matter of abstruse study; so that it was May 12th before Friedrich first took view of Olmütz itself, and could fairly begin his Problem, — Daun, with his best Tolpatcheries, still unable to guess what it was.

Of the Siege I propose to say little, though the accounts of it are ample, useful to the Artillerist and Engineer. If the reader can be made to conceive it as a blazing loud-sounding fact, on which, and on Friedrich in it, the eyes of all Europe

[1] Table of his routes and stages in *Tempelhof*, ii. 46.

were fixed for some weeks, it may rest now in impressive indistinctness to us. Keith is Captain of the Siege, whom all praise for his punctual firmness of progress; Balbi, as before, is Engineer, against whom goes the criticism, Keith's first of all, that he "opened his first parallel 800 yards too far off," — which much increased the labor, and the expenditure of useless gunpowder, shot having no effect at such a distance. There were various criticisms: some real, as this; some imaginary, as that Friedrich grudged gunpowder, the fact being that he had it not, except after carriage from Neisse, say a hundred and twenty miles off, — Troppau, his last Silesian Town, or safe place (*his* for the moment), is eighty miles; — and was obliged to waste none of it.

Friedrich is not thought to shine in the sieging line as he does in the fighting; which has some truth in it, though not very much. When Friedrich laid himself to engineering, I observe, he did it well: see Neisse, Graudenz, Magdeburg. His Balbi went wrong with the parallels, on this occasion; many things went wrong: but the truly grievous thing was his distance from Silesia and the supplies. A hundred and twenty miles of hill-carriage, eighty of them disputable, for every shot of ammunition and for every loaf of bread; this was hard to stand: — and perhaps no War-apparatus but a Prussian, with a Friedrich for sole chief-manager, could have stood it so long. Friedrich did stand it, in a wonderfully tolerable manner; and was continuing to stand it, and make fair progress; and it is not doubted he would have got Olmütz, had not there another fact come on him, which proved to be of unmanageable nature. The actual loss, namely, of one Convoy, after so many had come safe, and when, as appears, there was now only one wanted and no more! — Let us attend to this a little.

Had Daun, at Olmütz, been as a Duke of Cumberland relieving Tournay, rushing into fight at Fontenoy, like a Hanover White-Horse, neck clothed with thunder, and head destitute of knowledge, — how lucky had it been for Friedrich! But Daun knows his trade better. Daun, though superior in strength, sits on his Magazine, clear not to fight. By no art of manœu-

vring, had Friedrich much tried it, or hoped it, this time, could Daun have been brought to give battle. As Fabius Cunctator he is here in his right place; taking impregnable positions, no man with better skill in that branch of business; pushing out parties on the Troppau road; and patiently waiting till this dangerous Enemy, with such endless shifts in him, come in sight perhaps of his last cartridge, or perhaps make some stumble on the way towards that consummation. Daun is aware of Friedrich's surprising qualities. Bos against Leo, Daun feels these procedures to be altogether feline (*felis-leonine*); such stealthy glidings about, deceptive motions, appearances; then such a rapidity of spring upon you, and with such a set of claws, — destructive to bovine or rhinoceros nature: in regard to all which, Bos, if he will prosper, surely cannot be too cautious. It was remarked of Daun, that he was scrupulously careful; never, in the most impregnable situations, neglecting the least precaution, but punctiliously fortifying himself to the last item, even to a ridiculous extent, say Retzow and the critics. It was the one resource of Daun: truly a solid stubborn patience is in the man; stubborn courage too, of bovine-rhinoceros type; — stupid, if you will, but doing at all times honestly his best and his wisest without flurry; which character is often of surprising value in War; capable of much mischief, now and then, to quicker people. Rhinoceros Daun did play his Leo a bad prank more than once; and this of barring him out from Olmütz was one of them, perhaps the worst after Kolin.

Daun's management of this Olmütz business is by no means reckoned brilliant, even in the Fabius line; but, on the contrary, inert, dim-minded, inconclusive; and in reality, till almost the very last, he had been of little help to the besieged. For near three weeks (till May 23d) Daun sat at Leutomischl, immovable on his bread-basket there, forty or more miles from Olmütz; and did not see that a Siege was meant. May 27th–28th, Balbi opened his first parallel, in that mistaken way; four days before which, Daun does move inwards a march or so, to Zwittau, to Gewitsch (still thirty miles to west of Olmütz); still thinking of Bohemia, not of any siege; still hanging

by the mountains and the bread-basket. And there, about Gewitsch, siege or no siege, Daun sits down again; pretty much immovable, through the five weeks of bombardment; and, — except that Loudon and the Light Horse are very diligent to do a mischief, "attempting our convoys, more than once, to no purpose, and alarming some of our outposts almost every night, but every night beaten off," — does, in a manner, nothing; sits quiet, behind his impenetrable veil of Pandours, and lets the bombardment take its course. Had not express Order come from Vienna on him, it is thought Daun would have sat till Olmütz was taken; and would then have gone back to Leutomischl and impregnable posts in the Hills. On express order, he — But gather, first, these poor sparks in elucidation: —

"The 'destructive sallies' and the like, at Olmütz, were principally an affair of the gazetteers and the imagination: but it is certain, Olmütz this time was excellently well defended; the Commandant, a vigorous skilful man, prompt to seize advantages; and Garrison and Townsfolk zealously helping: so that Friedrich's progress was unusually slow. Friedrich's feelings, all this while, and Balbi's (who 'spent his first 1,220 shots entirely in vain,' beginning so far off), may be judged of, — the sound of him to Balbi sometimes stern enough! As when (June 9th) he personally visits Balbi's parallels (top of the Tafelberg yonder); and inquires, 'When do you calculate to get done, then?' West side of Olmütz and of the River (east side lies mostly under water), there is the bombarding; seventy-one heavy guns; Keith, in his expertest manner, doing all the captaincies: Keith has about 8,000 of foot and horse, busy and vigilant, with their faces to the east. In a ring of four camps, or principally three (Prossnitz, Littau, and Neustadt, which is across the River), all looking westward or northwestward, some ten or twenty miles from Keith, Friedrich (head-quarters oftenest Prossnitz, the chief camp) stands facing Daun; who lies concentric to him, at the distance of another ten or twenty miles, in good part still thirty or forty miles from Olmütz, veiled mostly under a cloud of Pandours.

"Of Friedrich's impatiences we hear little, though they

must have been great. Prince Henri is ready for Prag; many things are ready, were Olmütz but done! May 22d, Prince Henri had followed Mayer in person, with a stronger corps, to root out the Reichsfolk, — and is now in Bamberg City and Country. And is even in Baireuth itself, where was lately the Camp of the new Reichs General, Serene Highness of Zweibrück, and his nascent Reichs Army; who are off bodily to Bohemia, 'to Eger and the Circle of Saatz,' a week before.[1] Fancy that visit of Henri's to a poor Wilhelmina; the last sight she ever had of a Brother, or of the old Prussian uniforms, clearing her of Zweibrücks and sorrowful guests! Our poor Wilhelmina, alas she is sunk in sickness this year more than ever; journeying towards death, in fact; and is probably the most pungent, sacredly tragic, of Friedrich's sorrows, now and onwards. June 12th, Friedrich's pouting Brother, the Prince of Prussia, died; this also he had to hear in Camp at Olmütz. 'What did he die of?' said Friedrich to the Messenger, a Major Something. 'Of chagrin,' said the Major, '*Aus Gram.*' Friedrich made no answer. —

"On the last night of May, by beautiful management, military and other, Duke Ferdinand is across the Rhine; again chasing the French before him; who, as they are far more numerous, cannot surely but make some stand: so that a Battle there may be expected soon, — let us hope, a Victory; as indeed it beautifully proved to be, three weeks after.[2] On the other hand, Fermor and his Russians are astir; continually wending towards Brandenburg, in their voluminous manner, since June 16th, though at a slow rate. How desirable the Siege of Olmütz were done!"

On express from Vienna, Daun did bestir himself; cautiously got on foot again; detached, across the River, an expert Hussar General ("Be busy all ye Loudons, St. Ignons, Ziskowitzes, doubly now!"), — expert Hussar General, one item of whose force is 1,100 chosen grenadiers; — and himself

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 206–209. Wilhelmina's pretty Letter to Friedrich ("Baireuth, 10th May"); Friedrich's Answer ("Olmütz, June, 1758"); in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 313–315.

[2] Battle of Crefeld, 23d June.

cautiously stept southward and eastward, nearer the Siege Lines. The Hussar General's meaning seemed to be some mischief on our Camp of Neustadt and the outposts there; but in reality it was to throw his 1,100 into Olmütz (useful to the Commandant); which — by ingenious manœuvring, and guidance from the peasants "through bushy woods and by-paths" on that east side of the River — the expert Hussar General, though Ziethen was sent over to handle him, did perfectly manage, and would not quit for Ziethen till he saw it finished. Which done, Daun keeps stepping still farther southward, nearer the Siege Lines; and, at Prossnitz, morning of June 22d, Friedrich, with his own eyes, sees Daun taking post on the opposite heights; says to somebody near him, "*Voilà les Autrichiens, ils apprennent à marcher*, There are the Austrians; they are learning to march, though!" — getting on their feet, like infants in a certain stage ("*marcher*" having that meaning too, though I know not that the King intended it); — they have learned a great many things, since your Majesty first met them. Friedrich took Daun to be, now at last, meaning Battle for Olmütz, and made some slight arrangements accordingly; but that is not Daun's intention at all; as Friedrich will find to his cost, in few days. That very day, Daun has vanished again, still in the southerly direction, again under veil of Pandours.

Meanwhile, in spite of all things, the Siege makes progress; "June 22d, Balbi's sap had got to their glacis, and was pushing forward there," — June 22d, day when Daun made momentary appearance, and the reinforcement stole in: — within a fortnight more, Balbi promises the thing shall be done. But supplies are indispensable: one other convoy from Troppau, and let it be a big one, "between 3 and 4,000 wagons," meal, money, iron, powder; Friedrich hopes this one, if he can get it home, will suffice. Colonel Mosel is to bring this Convoy; a resolute expert Officer, with perhaps 7,000 foot and horse: surely sufficient escort: but, as Daun is astir, and his Loudons, Ziskowitzes and light people are gliding about, Friedrich orders Ziethen to meet this important Convoy, with some thousands of new force, and take charge of bringing it in.

Mosel was to leave Troppau June 26th; Ziethen pushes out to meet him from the Olmütz end, on the second day after; and, one hopes, all is now safe on that head.

The driving of 3,000 four-horse wagons, under escort, ninety miles of road, is such an enterprise as cannot readily be conceived by sedentary pacific readers; — much more the attack of such! Military science, constraining chaos into the cosmic state, has nowhere such a problem. There are twelve thousand horses, for one thing, to be shod, geared, kept roadworthy and regular; say six thousand country wagoners, thick-soled peasants: then, hanging to the skirts of these, in miscellaneous crazy vehicles and weak teams, equine and asinine, are one or two thousand sutler people, male and female, not of select quality, though on them, too, we keep a sharp eye. The series covers many miles, as many as twenty English miles (says Tempelhof), unless in favorable points you compress them into five, going four wagons abreast for defence's sake. Defence, or escort, goes in three bulks or brigades; vanguard, middle, rear-guard, with sparse pickets intervening; — wider than five miles, you cannot get the parts to support one another. An enemy breaking in upon you, at some difficult point of road, woody hollow or the like, and opening cannon, musketry and hussar exercise on such an object, must make a confused transaction of it! Some commanders, for the road has hitherto been mainly pacific, divide their train into parts, say four parts; moving with their partial escorts, with an interval of one day between each two: this has its obvious advantages, but depends, of course, on the road being little infested, so that your partial escort will suffice to repel attacks. Toiling forward, at their diligent slow rate, I find these trains from Troppau take about six days (from Neisse to Olmütz they take eleven, but the first five are peaceable[1]); — can't be hurried beyond that pace, if you would save your laggards, your irregulars, and prevent what we may call *raggery* in your rearward parts; the skirts of your procession get torn by the bushes if you go faster. This time Colonel Mosel will have to mend his pace, however, and to

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 48.

go in the lump withal; the case being critical, as Mosel knows, and *more* than he yet knows.

Daun, who has friends everywhere, and no lack of spies in this country, generally hears of the convoys. He has heard, in particular, of this important one, in good time. Hitherto Daun had not attempted much upon convoys, nor anything with success: King's posted corps and other precautions are of such a kind, not even Loudon, when he tried his best, could do any good; and common wandering hussar parties are as likely to get a mischief as to do one, on such service. Cautious Daun had been busy enough keeping his own Camp safe, and flinging a word of news or encouragement, at the most a trifle of reinforcement, into Olmütz when possible. But now it becomes evident there must be one of two things: this convoy seized, or else a battle risked; — and that in defect of both these, the inevitable third thing is, Olmütz will straightway go.

Major-General Loudon, the best partisan soldier extant, and ripening for better things, has usually a force of perhaps 10,000 under him, four regiments of them regular grenadiers; and has been active on the convoys, though hitherto unsuccessful. Let an active Loudon, with increased force, try this, their vitally important convoy, from the west side of the River; an active Ziskowitz co-operating on the east side, where the road itself is; and do their uttermost! That is Daun's plan, — now in course of execution. Daun, instead of meaning battle, that day when Friedrich saw him, was cautiously stealing past, intending to cross the River farther down; and himself support the operation. Daun has crossed accordingly, and has doubled up northward again to the fit point; Ziskowitz is in the fit point, in the due force, on this east side too. Loudon, on the west side, goes by Muglitz, Hof; making a long deep bend far to westward and hillward of all the Prussian posted corps and precautions, and altogether hidden from them; Loudon aims to be in Troppau neighborhood, "Güntersdorf, near Bautsch," by the proper day, and pay Mosel an unexpected visit in the passage there.

Colonel Mosel, marshalling his endless Trains with every

excellent precaution, and the cleverest dispositions (say the Books), against the known and the unknown, had got upon the road, and creaked forward, many-wheeled, out of Troppau, Monday, 26th June.[1] The roads, worn by the much travelling and wet weather, were utterly bad; the pace was perhaps quicker than usual; the much-jolting Train got greatly into a jumble: — Mosel, to bring up the laggards, made the morrow a rest-day; did get about two-thirds of his laggards marshalled again; ordered the others to return, as impossible. They say, had it not been for this rest-day, which seemed of no consequence, Loudon would not have been at Güntersdorf in time, nor have attempted as he did at Güntersdorf and afterwards. At break of day (Wednesday, 28th), Mosel is again on the road; heavily jumbling forward from his quarters in Bautsch. Few miles on, towards Güntersdorf, he discovers Loudon posted ahead in the defiles. What a sight for Mosel, in his character of Wagoner up with the dawn! But Mosel managed the defiles and Loudon this time; halted his train, dashed up into the woody heights and difficult grounds; stormed Loudon's cannon from him, smote Loudon in a valiant tempestuous manner; and sent him travelling again for the present.

Loudon, I conjecture, would have struggled farther, had not he known that there would be a better chance again not very many miles ahead. Loudon has studied this Convoy; knows of Ziethen coming to it with so many; of Ziskowitz coming to him, Loudon, with so many; that Ziethen cannot send for more (roads being all beset by our industry yesterday), that Ziskowitz can, should it be needful; — and that at Domstädtl there is a defile, or confused woody hollow, of unequalled quality! Mosel jumbles on all day with his Train, none molesting; at night gets to his appointed quarters, Village of Neudorfl;[2] and there finds Ziethen: a glad meeting, we may fancy, but an anxious one, with Domstädtl ahead on the morrow. Loudon concerts with Ziskowitz this day; calls in all

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 89–94.

[2] The *l*, or *el*, is a diminutive in these Names: (*Neudorfl*) "New-Thorp*let*," (*Domstädtl*) "Cathedral-Town*let*," and the like.

reinforcements possible, and takes his measures. Thursday morning, Ziethen finds the Train in such a state, hardly half of it come up, he has to spend the whole day, Mosel and he, in rearranging it: Friday morning, June 30th, they get under way again; — Friday, the catastrophe is waiting them.

The Pass of Domstädtl, lapped in the dim Moravian distance, is not known to me or to my readers; nor indeed could the human pen or intellect, aided by ocular inspection or whatever helps, give the least image of what now took place there, rendering Domstädtl a memorable locality ever since. Understand that Ziethen and Mosel, with their waste slow deluge of wagons, come jumbling in, with anxiety, with precautions, — precautions doubled, now that the woody intricacies about Domstädtl rise in sight. "Pooh, it is as we thought: there go Austrian cannon-salvos, horse-charges, volleying musketries, as our first wagons enter the Pass; — and there will be a job!" Indecipherable to mankind far off, or even near. Of which only this feature and that can be laid hold of, as discernible, by the most industrious man. Escort, in three main bodies, vanguard, middle, rear-guard, marches on each side; infantry on the left, cavalry on the right, as the ground is leveller there. Length of the Train in statute miles, as it jumbles along at this point, is not given; but we know it was many miles; that horses and wagoners were in panic hardly restrainable; and we dimly descry, here especially, human drill-sergeantcy doing the impossible to keep chaos plugged down. The poor wagoner, cannon playing ahead, whirls homeward with his vehicle, if your eye quit him, — still better, and handier, cuts his traces, mounts in a good moment, and is off at heavy-footed gallop, leaving his wagon. Seldom had human drill-sergeantcy such a problem.

The Prussian Vanguard, one Krockow its commander, repulsed that first Austrian attack; swept the Pass clear for some minutes; got their section of the carriages, or some part of it, 250 in all, hurried through; then halted on the safe side, to wait what Ziethen would do with the remainder. Ziethen does his best and bravest, as everybody does; keeps his wagon-chaos plugged down; ranks it in square mass, as a wagon for-

tress (*Wagenburg*); ranks himself and everybody, his cannon, his platoon musketry, to the best advantage round it; furiously shoots out in all manner of ways, against the furious Loudon on this flank, and the furious Ziskowitz on that; takes hills, loses them; repels and is repelled (wagon-chaos ever harder to keep plugged); finally perceives himself to be beaten; that the wagon-chaos has got *un*plugged (fancy it!) — and that he, Ziethen, must retreat; back foremost if possible. He did retreat, fighting all the way to Troppau; and the Convoy is a ruin and a prey.

Krockow, with the 250, has got under way again; hearing the powder-wagons start into the air (fired by the enemy), and hearing the cannon and musketry take a northerly course, and die away in that ominous direction. These 250 were all the carriages that came in: — happily, by Ziethen's prudence, the money, a large sum, had been lodged in the vanmost of these. The rest of the Convoy, ball, powder, bread, was of little value to Loudon, but beyond value to Friedrich at this moment; and it has gone to annihilation and the belly of Chaos and the Croats. Among the tragic wrecks of this Convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish, almost straight row of young Prussian recruits stretched among the slain, what are these? These were 700 recruits coming up from their cantons to the Wars; hardly yet six months in training: see how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honorably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms, this morning; some sixty-five will get back to Troppau; that is the invoice account. They lie there, with their blond young cheeks and light hair; beautiful in death; — could not have done better, though the sacred poet has said nothing of them hitherto, — nor need, till times mend with us and him. Adieu, my noble young Brothers; so brave, so modest, no Spartan nor no Roman more; may the silence be blessed to you!

Contrary to some current notions, it is comfortably evident that there was a considerable fire of loyalty in the Prussians towards their King, during this War; loyalty kept well under cover, not wasting itself in harangues or noisy froth; but

coming out, among all ranks of men, in practical attempts to be of help in this high struggle, which was their own as well as his. The *Stände*, landed Gentry, of Pommern and other places, we heard of their poor little Navy of twelve gunboats, which were all taken by the Swedes. Militia Regiments too, which did good service at Colberg, as may transiently appear by and by : — in the gentry or upper classes, a respectable zeal for their King. Then, among the peasantry or lower class — Here are Seven Hundred who stood well where he planted them. And their Mothers — Be Spartan also, ye Mothers ! In peaceable times, Tempelhof tells us the Prussian Mother is usually proud of having her son in this King's service : a country wife will say to you : "I have three of them, all in the regiment," Billerbeck, Itzenplitz, or whatever be the Canton regiment ; "the eldest is ten inches [stands five feet ten], the second is eleven, the third eight, for indeed he is yet young."

Daun, on the day of this Domstädtl business, and by way of masking it, feeling how vital it was, made various extensive movements, across the River by several Bridges ; then hither, thither, on the farther side of Olmütz, mazing up and down : Friedrich observing him, till he should ripen to something definite, followed his bombarding the while ; perhaps having hopes of wager of battle ensuing. Of the disaster at Domstädtl Friedrich could know nothing, Loudon having closed the roads. Daun by no means ripens into battle : news of the disaster reached Friedrich next day (Saturday, July 1st), — who "immediately assembled his Generals, and spoke a few inspiring words to them," such as we may fancy. Friedrich perceives that Olmütz is over ; that his Third Campaign, third lunge upon the Enemy's heart, has prospered worse, thus far, than either of the others ; that he must straightway end this of Olmütz, without any success whatever, and try the remaining methods and resources. No word of complaint, they say, is heard from Friedrich in such cases ; face always hopeful, tone cheery. A man in Friedrich's position needs a good deal of Stoicism, Greek or other.

That Saturday night the Prussian bombardment is quite uncommonly furious, long continuing; no night yet like it: — the Prussians are shooting off their superfluous ammunition this night; do not quite end till Sunday is in. On Sunday itself, packings, preparations, all completed; and, "Keith, with above 4,000 wagons, safe on the road since 2 A.M." — the Prussians softly vanish in long smooth streams, with music playing, unmolested by Daun; and leaving nothing, it is boasted, but five or three mortars, which kept playing to the last, and one cannon, to which something had happened.

Of the retreat there could be much said, instructive to military men who were studious; extremely fine retreat, say all judges; — of which my readers crave only the outlines, the results. Daun, it was thought, should have ruined Friedrich in this retreat; but he did nothing of harm to him. In fact, for a week he could not comprehend the phenomenon at all, and did not stir from his place, — which was on the other, or wrong, side of the River. Daun had never doubted but the retreat would be to Silesia; and he had made his detachments, and laid himself out for doing something upon it, in that direction: but, lo, what roads are these, what motions whitherward? In about a week it becomes manifest that the retreat, which goes on various roads, sometimes three at once, has converged on Leutomischl; straight for Bohemia instead of Silesia; and that Daun is fallen seven days behind it; incapable now to do anything. Not even the Magazine at Leutomischl could be got away, nor could even the whole of it be burnt.

Keith and the baggage once safe in Leutomischl (July 8th), all goes in deliberate long column; Friedrich ahead to open the passages. July 14th, after five more marches, Friedrich bursts up Königsgrätz; scattering any opposition there is; and sits down there, in a position considered, he knows well how inexpugnable; to live on the Country, and survey events. The 4,000 baggage-wagons came in about entire. Fouquet had the first division of them, and a secondary charge of the whole; an extremely strict, almost pedantic man, and of very fiery

temper: "*Hé, d'où venez-vous?*" asked he sharply of Retzow senior, who had broken through his order, one day, to avert great mischief: "How come you here, *Mon Général?*" "By the Highway, your Excellency!" answered Retzow in a grave stiff tone.[1]

Keith himself takes the rear-guard, the most ticklish post of all, and manages it well, and with success, as his wont is. Under sickness at the time, but with his usual vigilance, prudence, energy; qualities apt to be successful in War. Some brushes of Croat fighting he had from Loudon; but they did not amount to anything. It was at Holitz, within a march of Königsgrätz, that Loudon made his chief attempt; a vehement, well-intended thing; which looked well at one time. But Keith heard the cannonading ahead; hurried up with new cavalry, new sagacity and fire of energy; dashed out horse-charges, seized hill-tops, of a vital nature; and quickly ended the affair. A man fiery enough, and prompt with his stroke when wanted, though commonly so quiet. "Tell Monsieur," — some General who seemed too stupid or too languid on this occasion, — "Tell Monsieur from me," said Keith to his Aide-de-Camp, "he may be a very pretty thing, but he is not a man (*qu'il peut être une bonne chose, mais qu'il n'est pas un homme*)!"[2] The excellent vernacular Keith; — still a fine breadth of accent in him, one perceives! He is now past sixty; troubled with asthma; and I doubt not may be, occasionally, thinking it near time to end his campaigns. And in fact, he is about ending them; sooner than he or anybody had expected.

Daun, picking his steps and positions, latterly with threefold precaution, got into Königsgrätz neighborhood, a week after Friedrich; and looked down with enigmatic wonder upon Friedrich's new settlement there. Forage abundant all round, and the corn-harvest growing white; — here, strange to say, has Friedrich got planted in the *in*side of those innumerable Daun redoubts, and "woods of abatis;" and might make a very

[1] Retzow, i. 302.

[2] Varnhagen, *Leben des &c. Jakob von Keith*, p. 227.

pretty "Bohemian Campaign" of it, after all, were Daun the only adversary he had! Judges are of opinion, that Daun, with all his superiority of number, could not have disrooted Friedrich this season.[1] Daun did try him by the Pandour methods, "1,000 Croats stealing in upon Königsgrätz at one in the morning," and the like; but these availed nothing. By the one effectual method, that of beating him in battle, Daun never would have tried. What did disroot Friedrich, then? — Take the following dates, and small hints of phenomena in other parts of the big Theatre of War. "Konitz" is a little Polish Town, midway between Dantzig and Friedrich's Dominions: —

"*Konitz*, 16*th June*, 1758. This day Feldmarschall Fermor arrives in his principal Camp here. For many weeks past he has been dribbling across the Weichsel hitherward, into various small camps, with Cossack Parties flying about, under check of General Platen. But now, being all across, and reunited, Fermor shoots out Cossack Parties of quite other weight and atrocity; and is ready to begin business, — still a little uncertain how. His Cossacks, under their Demikows, Romanzows, capable of no good fighting, but of endless incendiary mischief in the neighborhood; — shoot far ahead into Prussian territory: Platen, Hordt with his Free-Corps, are beautifully sharp upon them; but many beatings avail little. 'They burn the town of Driesen [Hordt having been hard upon them there]; town of Ratzebuhr, and nineteen villages around;' — burn poor old women and men, one poor old clergyman especially, wind him well in straw-roping, then set fire, and leave him; — and are worse than fiends or hyenas. Not to be checked by Platen's best diligence; not, in the end, by Platen and Dohna together. Dohna (18th June) has risen from Stralsund in check of them, — leaving the unfortunate Swedes to come out [shrunk to about 7,000, so unsalutary their stockfish diet there], — these

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 170–176, 185; — who, unluckily, in soldier fashion, here as too often elsewhere, does not give us the Arithmetical Numbers of each, but counts by "Battalions" and "Squadrons," which, except in time of Peace, are a totally uncertain quantity: — guess vaguely, 75,000 against 30,000.

hyena-Cossacks being the far more pressing thing. Dohna is diligent, gives them many slaps and checks; Dohna cannot cut the tap-root of them in two; that is to say, fight Fermor and beat him: other effectual check there can be none.[1]

"*Tschopau* (in Saxony), 21*st June*. Prince Henri has quitted Bamberg Country; and is home again, carefully posted, at Tschopau and up and down, on the southern side of Saxony; with his eye well on the Passes of the Metal Mountains, — where now, in the turn things at Olmütz have taken, his clear fate is to be invaded, *not* to invade. The Reichs Army, fairly afoot in the Circle of Saatz, counts itself 35,000; add 15,000 Austrians of a solid quality, there is a Reichs Army of 50,000 in all, this Year. And will certainly invade Saxony, — though it is in no hurry; does not stir till August come, and will find Prince Henri elaborately on his guard, and little to be made of him, though he is as one to two.

"*Crefeld* (Rhine Country), 23*d June*. Duke Ferdinand, after skilful shoving and advancing, some forty or fifty miles, on his new or French side of the Rhine, finds the French drawn up at Crefeld (June 23d); 47,000 of them *versus* 33,000: in altogether intricate ground; canal-ditches, osier-thickets, farm-villages, peat-bogs. Ground defensible against the world, had the 47,000 had a Captain; but reasonably safe to attack, with nothing but a Clermont acting that character. Ferdinand, I can perceive, knew his Clermont; and took liberties with him. Divided himself into three attacks: one in front, one on Clermont's right flank, both of which cannonaded, as if in earnest, but did not prevent Clermont going to dinner. One attack on front, one on right flank; then there was a third, seemingly on left flank, but which winded itself round (perilously imprudent, had there been a Captain, instead of a Clermont deepish in wine by this time), and burst in upon Clermont's rear; jingling his wine-glasses and decanters, think at what a rate; — scattering his 47,000 and him to the road again, with a loss of men, which was counted to 4,000 (4,000 against 1,700), and of honor — whatever was still to lose!"[2]

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 149 et seq.; Tempelhof, ii. 135 &c.

[2] Mauvillon, i. 297–309; Westphalen, i. 588–604; Tempelhof; &c. &c.

Ferdinand, it was hoped, would now be able to maintain himself, and push forward, on this French side of the Rhine: and had Wesel been his (as some of us know it is not!), perhaps he might. At any rate, veteran Belleisle took his measures: — dismissal of Clermont Prince of the Blood, and appointment of Contades, a man of some skill; recall of Soubise and his 24,000 from their Austrian intentions; these and other strenuous measures, — and prevented such consummation. A gallant young Comte de Gisors, only son of Belleisle, perished in that disgraceful Crefeld: — unfortunate old man, what a business that of "cutting Germany in four" has been to you, first and last!

"*Louisburg* (North America), *July 8th*. Landing of General Amherst's people at Louisburg in Cape Breton; with a view of besieging that important place. Which has now become extremely difficult; the garrison, and their defences, military, naval, being in full readiness for such an event. Landing was done by Brigadier Wolfe; under the eye of Amherst and Admiral Boscawen from rearward, and under abundant fire of batteries and musketries playing on it ahead: in one of the surfiest seas (but we have waited four days, and it hardly mends), tossing us about like corks; — so that 'many of the boats were broken;' and Wolfe and people 'had to leap out, breast-deep,' and make fight for themselves, the faster the better, under very intricate circumstances! Which was victoriously done, by Wolfe and his people; really in a rather handsome manner, that morning. As were all the subsequent Siege-operations, on land and on water, by them and the others: — till (August 8th) the Siege ended: in complete surrender, — positively for the last time (Pitt fully intends); no Austrian Netherlands now to put one on revoking it![1]

"These are pretty victories, cheering to Pitt and Friedrich; but the difficult point still is that of Fermor. Whose Cossacks, and their devil-like ravagings, are hideous to think of: — unrestrainable by Dohna, unless he could cut the root of them; which he cannot. *June 27th* [while Colonel Mosel, with his

[1] General Amherst's *Diary of the Siege* (in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. 384–389).

3,000 wagons, still only one stage from Troppau, was so busy], slow Fermor rose from Konitz; began hitching southward, southward gradually to Posen, — a considerably stronger Polish Town; on the edge both of Brandenburg and of Silesia; — and has been sitting there, almost ever since our entrance into Bohemia; his Cossacks burning and wasting to great distances in both Countries; no deciding which of them he meant to invade with his main Army. Sits there almost a month, enigmatic to Dohna, enigmatic to Friedrich: till Friedrich decides at last that he cannot be suffered longer, whichever of them he mean; and rises for Silesia (August 2d). Precisely about which day Fermor had decided for Brandenburg, and rolled over thither, towards Cüstrin and the Frankfurt-on-Oder Country, heralded by fire and murder, as usual."

Friedrich's march to Landshut is, again, much admired. Daun had beset the three great roads, the two likeliest especially, with abundant Pandours, and his best Loudons and St. Ignons: Friedrich, making himself enigmatic to Daun, struck into the third road by Skalitz, Nachod; circuitous, steep, but lying Glatz-ward, handy for support of various kinds. He was attempted, once or more, by Pandours, but used them badly; fell in with Daun's old abatis (well wind-dried now), in different places, and burnt them in passing. And in five days was in Kloster-Grüssau, safe on his own side of the Mountains again. One point only we will note, in these Pandour turmoilings. From Skalitz, the first stage of his march, he answers a Letter of Brother Henri's: —

To Prince Henri (at Tschopau in Saxony). "What you write to me of my Sister of Baireuth [that she has been in extremity, cannot yet write, and must not be told of the Prince of Prussia's death lest it kill her] makes me tremble! Next to our Mother, she is what I have the most tenderly loved in this world. She is a Sister who has my heart and all my confidence; and whose character is of price beyond all the crowns in this universe. From my tenderest years, I was brought up with her: you can conceive how there reigns between us that

indissoluble bond of mutual affection and attachment for life, which in all other cases, were it only from disparity of ages, is impossible. Would to Heaven I might die before her; — and that this terror itself don't take away my life without my actually losing her!"[1] . . .

At Grüssau (August 9th) he writes to his dear Wilhelmina herself: "O you, the dearest of my family, you whom I have most at heart of all in this world, — for the sake of whatever is most precious to you, preserve yourself, and let me have at least the consolation of shedding my tears in your bosom! Fear nothing for *us*, and" — O King, she is dying, and I believe knows it, though you will hope to the last! There is something piercingly tragical in those final Letters of Friedrich to his Wilhelmina, written from such scenes of wreck and storm, and in Wilhelmina's beautiful ever-loving quiet Answers, dictated when she could no longer write.[2]

Friedrich had last left Grüssau April 18th; he has returned to it August 8th: after sixteen weeks of a very eventful absence. In Grüssau he stayed two whole days; — busy enough he, probably, though his people were resting! August 10th, he draws up, for Prince Henri, "under seal of the most absolute secrecy," and with admirable business-like strictness, brevity and clearness, forgetting nothing useful, remembering nothing useless, a Paper of Directions in case of a certain event: "I march to-morrow against the Russians: as the events of War may lead to all sorts of accidents, and it may easily happen to me to be killed, I have thought it my duty to let you know what my plans were," and what you are to do in that event, — "the rather as you are Guardian of our Nephew [late Prince of Prussia's Son] with an unlimited authority."

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 179, "Klenny, near Skalitz, 3d August, 1758;" Henri's Letter is dated "Camp of Tschopau, 28th July" (ib. 277).

[2] "July 18th" is the last by her hand, and "almost illegible;" — still extant, it seems, though withheld from us. Was received at Grüssau here, and answered at some length (*Œuvres*, xxvii. i. 316), according to the specimen just given. Two more of hers follow, and four of the King's (ib. 317–322). Nearly meaningless, as printed there, without commentary for the unprepared reader.

Oath from all the armies the instant I am killed: rapid, active, as ever; the enemy not to notice that there is any change in the command. I intend to "beat the Russians utterly [*à plate couture*, splay-seam], if it be possible;" then to &c.: — gives you his "itinerary," too, or probable address, till "the 25th" (notably enough); in short, forgets nothing useful, nor remembers anything that is not, in spite of his hurry.[1] For Minister Finck also there went a Paper; seal *not* needing to be opened for the moment.

With Margraf Karl, and Fouquet under him, who are to guard Silesia, he leaves in two Divisions about Half the late Olmütz Army: — added to the other force, this will make about 40,000 for that service.[2] Keith has the chief command here; but is ordered to Breslau, in the mean time, for a little rest and recovery of health. Friday, 11th August, Friedrich himself, with the other Half, pushes off towards Fermor and the Cossack demons; through Liegnitz, through Hohenfriedberg Country, straight for Frankfurt, with his best speed.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.

Sunday, 20th August, Friedrich, with his small Army, hardly above 15,000 I should guess, arrived at Frankfurt-on-Oder: "his Majesty," it seems, "lodged in the Lebus Suburb, in the house of a Clergyman's Widow; and was observed to go often out of doors, and listen to the cannonading, which was going

[1] "*Disposition Testamentaire*" (so they have labelled it); given in *Œuvres*, iv. (*Appendice*) 261, 262. Friedrich's *Testament* proper is already made, and all in order, years ago ("11th January 1752"): of this there followed Two new Redactions (new *editions* with slight improvements, "7th November, 1768," and "8th January, 1769" the *finally* valid one); and various Supplements, or summary Enforcements (as here), at different times of crisis see *Preuss*, iv. 277, 401, and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. p. 13 (of Preface), for some connected account of that matter.

[2] Stenzel, v. 163.

on at Cüstrin."[1] From Landshut hither, he has come in nine days; the swiftest marching; a fiery spur of indignation being upon all his men and him, for the last two days fierier than ever, — longing all to have a blow at those incendiary Russian gentlemen. Five days ago, the Russians, attempting blindly on the Garrison of Cüstrin, had burnt, — nothing of the Garrison at all, — but the poor little Town altogether. Which has filled everybody with lamentation and horror. And, listen yonder, they are still busy on the solitary Garrison of Cüstrin; — audible enough to Friedrich from his northern or Lebus Suburb, which lies nearest the place, at a distance of some twenty miles.

Of Fermor's red-hot savagery on Cüstrin, it is lamentably necessary we should say something: to say much would be a waste of record; as the thing itself was a waste of powder. A thing hideous to think of; without the least profit to Fermor, but with total ruin to all the inhabitants, and to the many strangers who had sought refuge there. One interior circumstance is memorable and lucky to us. Artillery-Captain Tielcke happened to be with these people; had come in the train of "two Saxon Princes, serving as volunteers;" and, with a singular lucidity, and faithful good sense, not scientific alone, he illuminates these black Russian matters for such as have to do with them.

Tielcke's Book of *Contributions to the Art of War*[2] is still in repute with Soldiers, especially in the Artillery line; and indeed shows a sound geometrical head, and contains bits of excellent Historical reading interspersed among the scientific parts. This Tielcke, it appears, was a common foot-soldier, one of those Pirna 14,000 made Prussian against their will; but Tielcke had a milkmaid for sweetheart in those regions, who, good soul, gave him her generous farewell, a suit of her clothes, perhaps a pair of her pails; and in that guise he walked out of bondage. Clear away; to Warsaw, to favor with the King and others (being of real merit, an excellent,

[1] Rödenbeck, i. 347.

[2] *Beyträge zur Kriegs-Kunst und* (zur) *Geschichte des Krieges von* 1756 *bis* 1763 (six thin vols. 4to, with many Plates); cited above.

studious, modest little man); and here he now reappears, in a higher capacity; as articulate Eye-witness of the Cüstrin Business and the Zorndorf, among much other Russian darkness, which shall remain comfortably blank to us.

Up to Cüstrin, the Journal of the Operations of the Russian Army, which I could give from day to day,[1] is of no interest except to the Nether Powers of this Universe; the Russian Operations hitherto having consisted in slow marches, sluttish cookeries, cantonings, bivouackings, with destruction of a poor innocent Country, and arson, theft and murder done on the great scale by inhuman vagabonds, Cossacks so called, *not* tempered on this occasion by the mercy of Calmucks. The regular Russian Army, it appears, participates in the common horror of mankind against such a method of making war; but neither Feldmarschall Fermor, nor General Demikof (properly *Thémicoud*, a Swiss, deserving little thanks from us, who has taken in hand to command these Missionaries of the Pit), can help the results above described. Which are justly characterized as abominable, to gods and men; and not fit to be recorded in human Annals; execration, and, if it were possible, oblivion, being the human resource with them. The Russian Officers, it seems, despise this Cossack rabble incredibly; for their fighting qualities withal are close on zero, though their talent for arson and murder is so considerable. And contrariwise, the Cossacks, for their part, have no objection to plunder, or even, if obstreperous, to kill, any regular Officer they may meet unescorted in a good place. Their talent for arson is great. They do uncountable damage to the Army itself; provoking all the Country people to destroy by fire what could be eaten or used, the foraging, food and equipments of horse and man; so that horse and man have to be fed by victual carted hundreds of miles out of Poland; and the Russian Army sticks, as it were, tethered with a welter of broken porridge-pots and rent meal-bags hung to every foot it has.

[1] "*Tagebuch beyder &c.* (Diary of both Armies from the beginning of the Campaign till Zorndorf"), in Tielcke, ii. 1–75; Tempelhof, ii. 136, 216–224; *Helden-Geschichte*, v.; &c. &c.

East Preussen is quiet from the storms of War; holds its tongue well, and hopes better days: but the Russians themselves are little the better for it, a country so lately burned bare; they are merely flung so many scores of miles forward, farther from home and their real resources, before they can begin work. They have no port on the Baltic: poor blockheads, they are aware how desirable, for instance, Dantzig would be; to help feeding them out of ships; but the Dantzigers won't. Colberg, a poor little place, with only 700 militia people in it, would be of immense service to them as a sea haven: but even this they have not yet tried to get; and after trying, they will find it a job. "Why not unite with the Swedes and take Stettin (the finest harbor in the Baltic), which would bring Russia, by ships, to your very hand?" This is what Montalembert is urgent upon, year after year, to the point of wearying everybody; but he can get no official soul to pay heed to him, — the difficulties are so considerable. "Swedes, what are they?" say the Russians: "Russians what?" say the Swedes. "Sweden would be so handy for the Artilleries," urges Montalembert; "Russians for the Soldiery, or covering and fighting part." — "Can't be done!" Officiality shakes its head: and Montalembert is obliged to be silent.

The Russians have got into the Neumark of Brandenburg, on those bad terms; and are clearly aware that, without some Fortress as a Place of Arms, they are an overgrown Incompetency and Monstrosity in the field of War; doing much destruction, most of which proves *self*-destructive before long. But how help it? If the carrying of meal so far be difficult, what will the carrying of siege-furniture be? A flat impossibility. Fermor, aware of these facts, remembers what happened at Oczakow, — long ago, in our presence, and Keith's and Münnich's, if the reader have not quite forgot. Münnich, on that occasion, took Oczakow without any siege-furniture whatever, by boldly marching up to it; nothing but audacity and good luck on his side. Fermor determines to try Cüstrin in the like way, — if peradventure Prussian soldiery be like Turk? —

Fermor rose from Posen August 2d, almost three weeks ago; making daily for the Neumark and those unfortunate Oder Countries; nobody but Dohna to oppose him, — Dohna in the ratio of perhaps one against four. Dohna naturally laid hold of Frankfurt and the Oder Bridge, so that Fermor could not cross there; whereupon Fermor, as the next best thing, struck northward for the Warta (black Polish stream, last big branch of Oder); crossed this, at his ease, by Landsberg Bridge, August 10th;[1] and after a day or two of readjustment in Landsberg, made for Cüstrin Country (his next head-quarter is at Gross Kamin); hoping in some accidental or miraculous way to cross Oder thereabouts, or even get hold of Cüstrin as a Place of Arms. If peradventure he can take Cüstrin without proper siege-artillery, in the Oczakow or Anti-Turk way? Fermor has been busy upon Cüstrin since August 15th; — in what fashion we partly heard, and will now, from authentic sources, see a little for ourselves.

The Castle of Cüstrin, built by good Johann of Cüstrin, and "roofed with copper," in the Reformation times, — we know it from of old, and Friedrich has since had some knowledge of it. Cüstrin itself is a rugged little Town, with some moorland traffic, and is still a place of great military strength, the garrison of those parts. Its rough pavements, its heavy stone battlements and barriers, give it a gnarled obstinate aspect, — stern enough place of exile for a Crown-Prince fallen into such disfavor with Papa! A rugged, compact, by no means handsome little Town, at the meeting of the Warta and the Oder; stands naturally among sedges, willows and drained mire, except that human industry is pleasantly busy upon it, and has long been. So that the neighborhood is populous beyond expectation; studded with rough cottages in white-wash; hamlets in a paved condition; and comfortable signs of labor victoriously wrestling with the wilderness. Cüstrin, an arsenal and garrison, begirt with two rivers, and with awful bulwarks, and bastions cased in stone, — "perhaps too high," say the learned, — is likely to be impregnable to Russian

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 216.

engineering on those terms. Here, with brevity, is the catastrophe of Cüstrin.

Tuesday, 15th August, 1758. At two in the morning, several thousand Russians, grenadiers, under Quartermaster General Stoffeln, whom the readers of Mannstein know from old Oczakow times, are astir; pushing along from Gross Kamin, through the scraggy firwoods, and flat peat countries; intending a stroke on Cüstrin, if perhaps they can get it:[1] — not the slightest chance to get Cüstrin; Prussian soldiership and Turkish being two quite different things! The pickeering and manœuvring of Stoffeln shall not detain us. Stoffeln came along by the Landsberg road (course of the now Königsberg-Cüstrin Railway); and drove in the Prussian out-parties, who at first took him for Cossacks. Stoffeln set himself down on the north side of the place; planted cannon in certain clay-pits thereabouts, and about nine o'clock began firing shells and incendiary grenadoes at a great rate. Tielcke saw everything, — and had the honor to take luncheon, that evening, with certain chief Officers, sitting on the ground, after all was over, and only a few shots from the Garrison still dropping.[2]

At the third grenado, which, it seems, fell into a straw magazine, Cüstrin took fire; could not be quenched again, so much dry wood in it, so much disorder too, the very soldiers some of them disorderly (a bad deserter set); so that it soon flamed aloft, — from side to side one sea of flame: and man, woman and child, every soul (except the Garrison, which sat enclosed in strong stone), had to fly across the River, under penalty of death by fire. Of Cüstrin, by five in the evening, there was nothing left but the black ashes; the Garrison standing unharmed, and the Church, School-house and some stone edifices in a charred skeleton condition. "No life was lost, except that of one child in arms." All Neumark had lodged its valuables in this place of strength; all are fled now in horror and terror across the Oder, by the Bridge, before it also unquenchably takes fire, at the western or non-Russian end of the place. Such a day as was seldom seen in human experience; — Fermor responsible for it, happily not we.

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 217; but Tielcke, ii. 69 et seq., the real source.

[2] Tielcke, ii. 75 n.

Fermor, in the evening, said to his Artillery People: "Why have you ceased to fire grenadoes?" "Excellency, the Town is out; nothing now but ashes and stone." "Never mind; give them the rest, one every quarter of an hour. We shall not need the grenadoes again. The cannon-balls we shall; them, therefore, do not waste." On the morrow morning, after this performance on the Town, Fermor sends a Trumpeter: "Surrender, or else —!" rather in the tremendous style. "Or else?" answers the Commandant, pointing to the ashes, to the black inconsumable stones; and is deaf to this *ex-post-facto* Trumpeter. The Russians say they sent one yesterday morning, not *ex-post-facto*, but he was killed in the pickeerings, and never heard of again. A mile or so to rear of Cüstrin, on the westward or Berlin side of the River, lies Dohna for the last four days; expecting that the Laws of Nature will hold good, and Cüstrin prove tenable against such sieging. So stands it on Friedrich's arrival.

We left Friedrich in the Lebus Suburb of Frankfurt, Sunday, August 20th, listening to the distant cannonade. Next morning, he is here himself; at Dohna's Camp of Görgast, taking survey of affairs; came early, under rapid small escort, leaving his Army to follow; scorn and contemptuous indignation the humor of him, they say; resolution to be swiftly home upon that surprising Russian armament, and teach it new manners. The black skeleton of Cüstrin stares hideously across the River; "Cüstrin Siege" so called still going on; — had better make despatch now, and take itself away! He greatly despises Russian soldiership: "Pooh, pooh," he would answer, if Keith from experience said, "Your Majesty does not do it justice;" — and Keith has been known to hint, "If the trial ever come, your Majesty will alter that opinion." A day or two hence, amid these hideous Russian fire-traceries, the Hussars bring him a dozen of Cossacks they have made prisoners: Friedrich looks at the dirty green vagabonds; says to one of his Staff: "And this is the kind of Doggery I have to bother with!" — The sight of the poor country-people, and their tears of joy and of sorrow on his reappearance among

them, much affected him. Taking inspection of Dohna, he finds Dohna wonderfully clean, pipe-clayed, complete: "You are very fine indeed, you; — I bring you a set of fellows, rough as *grasteufeln* ["grass-deviis," I never know whether insects or birds]; but they can bite," — hope you can!

Tuesday, August 22d, at five in the morning our Army has all arrived, the Frankfurt people just come in; 30,000 of us now in Camp at Görgast. Friedrich orders straightway that a certain Russian Redoubt on the other side of the River, at Schaumburg, a mile or two down stream, be well cannonaded into ruin, — as if he took it for some incipiency of a Russian Bridge, or were himself minded to cross here, under cover of Cüstrin. Friedrich's intention very certainly is to cross, — here or not just here; — and that same night, after some hours of rest to the Frankfurt people, — night of Tuesday–Wednesday, Friedrich, having persuaded the Russians that his crossing-place will be their Redoubt at Schaumburg, marches ten or twelve miles down the River, silently his 30,000 and he, till opposite the Village of Güstebiese; rapidly makes his Bridges there, unmolested: Fermor, with his eye on the cannonaded Redoubt only, has expected no such matter; and is much astonished when he hears of it, twenty hours after. Friedrich, across with the vanguard, at an early hour of Wednesday, gets upon the knoll at Güstebiese for a view; and all Güstebiese, hearing of him, hurries out, with low-voiced tremulous blessings, irrepressible tears: "God reward your Majesty, that have come to us!" — and there is a hustling and a struggling, among the women especially, to kiss the skirts of his coat. Poor souls: one could have stood tremendous cheers; but this is a thing I forgive Friedrich for being visibly affected with.

Friedrich leaves his baggage on the other side of the Oder, and the Bridge guarded; our friend Hordt, with his Free-Corps, doing it. Friedrich marches forward some ten miles that night; eastward, straight for Gross Kamin, as if to take the Russians in rear; encamps at a place called Klossow, spreading himself obliquely towards the Mützel (black sluggish tributary of the Oder in those parts), meaning to reach Neu Damm on the Mützel to-morrow, there almost within wind of

the Russians, and be ready for crossing on them. It was at Klossow (23d August, evening), that the Hussars brought in their dozen or two of Cossacks, and he had his first sight of Russian soldiery; by no means a favorable one, "Ugh, only look!" — As we are now approaching Zorndorf, and the monstrous tug of Battle which fell out there, readers will be glad of the following: —

"From Damm on the Mützel, where Friedrich intends crossing it to-morrow night, south to Gross Kamin, not far from the Warta, where Fermor's head-quarter lately was, may be about five miles. From Cüstrin, Kamin lies northeast about eight or ten miles: Zorndorf, the most considerable Village in this tract, lies — little dreaming of the sad glory coming to it — pretty much in the centre between big Warta and smaller Mützel. The Country is by nature a peat wilderness, far and wide; but it has been tamed extensively; grows crops, green pastures; is elsewhere covered with wood (Scotch fir, scraggy in size, but evidently under forest management); perhaps half the country is in Fir tracts, what they call *Heiden* (Heaths); the cultivated spaces lying like light-green islands with black-green channels and expanses of circumambient Fir. The Drewitz Heath, the Massin or Zicher Heath, and others about Zorndorf, will become notable to us. The Country is now much drier than in Friedrich's time; the human spade doing its duty everywhere: so that much of the Battle-ground has become irrecognizable, when compared with the old marshy descriptions given of it. Zorndorf, a rough substantial Hamlet, has nothing of boggy now visible near by; lies east to west, a firm broad highway leading through: a sea of forest before it, to south; to north, good dry barley-grounds or rye-grounds, sensibly rising for half a mile, then waving about in various slow slight changes of level towards Quartschen, Zicher, &c.: forming an irregular cleared 'island,' altogether of perhaps four miles by three, with unlimited circumambiencies of wood. It was here, on this island as we call it, that the Battle, which has made Zorndorf famous, was fought.

"Zorndorf (or even the open ground half a mile to north of it, which will be more important to us) is probably not 50 feet

above the level of the Mützel, nor 100 above Warta and Oder, six miles off; but it is the crown of the Country; — the ground dropping therefrom every way, in lazy dull waves or swells; towards Tamsel and Gross Kamin on southeast; towards Birken-Busch, Quartschen, Darmützel[1] on northwest; as well as towards Damm and its Bridge northeast, where Friedrich will soon be, and towards Cüstrin southwest, where he lately was, each a five or six miles from Zorndorf.

"Such is the poor moorland tract of Country; Zorndorf the centre of it, — where the Battle is likely to be: — Zorndorf and environs a bare quasi-island among these woods; extensive bald crown of the landscape, girt with a frizzle of firwoods all round. Boggy pools there are, especially on the western side (all drained in our time). Mützel, or north side, is of course the lowest in level: and accordingly," what is much to be marked by readers here, "from the south, or Zorndorf side, at wide intervals, there saunter along, in a slow obscure manner, Three miserable continuous Leakages, or oozy Threads of Water, all making for Quartschen, to north or northwest, there to disembogue into the Mützel. Each of these has its little Hollow; of which the westernmost, called Zabern Hollow (*Zaberngrund*), is the most considerable, and the most important to us here: *Galgengrund* (Gallows-Hollow) is also worth naming in this Battle; the third Leakage, though without importance, invites us to name it, *Hosebruch*, quasi *Stocking*-quagmire, — because you can use no stockings there, except with manifest disadvantage." — Take this other concluding trait: —

. . . "Inexpressible fringe of marsh, two or three miles broad, mostly bottomless, woven with sluggish creeks and stagnant pools, borders the Warta for many miles towards Landsberg; Cüstrin-Landsberg Causeway the alone sure footing in it; after which, the country rises insensibly, but most beneficially, and is mainly drier till you get to the Mützel again, and find the same fringe of mud lace-work again. Zorndorf we called the crown of it. Tamsel, Wilkersdorf, Klein Kamin, Gross Kamin, and other places known to us, lie on the

[1] *Dar* of the Mützel, whatever "*Dar*" may be.

dry turf-fuel country, but looking over close upon the hem of that marsh-fringe, and no doubt getting peats, wild ducks, pike-fishes, eels, and snatches of summer pasture and cow-hay out of it."

Thursday, August 24th, Friedrich is again speeding on; occupying Darmützel and other crossing-places of the Mützel;[1] — by no means himself crossing there; on the contrary, carefully breaking all the Bridges before he go ("No retreat for those Russian vagabonds, only death or surrender for them!") — himself not intending to cross till he be up at Damm, Neu Damm, well eastward of his Russians, and have got them all pinfolded between Mützel and Oder in that way. In the evening, he reaches Damm and the Mill of Damm, some three or four miles higher up the Mützel; — and there pushes partly across at once. That is to say, his vanguard at once, and takes a defensive position; his Artillery and other Divisions by degrees, in the silent night hours; and, before daybreak tomorrow, every soul will be across, and the Bridge broken again; — and Fermor had better have his accounts settled.

Fermor's roving Cossack clouds seldom bring him in intelligence; but only return stained with charcoal grime and red murder: up to late last night, he had not known where Friedrich was at all; had idly thought him busy with the Schaumburg Redoubt, on the other side of Oder, fencing and precautioning: but now (night of the 23d), these Cossacks do come in with news, "Indisputable to our poor minds, the Prussians are at Klossow yonder, — captured a dozen green vagabonds of us, and have sent us galloping!" — which news, with the night closing in on him, was astonishing, thrice and four times important to Fermor.

Instantly he raises the siege of Cüstrin, any siege there was; gets his immense baggage-train shoved off that night to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way; summons the force from Landsberg to join him without loss of a moment; — and in the meanwhile pitches himself in long bivouac in the Drewitz Wood or Fir-Heath, with the quaggy Zaberngrund in front. Quaggy

[1] Mitchell to Holderness, "Dermützel, 24th August, 1758" (*Memoirs and Papers*, i. 425; Ib. ii. 40–47, Mitchell's Private Journal).

Zaberngrund, — do readers remember it; one of those "Three continuous Leakages," very important to Fermor and us at present? This is the safest place Fermor can find for himself; scraggy firs around, good quagmires and Zabern Hollow in front; looking to the east, waiting what a new day will bring. That was Fermor's posture, while Friedrich quitted Klossow in the dawn of the 24th. Be busy, ye Cossack doggeries; return with news, not with mere grime and marks of blood on your mouths!

Evening of the 24th, Cossacks report that Friedrich has got to Damm Mill; has hold of the Bridge there; and may be looked for, sure as the daylight to-morrow. Fermor is 50,000 odd, his Landsberg forces all coming in; one Detachment out Stettin way, which cannot come in; Fermor finds that his baggage-train is fairly on the road to Klein Kamin; — and that he will have to quit this bosky bivouac, and fight for himself in the open ground, or do worse.

Theseus and the Minotaur over again, — that is to say, Friedrich at Hand-grips with Fermor and his Russians (25th August, 1758).

Artless Fermor draws out to the open ground, north of Zorndorf, south of Quartschen; arranges himself in huge quadrilateral mass, with his "staff-baggage" (lighter baggage) in the centre, and his front, so to speak, everywhere.[1] Mass, say two miles long by one mile broad; but it is by no means regular, and has many zigzags according to the ground, and narrows and droops southward on the eastern end: one of the most artless arrangements; but known to Fermor, and the readiest on this pinch of time. Münnich devised this quadrilateral mode; and found it good against the Turks, and their deluges of raging horse and foot: Fermor could perhaps do better; but there is such a press of hurry. Fermor's western flank, or biggest breadth of quadrilateral, leans on that Zabern Hollow, with its fine quagmires; his eastern,

[1] Excellent Plan of him, or rather Plans, in his successive shapes, in Tielcke, ii. (*Plates* 4, 5, 6, 7, 8).

narrowest part, droops down on certain mud-pools and conveniences towards Zicher. Gallows Hollow, a slighter than the Zabern, runs through the centre of him; and with his best people he fronts towards the Mützel Bridges, especially towards Damm-Mill Bridge whence Friedrich will emerge, sure as the sunrise, one knows not with what issue. Artless Fermor is nothing daunted; nor are his people; but stand patiently under arms, regardless of future and present, to a degree not common in soldiering.

Friday, August 25th, by half-past three in the morning, Friedrich is across the Mützel; self and Infantry by Damm-Mützel Bridge, cavalry by another Bridge (*Kersten-brügge*, means "Christian Bridge," in the dialect of Charlemagne's time, a very old arrangement of Successive Logs up there!) some furlongs higher up. The Bridge at Damm is perhaps some three miles from the nearest Russians about Zicher; but Friedrich has no thought of attacking Fermor there; he has a quite other program laid, and will attack Fermor precisely on the side opposite to there. Friedrich's intention is to sweep quite round this monstrous Russian quadrilateral; to break in upon it on the western flank, and hurl it back upon Mützel and its quagmires. He has broken his two bridges after passing, all bridges are gone there, and the country is bottomless: surrender at discretion if once you are driven thither! And Friedrich's own retreat, if he fail, is short and open to Cüstrin. "Admirable," say the Critics, "and altogether in Friedrich's style!" — Friedrich, adds one Critic, was not aware that the Russian Heavy-Baggage Train, which is their powder-flask and bread-basket and staff of life, lies at Klein Kamin, within few miles on his left just now, Russians themselves on his right; that the Russians could have been abolished from those countries without fighting at all![1] This is very true. Friedrich's haste is great, his humor hot; and he has not heard of this Klein-Kamin fact, which in common times he would have done, and of which in a calmer mood he would, with a fine scientific gusto, have taken his advantage.

[1] Retzow, i. 305–329.

Friedrich pours incessant southward; cavalry parallel to infantry and a certain distance beyond it, eastward of it; and they have burnt the Bridges; which is a curious fact! Continually southward, as if for Tamsel: — poor old Tamsel, do readers recollect it at all, does Friedrich at all? No pleasant dinner, or lily-and-rose complexions, there for one to-day! — Some distance short of Tamsel, Friedrich, emerging, turns westward; — intending what on earth? thinks Fermor. Friedrich has been mostly hidden by the woods all this while, and enigmatic to Fermor. Fermor does now at last see the color of the facts; — and that one's chief front must change itself to southward, one's best leg and arm be foremost, or towards Zorndorf, not towards the Mützel as hitherto. Fermor stirs up his Quadrilateral, makes the required change, "You, best or northern line, step across, and front southward; across to southward, I say; second-best go northward in their stead:" and so, with some other slight polishings, suggested by the ground and phenomena, we anew await this Prussian Enigma with our best leg foremost. The march or circular sweep of these Prussian lines, from Damm Bridge through the woods and champaign to their appointed place of action, is seven or eight miles; lines when halted in battle-order will be two miles long or more.

Friedrich pours steadily along, horse and foot, by the rear of Wilkersdorf, of Zorndorf, — Russian Minotaur scrutinizing him in that manner with dull bloodshot eyes, uncertain what he will do. It is eight in the morning, hot August; wind a mere lull, but southernly if any. Small Hussar piekets ride to right of the main Army March; to keep the Cossacks in check: who are roving about, all on wing; and pert enough, in spite of the Hussar pickets, Desperado individuals of them gallop up to the Infantry ranks, and fire off their pistols there, — without reply; reply or firing, till the word come, is strictly forbidden. Infantry pours along, like a ploughman drawing his furrow, heedless of the circling crows. Crows or Cossacks, finding they are not regarded, set fire to Zorndorf, and gallop off. Zorndorf goes up readily, mainly wood and straw; rolls in big clouds of smoke far northward in upon the

Russian Minotaur, making him still blinder in the important moments now coming.

Friedrich rides up to view the Zabern Hollow: "Beyond expectation deep; very boggy too, with its foul leakage or brook: no attacking of their western flank through this Zaberngrund; — attack the corner of them, then; here on the southwest!" That is Friedrich's rapid resource. The lines halt, accordingly; make ready. Behind flaming Zorndorf stands his extreme left, which is to make the attack; infantry in front; horse to rear and farther leftwards, — and under the command of Seidlitz in this quarter, which is an important circumstance. Right wing, reaching to behind Wilkersdorf, is to refuse itself; whole force of centre is to push upon that Russian corner, to support the left in doing it; — according to the Leuthen or *Leuctra* principle, once more. May no mistakes occur in executing it this day! —

The first division of the Prussian Infantry, or extreme Left, marches forward by the west end of flaming Zorndorf; next division, which should stand close to right of it, or even behind it, in action, and follow it close into the Russian fire, has to march by the east end of Zorndorf; this is a farther road, owing to the flames; and not a lucky one. Second division could never get into fair contact with that first division again: that was the mistake: and it might have been fatal, but was not, as we shall see. First division has got clear of Zorndorf, in advancing towards its Russian business; — is striding forward, its left flank safe against the Zaberngrund; steadily by fixed stages, against the fated Russian Corner, which is its point of attack. First division, second division, are clear of Zorndorf, though with a wide gap between them; are steadily striding forward towards the Russian Corner. Two strong batteries, wide apart, have planted themselves ahead; and are playing upon the Russian Quadrilateral, their fires crossing at the due Corner yonder, with terrible effect; Russian artillery, which are multitudinous and all gathered down to this southwestern corner, are responding, though with their fire spread, and far less effectual. The Prussian line steps on, extreme left perhaps in too animated a manner; their cannon batteries

enfilade the thick mass of Russians at a frightful rate ("forty-two men of a certain regiment blown away by a single ball," in one instance [1]), drive the interior baggage-horses to despair: a very agitated Quadrilateral, under its grim canopy of cannon smoke, and of straw smoke, heaped on it from the Zorndorf side here. Manteuffel, leader of that first or leftmost division, sees the internal simmering; steps forward still more briskly, to firing distance; begins his platoon thunder, with the due steady fury, — had the second division but got up to support Manteuffel! The second division is in fire too; but not close to Manteuffel, where it should be.

Fermor notices the gap, the wavering of Manteuffel unsupported; plunges out in immense torrent, horse and foot, into the gap, into Manteuffel's flank and front; hurls Manteuffel back, who has no support at hand: "*Arah, Arah* (Hurrah, Hurrah)! Victory. Victory!" shout the Russians, plunging wildly forward, sweeping all before them, capturing twenty-six pieces of cannon, for one item. What a moment for Friedrich; looking on it from some knoll somewhere near Zorndorf, I suppose; hastily bidding Seidlitz strike in: "Seidlitz, now!" The hurrahing Russians cannot keep rank at that rate of going, like a buffalo stampede; but fall into heaps and gaps: Seidlitz, with a swiftness, with a dexterity beyond praise, has picked his way across that quaggy Zabern Hollow; falls, with say 5,000 horse, on the flank of this big buffalo stampede; tumbles it into instant ruin; — which proves irretrievable, as the Prussian Infantry come on again, and back Seidlitz.

In fifteen minutes more (I guess it now to be ten o'clock), the Russian Minotaur, this end of it, on to the Gallows Ground, is one wild mass. Seldom was there seen such a charge; issuing in such deluges of wreck, of chaotic flight, or chaotic refusal to fly. The Seidlitz cavalry went sabring till, for very fatigue, they gave it up, and could no more. The Russian horse fled to Kutzdorf, — Fermor with them, who saw no more of this Fight, and did not get back till dark; — had not the Bridges been burnt, and no crossing of the Mützel possible, Fermor never would have come back, and here had been the

[1] Tielcke.

end of Zorndorf. Luckier if it had! But there is no crossing of the Mützel, there is only drowning in the quagmires there: — death any way; what can be done but die?

The Russian infantry stand to be sabred, in the above manner, as if they had been dead oxen. More remote from Seidlitz, they break open the sutlers' brandy-casks, and in few minutes get roaring drunk. Their officers, desperate, split the brandy-casks; soldiers flap down to drink it from the puddles; furiously remonstrate with their officers, and "kill a good many of them" (*viele*, says Tielcke), especially the foreign sort. "A frightful blood-bath," by all the Accounts: blood-bath, brandy-bath, and chief Nucleus of Chaos then extant aboveground. Fermor is swept away: this chaos, the very Prussians drawing back from it, wearied with massacring, lasts till about one o'clock. Up to the Gallows-ground the Minotaur is mere wreck and delirium: but beyond the Gallows-ground, the other half forms a new front to itself; becomes a new Minotaur, though in reduced shape. This is Part First of the Battle of Zorndorf; Friedrich — on the edge of great disaster at one moment, but miraculously saved — has still the other half to do (unlucky that he left no Bridges on the Mützel), and must again change his program.

Half of the Minotaur is gone to shreds in this manner; but the attack upon it, too, is spent: what is to be done with the other half of the monster, which is again alive; which still stands, and polypus-like has arranged a new life for itself, a new front against the Galgengrund yonder? Friedrich brings his right wing into action. Rapidly arranges right wing, centre, all of the left that is disposable, with batteries, with cavalry; for an attack on the opposite or southeastern end of his monster. If your monster, polypus-like, come alive again in the tail-part, you must fell that other head of him. Batteries, well in advance, begin work upon the new head of the monster, which was once his tail; fresh troops, long lines of them, pushing forward to begin platoon-volleying: — time now, I should guess, about half-past two. Our infantry has not yet got within musket-range, — when torrents of Russian Horse,

Foot too following, plunge out; wide-flowing, stormfully swift; and dash against the coming attack. Dash against it; stagger it; actually tumble it back, in the centre part; take one of the batteries, and a whole battalion prisoners. Here again is a moment! Friedrich, they say, rushed personally into this vortex; rallied these broken battalions, again rallied and led them up; but it was to no purpose: they could not be made to stand, these centre battalions; — "some sudden panic in them, a thing unaccountable," says Tempelhof; "they are Dohna's people, who fought perfectly at Jägersdorf, and often elsewhere" (they were all in such a finely burnished state the other day; but have not biting talent, like the grass-devils): enough, they fairly scour away, certain disgraceful battalions, and are not got ranked again till below Wilkersdorf, above a mile off; though the grass-devils, on both hands of them, stand grimly steady, left in this ominous manner.

What would have become of the affair one knows not, if it had not been that Seidlitz once more made his appearance. On Friedrich's order, or on his own, I do not know; but sure it is, Seidlitz, with sixty-one squadrons, arriving from some distance, breaks in like a *Deus ex machinâ*, swift as the storm-wind, upon this Russian Horse-torrent; drives it again before him like a mere torrent of chaff, back, ever back, to the shore of Acheron and the Stygian quagmires (of the Mützel, namely); so that it did not return again; and the Prussian infantry had free field for their platoon exercise. Their rage against the Russians was extreme; and that of the Russians corresponded. Three of these grass-devil battalions, who stood nearest to Dohna's runaways, were natives of this same burnt-out Zorndorf Country; we may fancy the Platt-Teutsch hearts of them, and the sacred lightning, with a moisture to it, that was in their eyes. Platt-Teutsch platooning, bayonet-charging, — on such terms no Russian or mortal Quadrilateral can stand it. The Russian Minotaur goes all to shreds a second time; but will not run. "No quarter!" — "Well, then, none!"

"Shortly after four o'clock," say my Accounts, "the firing," regular firing, "altogether ceased; ammunition nearly spent, on both sides; Prussians snatching cartridge-boxes of Russian

dead;" and then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling man to man, "with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth [in some Russian instances], such as was never seen before." The Russians, beaten to fragments, would not run: whither run? Behind is Mützel and the bog of Acheron; — on Mützel is no bridge left; "the shore of Mützel is thick with men and horses, who have tried to cross, and lie there swallowed in the ooze" — "like a pavement," says Tielcke. The Russians, — never was such *vis inertiæ* as theirs now. They stood like sacks of clay, like oxen already dead; not even if you shot a bullet through them, would they fall at once, says Archenholtz, but seem to be deliberate about it.

Complete disorder reigned on both sides; except that the Prussians could always form again when bidden, the Russians not. This lasted till nightfall, — Russians getting themselves shoved away on these horrid terms, and obstinate to take no other. Towards dark, there appeared, on a distant knoll, something like a ranked body of them again, — some 2,000 foot and half as many horse; whom Thémicoud (superlative Swiss Cossack, usually written Demikof or Demikow) had picked up, and persuaded from the shore of Acheron, back to this knoll of vantage, and some cannon with them. Friedrich orders these to be dispersed again: General Forcade, with two battalions, taking the front of them, shall attack there; you, General Rauter, bring up those Dohna fellows again, and take them in flank. Forcade pushes on, Rauter too, — but at the first taste of cannon-shot, these poor Dohna-people (such their now flurried, disgraced state of mind) take to flight again, worse than before; rush quite through Wilkersdorf this time, into the woods, and can hardly be got together at all. Scandalous to think of. No wonder Friedrich "looked always askance on those regiments that had been beaten at Gross Jägersdorf, and to the end of his life gave them proofs of it:"[1] very natural, if the rest were like these!

Of poor General Rauter, Tempelhof and the others, that can

[1] Retzow; — and still more emphatically, *Briefe eines alten Preussischen Officiers* (Hohenzollern, 1790), i. 34, ii. 52, &c.

help it, are politely silent; only Saxon Tielcke tells us, that Friedrich dismissed him, "Go, you, to some other trade!" — which, on Prussian evidence too, expressed in veiled terms, I find to be the fact: *Militair-Lexikon*, obliged to have an article on Rauter, is very brief about it; hints nothing unkind; records his personal intrepidity; and says, "in 1758 he, on his request, had leave to withdraw," — poor soul, leave and more!

Forcade, left to himself, kept cannonading Thémicoud; Thémicoud responding, would not go; stood on his knoll of vantage, but gathered no strength: "Let him stand," said Friedrich, after some time; and Thémicoud melted in the shades of night, gradually towards the hither shore of Acheron, — that is, of Acheron-Mützel, none now attempting to *pave* it farther, but simmering about at their sad leisure there. Feldmarschall Fermor is now got to his people again, or his people to him; reunited in place and luck: such a chaos as Fermor never saw before or after. No regiment or battalion now is; mere simmering monads, this fine Army; officers doing their utmost to cobble it into something of rank, without regard to regiments or qualities. Darkness seldom sank on such a scene.

Wild Cossack parties are scouring over all parts of the field; robbing the dead, murdering the wounded; doing arson, too, wherever possible; and even snatching at the Prussian cannon left rearwards, so that the Hussars have to go upon them again. One large mass of them plundering in the Hamlet of Zicher, the Hussars surrounded: the Cossacks took to the outhouses; squatted, ran, called in the aid of fire, their constant friend: above 400 of them were in some big barn, or range of straw houses; and set fire to it, — but could not get out for Hussars; the Hussars were at the outgate: Not a devil of you! said the Hussars; and the whole four hundred perished there, choked, burnt, or slain by the Hussars, — and this poor Planet was at length rid of them.[1]

Friedrich sends for his tent-equipages; and the Army pitches its camp in two big lines, running north and south,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 166.

looking towards the Russian side of things; Friedrich's tent in front of the first line; a warrior King among his people, who have had a day's work of it. The Russian loss turns out, when counted, to have been 21,529 killed, wounded and missing, 7,990 of them killed; the Prussian sum-total is 11,390 (above the Prussian third man), of whom 3,680 slain. And on the shores of Acheron northward yonder, there still is a simmering. And far and wide the country is alight with incendiary fires, — many devils still abroad. Excelleney Mitchell, about eight in the evening, is sent for by the King; finds various chief Generals, Seidlitz among them, on their various businesses there; congratulates "on the noble victory [not so conclusive hitherto] which Heaven has granted your Majesty." "Had it not been for him," said Friedrich, — "Had it not been for him, things would have had a bad look by this time!" and turned his sun-eyes upon Seidlitz, with a fine expression in them.[1] To which Seidlitz's reply, I find, was an embarrassed blush and of articulate only, "Hm, no, ha, it was your Majesty's Cavalry that did their duty, — but Wakenitz [my second] does deserve promotion!" — which Wakenitz, not in a too overflowing measure, got.

Fermor, during the night-watches, having cobbled himself into some kind of ranks or rows, moves down well westward of Zabern Hollow; to the Drewitz Heath, where he once before lay, and there makes his bivouac in the wood, safe under the fir-trees, with the Zabern ground to front of him. By the above reckoning, 28 or 29,000 still hang to Fermor, or float vaporously round him; with Friedrich, in his two lines, are some 18,000: — in whole, 46,000 tired mortals sleeping thereabouts; near 12,000 others have fallen into a deeper sleep, not liable to be disturbed; — and of the wounded on the field, one shudders to imagine.

Next day, Saturday, 26th, Fermor, again brought into some kind of rank, and safe beyond the quaggy Zabern ground, sent out a proposal, "That there be Truce of Three Days for burying the dead!" — Dohna, who happened to be General in com-

[1] Preuss, ii. 153. Mitchell (ii. 432) mentions the Interview, nothing of Seidlitz.

mand there, answers, "That it is customary for the Victor to take charge of burying the slain; that such proposal is surprising, and quite inadmissible, in present circumstances." Fermor, in the mean while, had drawn himself out, fronting his late battle-field and the morning sun; and began cannonading across the Zabern ground; too far off for hitting, but as if still intending fight: to which the Prussians replied with cannon, and drew out before their tents in fighting order. In both armies there was question, or talk, of attacking anew; but in both "there was want of ammunition," want of real likelihood. On Fermor's side, that of "attacking" could be talk only, and on Friedrich's, besides the scarcity of ammunition, all creatures, foot and especially horse, were so worn out with yesterday's work, it was not judged practically expedient. A while before noon, the Prussians retired to their Camp again; leaving only the artillery to respond, so far as needful, and bow-wow across the Zabern ground, till the Russians lay down again.

Friedrich's Hussars knew of the Russian *Wagenburg*, or general baggage reservoirs, at Klein Kamin, by this time. The Hussars had been in it, last night; rummaging extensively, at discretion for some time; and had brought away much money and portable plunder. Why Friedrich, who lay direct between Fermor and his Wagenburg, did not, this day, extinguish said Wagenburg, I do not know; but guess it may have been a fault of omission, in the great welter this was now grown to be to the weary mind. Beyond question, if one had blown up Fermor's remaining gunpowder, and carried off or burnt his meal-sacks, he must have cowered away all the faster towards Landsberg to seek more. Or perhaps Friedrich now judged it immaterial, and a question only of hours?

About midnight of Saturday–Sunday, there again rose bow-wowing, bellowing of Russian cannon; not from beyond the Zabern ground this time, nor stationary anywhere, but from the south some transient part of it, and not far off; — one ball struck a carriage near the King's tent, and shattered it. Thick mist mantles everything, and it is difficult to know what the Russians have on hand in their sylvan seclusions. After a

time, it becomes manifest the Russians are on retreat; winding round, through the southern woods, behind Zorndorf and the charred Villages, to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way. Friedrich, following now on the heel of them, finds all got to Klein Kamin, to breakfast there in their Wagenburg refectory, — sharply vigilant, many *flèches* (little arrow-shaped redoubts, so named) and much artillery round them. Nothing considerable to be done upon them, now or afterwards, except pick up stragglers, and distress their rear a little. The King himself, in the first movement, was thought to be in alarming peril, such a blaze of case-shot rose upon him, as he went reconnoitring foremost of all.[1]

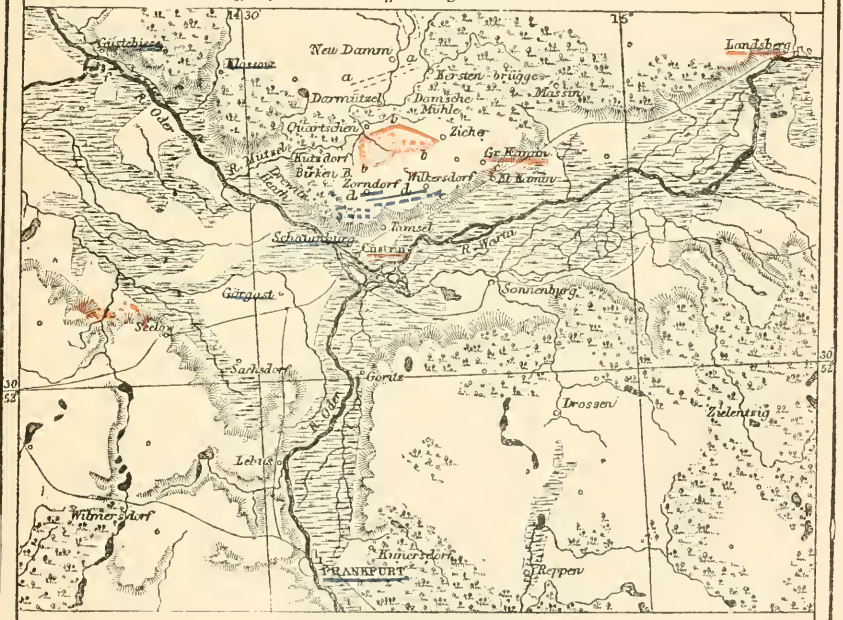
And this was, at last, the end of Zorndorf Battle; on the third day this. Was there ever seen such a fight of Theseus and the Minotaur! Theseus, rapid, dexterous, with Heaven's lightning in his eyes, seizing the Minotaur; lassoing him by the hinder foot, then by the right horn; pouring steel and destruction into him, the very dust darkening all the air. Minotaur refusing to die when killed; tumbling to and fro upon its Theseus; the two lugging and tugging, flinging one another about, and describing figures of 8 round each other for three days before it ended. Minotaur walking off on his own feet, after all. It was the bloodiest battle of the Seven-Years War; one of the most furious ever fought; such rage possessing the individual elements; rage unusual in modern wars. Must have altered Friedrich's notion of the Russians, when he next comes to speak with Keith. It was not till the fourth day hence (August 31st), so unattackably strong was this position at Klein Kamin, that the Russian Minotaur would fairly get to its feet a second time, and slowly stagger off, in real earnest, Landsberg way and Königsberg way; — Friedrich right glad to leave Dohna in attendance on it; and hasten off (September 2d) towards Saxony and Prince Henri, where his presence is now become very needful.

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 216–238; Tielcke, ii. 79–154; Archenholtz, i. 253–264; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 156–179 (with many *Lists*, private *Letters* and the like details); &c. &c.

SIEGE OF OLMÜTZ.

12TH MAY — 2ND JULY 1758.

a.a. Stages of the Prussian March. b. Daun's Encampment.
c. Prussian Batteries and Entrenchments. d.d.d. Prussian Camps.
e.e. Loudon's March against Mosel's Convoy.
f.f Mosel's resting quarters. g. Convoy attacked and ruined.



BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.

25TH AUGUST 1758.

a.a. Prussian Army about to cross the Mützel.
b.b.b. Russian Army ranked for Battle. c. Russian Baggage
d.d. Prussian Infantry. e.e. Prussian Cavalry. f. Prussian Baggage.

Fermor, walking off in this manner, — not till the third day, nay not conclusively till the seventh day, after Zorndorf, — strove at first to consider himself victorious. "I passed the night on the field of battle [or *not* far from it, for good reasons, Mützel being bridgeless]: may not I, in the language of enthusiasm, be considered conqueror? Here are 26 of their cannon, got when I cried 'Arah' prematurely. (Where the 103 pieces of my own are, and my 27 flags, and my Army-chest and sundries? Dropped somewhere; they will probably turn up again!)" thinks Fermor, — or strives to think, and says. So that, at Petersburg, at Paris and Vienna, in the next three weeks, there were *Te-Deums*, Ambrosian chantings, fires-of-joy; and considerable arguing among the Gazetteers on both parts, — till the dust settled, and facts appeared as they were. To the effect: "*Te Deum* NON *laudamus;* alas no, we must retract; and it was good gunpowder thrown after bad!"

On always homewards, but at its own pace, waited on by Dohna, goes the Russian Monster: violently case-shotting if you prick into its rearward parts. One Palmbach, — under Romanzow, I think, who had not taken part in the Battle, being out Stettin way, and unable to join till now, — Palmbach, with a Detachment of 15,000, which was thought sufficient for the object, did try to make a dash on Colberg, — how happy had we any port on the Baltic, to feed us in this Country! But though Colberg is the paltriest crow's-nest (*bicoque*), according to all engineers, and is defended only by 700 militia (the Colonel of them, one Heyde, a gray old Half-pay, not yet renowned in the soldier world, as he here came to be), Palmbach, with his best diligence, could make nothing of it; but, after battering, bombarding, even scalading, and in all ways blurting and blazing at a mighty rate for four weeks, and wasting a great deal of gunpowder and 2,000 Russian lives, withdrew on those remarkable terms.[1] And did then, as tail of Fermor, what Fermor and the Russian Monster was universally doing, make off at a good pace, — having nothing to live upon

[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 349-365 ("3d-31st October, 1758"), a complete and minute *Journal* of this First Siege of Colberg, which is interesting to read of, as all the Three of them are.

farther, — and vanish from those Countries, to the relief of Dohna and mankind.

September 2d, Friedrich, leaving all that, had marched for Saxony; his presence urgently required there. Daun ought to be far on with the conquest of that Country? Might have had it, say judges, if he had been as swift as some. — At Zorndorf, among the Russian Prisoners were certain Generals, Soltikof, Czernichef, Sulkowski the Pole, proud people in their own eyes: no lodging for them but the cellars of Cüstrin. Russian Generals complained, "Is this a lodging for Field-Officers of rank!" Friedrich was not used to profane swearing, or vituperative outbursts; but he answered to the effect: "Silence, ye incendiary individuals. Is there a choice left of lodgings, and for you above others!" Upon which they lay silent for some days, till better suited; in fact, till exchanged, — and perhaps will soon turn up on us again.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH.

So soon as Friedrich quitted Bohemia and Silesia for his Russian Enterprise, there rose high question at Vienna, "To what shall our Daun now turn himself?" A Daun, a Reichs Army, free for new employment; in Saxony not much to oppose them, in Silesia almost nothing in comparison. "Recapture of Silesia?" Yes truly; that is the steady pole-star at Vienna. But they have no Magazines in Silesia, no Siege-furnitures; and the season is far spent. They decide that there shall be a stroke upon Dresden, and recovery of Saxony, in Friedrich's absence. Nothing there at present but a Prince Henri, weak in numbers, say one to two of the Reichs Army by itself. Let the Reichs Army rise now, and advance through the Metal Mountains from southeast on Prince Henri; let Daun circle round on him, through the Lausitz from northeast:

cannot they extinguish Henri between them; snatch Dresden, a weak ill-fortified place, by sudden onslaught, and recapture Saxony? That will be magnanimous to our august Allies; — and that will be an excellent scaffolding for recapture of Silesia next year. And cannot Daun leave a Force in the Silesian vicinities, — Deville with so many thousands, Harsch with so many, — to besiege one of their Frontier Places; Neisse, for example? Siege-furnitures to come from Mähren: Neisse is not farther from Olmütz than Olmütz was from it.

That was the scheme fallen upon; now getting executed while Friedrich is at Zorndorf well away. And that, if readers fix it intelligently in their memory, will suffice to introduce to them the few words more that can be allowed us here upon it. A very few words, compressed to the utmost, — merely as preface to Hochkirch, whither we must hasten; Hochkirch being the one incident which, except to studious soldiers, has now and here any interest, out of the very many incidents which, then and there, were so intensely interesting to all mankind. To readers who are curious, and will take with them any poorest authentic Outline of the Localities concerned, the following condensed Note will not be unintelligible.

Daun and the Reichs Army invade Saxony, in Friedrich's Absence.

"Daun, pushing out with his best speed, along the Bohemian-Silesian border, had got to Zittau *August 17th;* which poor City is to be his basis and storehouse; the greatest activity and wagoning now visible there," — among the burnt walls getting rebuilt. And in the same days, Zweibrück and his Reichs Army are vigorously afoot; Zweibrück pushing across the Metal Mountains, the fastest he can; intending to plant himself in Pirna Country. Not to mention General Dombâle, Zweibrück's Austrian Second; who has the Austrian 15,000 with him; and, by way of preface, has emerged to westward, in Zwickau-Tschopau Country; calculating that Prince Henri will not be able to attend to him just now. And in effect Prince Henri, intent upon Zweibrück and the Pirna

Country, takes position in the old Prussian ground there ('head-quarter Gross Seidlitz,' as in 1756); and can only leave a Detachment in Tschopau Country to wait upon Dombâle; who does at least shoot out Croat parties, 'quite across Saxony, to Halle all the way,' and entertain the Gazetteers, if he can do little real mischief.

"*August 19th*, from Zittau, Daun, after short pause, again pushes forward, — nothing but Ziethen attending him in the distance, till we see whitherward; — Margraf Karl waiting impatient, at Grüssau, till Ziethen see.[1] Daun, soon after Zittau, shoots out Loudon, Brandenburg way, as if magnanimously intending 'co-operation with the Russians;' which would give Daun pleasure, could it be done without cost. Loudon does despatch a 500 hussars to Frankfurt [Friedrich now gone for Cüstrin], who, I think, carry a Letter for Fermor there; but lose it by the way," — for the benefit of readers, if they will wait. "Loudon captures a poor little place in Brandenburg itself; bullies it into surrender, after a day (the very day of Zorndorf Battle, 'August 25th'): — place called Peitz, garrisoned by forty-five invalids; who go on 'free withdrawal,' poor old souls, and leave their exiguous stock of salt-victual and military furnitures to Loudon.[2] Upon which Loudon whirls back out of those Countries; finding his skirts trodden on by Ziethen, — who now sees what Daun and he are at; and warns Margraf Karl [properly Keith, who has now joined again, as real president or chief] That *hither* is the way. Margraf Karl, on the slip for some time past, starts from Grüssau instantly (I should guess, not above 25,000 of all arms); leaving Fouquet with perhaps 10,000 to do his utmost, when Generals Harsch and Deville with their 20 or 30,000 come upon Silesia and him, — as indeed they are already doing; already blockading Neisse, more or less, with an eye to besieging it so soon as possible.

"Meanwhile, Serene Highness of Zweibrück, the Reichsfolk and some Austrians with him, prefaced by Dombâle more to westward, is wending into Pirna Country; and, in spite of

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 258, 260 et seq.

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 229–232, the "Capitulation" *in extenso*.

what Prince Henri can do (Mayor and the Free Corps shining diligent, and Henri one of the watchfulest of men), Zweibrück does get in; sets Maguire with Austrians upon besieging Pirna, that is to say, the Sonnenstein of Pirna; *3d–5th September*, gets the Sonnenstein, a thought sooner than was counted on;[1] and roots himself there, — 'head-quarters in Struppen' again, 'bridge at Ober-Raden' again, all as in 1756; which, if nothing else can well do it, may give his Highness a momentary interest with some readers here. Prince Henri is at Gross Seidlitz, alive every fibre of him: but with Daun circling round to northward on his left, intending evidently to take him in flank or rear; with Dombâle already to rear, in the above circumstances, on his right; and Zweibrück himself lying here in front free to act, and impregnable if acted upon: what is Prince Henri to do? It is for Henri's rear, not his flank, that Daun aims: *August 26th*, Daun, who had got to Görlitz, a march or two from Zittau, started again at his best step by the Bautzen Highway towards Meissen Bridge, a 70 or 80 miles down the Elbe: there Daun intends to cross, and to double back upon Dresden and Prince Henri; who will thus find himself enclosed between *three* fires, — if two were not enough, or even if one (the Daun one itself, or the Zweibrück itself, not to count the Dombâle), in such strength as Prince Henri has!

"A lost Prince Henri, — if there be not shift in him, if there be not help coming to him! Prince Henri, seeing how it was, drew back from Gross Seidlitz; with beautiful suddenness, one night; unmolested: in the morning, Zweibrüch's hussars find him posted inexpugnable on the Heights of Gahmig, — which is nearer Dresden a good step; nearer Dombâle; and not so ready to be enclosed by Daun, without enclosure of Dresden too. Prince Henri's manœuvring, in this difficult situation, is the admiration of military men: how he stuck by Gahmig; but threw out, in the vital points, little camps, — 'camp of Kesselsdorf' (a place memorable), on the west of Dresden; and on the east, in the north suburb of Dresden itself

[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 223–228, account of this poor Siege, and of the movements before and after.

across t' *River* (should we have to go across the River for Daun's sake), a 'strong abatis;' and neglected nothing; self and everybody under him, lively as eagles to make themselves dangerous, Mayer in particular distinguishing himself much. Prince Henri would have been a hard morsel for Daun But beyond that, there is help on the road."

Friedrich intervening, Daun draws back; intrenches himself in Neighborhood to Dresden and Pirna; Friedrich following him. Four Armies standing there, in dead-lock, for a month; with Issue, a Flank-march on the Part of Friedrich's Army, — which halts at Hochkirch (September 12th–October 10th, 1758).

Daun, since August 26th, is striding towards Meissen Bridge; without rest, day after day, at the very top of his speed, — which I find is "nine miles a day;"[1] Bos being heavy of foot, at his best. September 1st, Daun has got within ten miles of Meissen Bridge, when — Here is news, my friends; King of Prussia has beaten our poor Russians; will soon be in full march this way! King of Prussia and Margraf Karl both bending hitherward; at the rate, say, of "nineteen miles a day," instead of nine: — Meissen Bridge is not the thing we shall want! Daun instantly calls halt, at this news; waits, intrenches; and, in a day or two, finding the news true, hurries to rearward all he can. From the Russian side too, Daun has heard of Zorndorf, and the grand "Victory" of Fermor there; but knows well, by this sudden re-emergence of the Anti-Fermor, what kind of Victory it is.

Was it here while waiting about Meissen, or where was it, that Daun got his Letter to Fermor answered in that singular way? The Letter of two weeks ago, — carried by Loudon's Hussars, or by whomsoever, — for certain, it was retorted or returned upon Daun; not as if from the Dead-Letter Office, but with an Answer he little expected! Here is what record I have; very vague for a well-known little fact of sparkling nature: —

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 261.

"A curious Letter fell into Friedrich's hands [Bearer, I always guess, the Loudon Hussar-Captain with his 500, pretending to form junction with Fermor], Prussian Hussars picking it up somewhere, — date, place, circumstances, blurred into oblivion in those poor Books; Letter itself indisputable enough, and Answer following on it; Letter and Answer substantially to this effect: —

"*Daun to Fermor* [Probably from Zittau, by Loudon's Hussars].

"Your Excellenz does not know that wily Enemy as I do. By no means get into battle with such a one. Cautiously manœuvre about; detain him there, till I have got my stroke in Saxony done: don't try fighting him. DAUN."

"*Answer as from Fermor* (Zorndorf once done, Daun by the first opportunity got his Answer, duly signed 'Fermor,' but evidently in a certain King's handwriting): —

"Your Excellenz was in the right to warn me against a cunning Enemy, whom you knew better than I. Here have I tried fighting him, and got beaten. Your unfortunate

"FERMOR."[1]

September 9th, Friedrich and Margraf Karl, correct to their appointment, meet at Grossenhayn, some miles north of Meissen and its Bridge; by which time Daun is clean gone again, back well above Dresden again, strongly posted at Stolpen (a place we once heard of, in General Haddick's time, last Year), well in contact with Daun's Pirna friends across the River, and out of dangerous neighborhoods. Friedrich and the Margraf have followed Daun at quick step; but Daun would pause nowhere, till he got to Stolpen, among the bushy gullets and chasms. September 12th, Friedrich had speech of Henri, and the pleasure of dining with him in Dresden. Glad

[1] Müller, *Kurzgefasste Beschreibung der drei Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1755); in whom, alone of all the reporters, is the story given in an intelligible form. This Müller's Book is a meritoriously brief Summary, incorrect in no essential particular, and with all the Battle-Plans on one copperplate: *Lieutenant* Müller, this one; not *Professor* Müller *alias* Schottmüller by any means!

to meet again, under fortunate management on both parts; and with much to speak and consult about.

A day or two before, there had lain (or is said to have lain) a grand scheme in Daun: Zweibrück to burst out from Pirna by daybreak, and attack the Camp of Gahmig in front (35,000 against 20,000); Daun to cross the River on pontoons, some hours before, under cloud of night, and be ready on rear and left flank of Gahmig (with as many supplemental thousands as you like): what can save Prince Henri? Beautiful plan; on which there were personal meetings and dinings together by Zweibrück and Daun; but nothing done.[1] At the eleventh hour, say the Austrian accounts, Zweibrück sent word, "Impossible to-morrow; cannot get in my Out-Parties in time!" — and next day, here is Friedrich come, and a collapse of everything. Or perhaps there never seriously was such a plan? Certain it is, Daun takes camp at Stolpen, a place known to him, one of the strongest posts in Germany; intrenches himself to the teeth, — good rear-guard towards Zittau and the Magazines; River and Pirna on our left flank; Loudon strong and busy on our right flank, barring the road to Bautzen; — and obstinately sits there, a very bad tooth in the jaw of a certain King; not to be extracted by the best kinds of forceps and the skilfulest art, for nearly a month to come. Four Armies, Friedrich's, Henri's, Daun's, Zweibrück's, all within sword-stroke of each other, — the universal Gazetteer world is on tiptoe. But except Friedrich's eager shiftings and rubbings upon Stolpen (west side, north, and at length northeast side), all is dead-lock, and nothing comes of it.

Friedrich has his food convenient from Dresden; but a road to Bautzen withal is what he cannot do without; — and there lies the sorrow, and the *aching*, as this tooth knows well, and this jaw well! Harsch and Deville are busy upon Neisse, have Neisse under blockade, perhaps upon Kosel too, for some time past,[2] and are carting the siege-stock to begin

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 262–265.

[2] Neisse "blockaded more and more" since August 4th (Kosel still earlier, but only by Pandour people); not completely so till September 30th, or even till October 26th: *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268–270.

bombardment: a road to Silesia, before very long, Friedrich must and will have. Friedrich's operations on Daun in this post are patiently artful, and curious to look upon, but beyond description here: enough to say, that in the second week he makes his people hut themselves (weather wet and bad); and in the fourth week, finding that nothing contrivable would provoke Daun into fighting, — he loads at Dresden provisions for I think nine days; makes, from two or from three sides, a sudden spurt upon Loudon, who is Daun's northern outpost; brushes Loudon hastily away; and himself takes the road for Bautzen, by Daun's right flank, thrown bare in this manner.[1]

Road for Bautzen; which is the road for Zittau withal, for Daun's bread-basket, as well as for Neisse and Harsch! Nine days' provision; that is our small outfit, that and our own right-hands; and the waste world lies all ahead. *October 1st*, Retzow, as vanguard, sweeps out the few Croats from Bautzen, deposits his meal-wagons there; occupies Hochkirch, and the hilly environs to east; is to take possession of Weissenberg especially, and of the Stromberg Hill and other strong points: which Retzow punctually does, forgetting nothing, — except perhaps the Stromberg, not quite remembered in time; a thing of small consequence in Retzow's view, since all else had gone right.

Hearing of which, Daun, with astonishment, finds that he must quit those beautifully chasmy fastnesses of Stolpen, and look to his bread; which is getting to lie under the enemy's feet, if Zittau road be left yonder as it is. *October 5th*, after councils of war and deliberation enough, Daun gets under way;[2] cautiously, favored by a night very dark and wet, glides through to right of Friedrich's people, softly along between Bautzen and the Pirna Country; nobody molesting him, so dark and wet: and after one other march in those bosky solitudes, sits down at Kittlitz, — ahead or to east of Bautzen, of Hochkirch, of Retzow and all Friedrich's people; — and again sets to palisading and intrenching there. Kittlitz, near Löbau, there is Daun's new head-quarter; Löbau Water, with its intricate hollows, his line of defence: his

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 278. [2] Ib. ii. 279.

posts going out a mile to north and to south of Kittlitz. And so sits; once more blocking Zittau road, and quietly waiting what Friedrich will do.

Friedrich is at Bautzen since the 7th; impatient enough to be forward, but must not till a second larger provision-convoy from Dresden come in. Convoy once in, Friedrich hastens off, Tuesday, 10th October, towards Weissenberg Country, where Retzow is; some ten or twelve miles to eastward, — Zittauward, if that chance to suit us; Silesia-ward, as is sure to suit. At the "Pass of Jenkowitz," short way from Bautzen, Pandours attempt our baggage; need to be battered off, and again off: which apprises Friedrich that Daun's whole Army is ahead in the neighborhood somewhere. Marching on, Friedrich, from the knoll of Hochkirch, shoulder of the southern Hills, gets complete view of Daun, — stretching north and south, at right angles to the Zittau roads and to Friedrich, in the way we described; — and is a little surprised, and I could guess piqued, at seeing Daun in such a state of forwardness. "Encamp here, then!" he says, — here, on this row of Heights parallel to Daun, within a mile of Daun: just here, I tell you! under the very nose of Daun, who is above two to one of us; and see what Daun will do. Marwitz, his favorite Adjutant, one of those free-spoken Marwitzes, loyal, skilful, but liable to stiff fits, takes the liberty to remonstrate, argue; says at length, He, Marwitz, dare not be concerned in marking out such an encampment; not he, for his poor part! And is put under arrest; and another Adjutant does it; cannon playing on his people and him while engaged in the operation.

Friedrich's obstinate rashness, this Tuesday Evening, has not wanted its abundant meed of blame, — rendered so emphatic by what befell on Saturday morning next. His somewhat too authoritative fixity; a certain radiancy of self-confidence, dangerous to a man; his sovereign contempt of Daun, as an inert dark mass, who durst undertake nothing: all this is undeniable, and worth our recognition in estimating Friedrich. One considerably extenuating circumstance does at last turn up, —in the shape of a new piece of blame to the erring

Friedrich; his sudden anger, namely, against the meritorious General Retzow; his putting Retzow under arrest that Tuesday Evening: "How, General Retzow? You have *not* taken hold of the Stromberg for me!" That is the secret of Retzow: and on studying the ground you will find that the Stromberg, a blunt tabular Hill, of good height, detached, and towering well up over all that region, might have rendered Friedrich's position perfectly safe. "Seize me the Stromberg to-morrow morning, the first thing!" ordered Friedrich. And a Detachment went accordingly; but found Daun's people already there, — indisposed to go; nay determined not to go, and getting reinforced to unlimited amounts. So that the Stromberg was left standing, and remained Daun's; furnished with plenty of cannon by Daun. Retzow's arrest, Retzow being a steady favorite of Friedrich's, was only of a few hours: "pardonable that oversight," thinks Friedrich, though it came to cost him dear. For the rest, I find, Friedrich's keeping of this Camp, without the Stromberg, was intended to end, the third day hence: "Saturday, 14th, then, since Friday proves impossible!" Friedrich had settled. And it did end Saturday, 14th, though at an earlier *hour*, and with other results than had been expected. Keith said, "The Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here." "We must hope they are more afraid of us than even of the gallows," answered Friedrich. A very dangerous Camp; untenable without the Stromberg. Let us try to understand it, and Daun's position to it, in some slight degree.

"Hochkirch (*High*kirk) is an old Wendish-Saxon Village, standing pleasantly on its Hill-top, conspicuous for miles round on all sides, or on all but the south side, where it abuts upon other Heights, which gradually rise into Hills a good deal higher than it. The Village hangs confusedly, a jumble of cottages and colegarths, on the crown and north slope of the Height; thatched, in part tiled, and built mostly of rough stone blocks, in our time, — not of wood, as probably in Friedrich's. A solid, sluttishly comfortable-looking Village; with pleasant hay-fields, or long narrow hay-stripes (each villager has his stripe), reaching down to the northern levels. The

Church is near the top; Churchyard, and some little space farther, are nearly horizontal ground, till the next Height begins sloping up again towards the woody Hills southward. The view from this little esplanade atop, still better from the Church belfry, is wide and pretty. Free on all sides except the south: pleasant Heights and Hollows, of arable, of wood, or pasture; well watered by rushing Brooks, all making northward, direct for Spree (the Berlin Spree), or else into the Löbau Water, which is the first big branch of Spree.

"The place is still partly of Wendish speech; the Parson has to preach one half of the Sunday in Wend, the other in German. Among the Hills to south," well worth noting at present, "is one called *Czarnabog*, or 'Devil's Hill;' where the Wendish Devil and his Witches (equal to any German on his Blocksberg, or preternatural Brocken of the Harz) hold their annual *Witches'-Sabbath*, — a thing not to be contemplated without a shudder by the Wendish mind. Thereabouts, and close from Hochkirch southward, all is shadowy intricacy of thicket and wild wood. Northward too from Hochkirch, and all about, I perceive the scene was woodier then than now; — and must have looked picturesque enough (had anybody been in quest of that), with the multifarious uniforms, and tented people sprinkled far and wide among the leafy red-and-yellow of October, 1758."[1]

In the Village of Wuischke, precisely at the northern base of that shaggy Czarnabog or Devil's Hill, stand Loudon and 3,000 Croats and grenadiers, as the extreme left of Daun's position. Wuischke is nearly straight south of Hochkirch; so far westward has Loudon pushed forward with his Croats, hidden among the Hills; though Daun's general position lies a good mile to east of Friedrich's: — irregularly north and south, both Friedrich and Daun; the former ignorant what Croats and Loudonries there may be among those Devil's Hills to his right; the latter not ignorant. Friedrich's right wing, Keith in command of it, stretches to Hochkirch and a little farther: beyond Hochkirch, it has Four flank Battalions in potence form, with proper vedettes and pickets;

[1] Tourist's Note, September, 1858.

and above all, with a strong Battery of Twenty Guns, which it maintains on the next Height immediately adjoining Hochkirch, and perceptibly higher than Hochkirch. This is the finis of Keith on his right; and — except those vedettes, and pickets of Free-corps people, thrown out a little way ahead into the bushes, on that side — Friedrich's right wing knows nothing of the shaggy elevations horrent with wood, which lie to southward; and merely intends to play its Twenty Cannon upon them, should they give birth to anything. This is Friedrich's posture on his right or south wing.

From Hochkirch northward or nearly so, but sprinkled about in all the villages and points of strength, as far up as Drehsa and beyond Drehsa, to near Kotitz, a less important village, Friedrich extends about four miles; centre at Rodewitz, where his own head-quarter is, above two miles north of Hochkirch. Not far from Rodewitz, but a little to left and ahead, stands his second and best Battery, of Thirty Guns; ready to play upon Lauska, a poor village, and its roadway, should the Austrians try anything there, or from their Stromberg post, which is a good mile behind Lauska. His strength, in these lines, some count to be only 28,000, or less. Four or five miles to northeast, in and behind Weissenberg (which we used to know last summer), lies Retzow, with perhaps 10 or 12,000, which will bring him up to 40,000, were they properly joined with him as a left wing. Daun's force counts 90,000; with Friedrich lying under his nose in this insolent manner.

Daun's head-quarter, as we said, is Kittlitz; a Village some two miles short of Löbau, in the direction southeast of Friedrich; perhaps five miles to southeast of Rodewitz, Friedrich's lodging. It is close upon the Bautzen-Zittau Highway; Zittau some twenty miles to south of it, Herrnhuth and the pacific Brethren about half-way thither. Kittlitz lies more to south than Hochkirch itself; and Daun's outposts, as we saw, circle quite round among those Devil's Hills, and envelop Friedrich's right flank. But Daun's main force lies chiefly northward, and well to west, of Kittlitz; parallel to Friedrich, and eastward

of him; with elaborate intrenchments; every village, brook, bridge, height and bit of good ground, Stromberg to end with, punctually secured. Obliquely over the Stromberg, holding the Stromberg and certain Villages to southeast and to northwest of it, lies D'Ahremberg, as right wing: about 20,000 he, put into oblique potence; looking into Kotitz, which is Friedrich's extreme left; and in a good measure dividing Friedrich from the Retzow 10,000. And lastly, as reserve, in front of Reichenbach, eight or nine miles to east of all that, lies the Prince of Baden Durlach, 25,000 or so; barring Retzow on that side, and all attempts on the Silesian Road there. Daun's lines, not counting in the southern outposts or Devil's-Hill parties, are considerably longer than Friedrich's, and also considerably deeper. The two head-quarters are about five miles apart: but the two fronts — divided by a brook and good hollow running here (one of many such, making all for Löbau Water) — are not half a mile apart. Towards Hochkirch and the top of this brook, the opposing posts are quite crammed close on one another; divided only by their hollow. Many brooks, each with a definite hollow, run tinkling about here, swift but straitened to get out; especially Löbau Water, which receives them all, has to take a quite meandering circling course (through Daun's quarters and beyond them) before it can disembogue in Spree, and decidedly set out for Berlin under that new name. The Landscape — seen from Hochkirch Village, still better from the Church-steeple which lifts you high above it, and commands all round except to the south, where Friedrich's battery-height quite shuts you in, and hides even those Devil's Hills beyond — is cheerful and pretty. Village belfries, steeples and towers; airy green ridges of heights, and intricate greener valleys. now rather barer than you like. The Tourist tells me, in Friedrich's time there must have been a great deal more of wood than now.

What actually befell at Hochkirch (Saturday, 14th October, 1758).

Friedrich, for some time, — probably ever since Wednesday morning, when he found the Stromberg was not to be his, — had decided to be out of this bad post. In which, clearly enough, nothing was to be done, unless Daun would attempt something else than more and more intrenching and palisading himself. Friedrich on the second day (Thursday, 12th) rode across to Weissenberg, to give Retzow his directions, and take view of the ground: "Saturday night, Herr Retzow, sooner it cannot be [Friedrich had aimed at Friday night, but finds the Provision-convoy cannot possibly be up]; Saturday night, in all silence, we sweep round out of this, — we and you; — hurl Baden-Durlach about his business; and are at Schöps and Reichenbach, and the Silesian Highway open, next morning, to us!"[1] Quietly everything is speeding on towards this consummation, on Friedrich's part. But on Daun's part there is — started, I should guess, on the very same Thursday — another consummation getting ready, which is to fall out on Saturday *morning*, fifteen hours before that other, and entirely supersede that other! —

Keith's opinion, that the Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here, is also Loudon's opinion and Lacy's, and indeed everybody's, — and at length Daun's own; who determines to try something here, if never before or after. His plan, all judges admit, was elaborate and good; and was well executed too, — Daun himself presiding over the most critical part of the execution. A plan to have ruined almost any Army, except this Prussian one and the Captain it chanced to have. A universal camisado, or surprisal of Friedrich in his Camp, before daylight: everybody knows that it took effect (Hochkirch, Saturday, 14th October, 1758, 5 A.M. of a misty morning); nobody expects of an unassisted fellow-creature much light on so doubly dark a thing. But the truth is, there are ample accounts, exact, though very chaotic; and the thing, steadily examined, till its essential features extricate them-

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 320.

selves from the unessential, proves to be not quite so unintelligible, and nothing like so destructive, overwhelming and ruinous as was supposed.

Daun's plan is very elaborate, and includes a great many combinations; all his 90,000 to come into it, simultaneously or in succession. But the first and grandly vital part, mainspring and father to all the rest, is this: That Daun, in person, after nightfall of Friday, shall, with the pick of his force, say 30,000 horse and foot, with all their artilleries and tools, silently quit his now position in front of Hochkirch, Friedrich's right wing. Shall sweep off, silently to southward and leftward, by Wuischke; thence westward and northward, by the northern base of those Devil Mountains, through the shaggy hollows and thick woods there, hitherto inhabited by Croats only, and unknown to the Prussians: forward, ever forward, through the night-watches that way; till he has fairly got to the flank of Hochkirch and Friedrich: Daun to be standing there, all round from the southern environs of Hochkirch, westward through the woods, by Meschwitz, Steindörfel, and even north to Waditz (if readers will consult their Map), silently enclosing Friedrich, as in the bag of a net, in this manner; — ready every man and gun by about four on Saturday morning. Are to wait for the stroke of five in Hochkirch steeple; and there and then to begin business, — there first; but, on success *there*, the whole 90,000 everywhere, — and to draw the strings on Friedrich, and bag and strangle his astonished people and him.

The difficulty has been to keep it perfectly secret from so vigilant a man as Friedrich: but Daun has completely succeeded. Perhaps Friedrich's eyes have been a little dimmed by contempt of Daun: Daun, for the last two days especially, has been more diligent than ever to palisade himself on every point; nothing, seemingly, on hand but felling woods, building abatis, against some dangerous Lion's-spring. They say also, he detected a traitor in his camp; traitor carrying Letters to Friedrich under pretence of fresh eggs, — one of the eggs blown, and a Note of Daun's Procedures substituted as yolk. "You are dead, sirrah," said Daun; "hoisted to the highest

gallows: Are not you? But put in a Note of my dictating, and your beggarly life is saved." Retzow Junior, though there is no evidence except of the circumstantial kind, thinks this current story may be true.[1] Certain it is, neither Friedrich nor any of his people had the least suspicion of Daun's project, till the moment it exploded on them, when the clock at Hochkirch struck five. Daun, in the last two days, had been felling even more trees than they are aware of, — thousands of trees in those Devil's wildernesses to Friedrich's right; and has secretly hewn himself roads, passable by night for men and ammunition-wagons there: — and in front of Friedrich, especially Hochkirch way, Daun seems busier than ever felling wood, this Friday night; numbers of people running about with axes, with lanterns over there, as if in the push of hurry, and making a great deal of noise. "Intending retreat for Zittau to-morrow!" thinks Friedrich, as the false egg-yolk had taught him; or merely, "That poor precautionary fellow!" supposing the false yolk a myth. In short, Daun has got through his nocturnal wildernesses with perfect success. And stands, dreamt of by no enemy, in the places appointed for his 30,000 and him; and that poor old clock of Hochkirch, unweariedly grunting forward to the stroke of five, will strike up something it is little expecting! —

The Prussians have vedettes, pickets and small outposts of Free-corps people scattered about within their border of that Austrian Wood, the body of which, about Hochkirch as everywhere else, belongs wholly to Croats. Of course there are guard-parties, sentries duly vigilant, in the big Battery to southeast of Hochkirch, — and along southwestward in that *potence*, or fore-arm of Four Battalions, which are stationed there. Four good Battalions looking southward there, with Cavalry to right; Ziethen's Cavalry, — whose horses stand saddled through the night, ready always for the nocturnal "Pandourade," which seldom fails them. There, as elsewhere, are the due vigilances, watchmen, watch-fires. The rest of the Prussian Army is in its blankets, wholly asleep, while Daun stands waiting for the stroke of five.

[1] Retzow, i. 347.

That Daun, bursting in with his chosen 30,000, will trample down the sleeping Prussian *potence* at Hochkirch; capture its big Battery to left, its Village of Hochkirch to rear, and do extensive ruin on the whole right wing of Friedrich; rendering Friedrich everywhere an easy conquest to the rest of Daun's people, who stand, far and wide, duly posted and prepared, waiting only their signal from Hochkirch: much of this, all of it that had regard to Hochkirch Battery and Village, and the Prussians stationed there, Daun did execute. And readers, from the data they have got, must conceive the manner of it, — human description of the next Two Hours, about Hochkirch, in the thick darkness there, and stormful sudden inroad, and stormful resistance made, being manifestly an impossible thing. Nobody was "massacred in his bed," as the sympathetic gazetteers fancied; nobody was killed, that I hear of, without arms, in his hand: but plenty of people perished, fierce of humor, on both sides; and from half-past five till towards eight, there was a general blaze of fiery chaos pushing out ever and anon, swallowed in the belly of Night again, such as was seldom seen in this world. Instead of confused details, and wearisome enumeration of particulars, which nobody would listen to or understand, we will give one intelligent young gentleman's experience, our friend Tempelhof's, who stood in this part of the Prussian Line; experience distinct and indubitable to us; and which was pretty accurately symbolical, I otherwise see, of what befell on all points thereabouts. Faithfully copied, and in the essential parts not even abridged, here it is: —

Tempelhof, at that time a subaltern of artillery, was stationed with a couple of 24-pounders in attendance on the Battalion Plothow, which with three others and some cavalry lay to the south side of Hochkirch, forming a kind of fore-arm or *potence* there to right of the big Battery, with their rear to Hochkirch; and keeping vedettes and Free-corps parties spread out into the woods and Devil's Hills ahead. Tempelhof had risen about three, as usual; had his guns and gunners ready; and was standing by the watch-fire, "expecting

the customary Pandourade," and what form it would take this morning. "Close on five o'clock; and not a mouse stirring! We are not to have our Pandourade, then?" On a sudden, noise bursts out; noise enough, sharp fire among the Free-corps people; fire growing ever sharper, noisier, for the next half-hour, but nothing whatever to be seen. "Battalion Plothow had soon got its clothes on, all to the spatterdashes; and took rank to right and left of the *flèche*, and of my two guns, in front of its post: but on account of the thick fog everything was totally dark. I fired off my cannons [shall we say straight southward?] to learn whether there was anything in front of us. No answer: 'Nothing there — Pshaw, a mere crackery (*Geknacker*) of Pandours and our Free-corps people, after all!' But the noise grew louder, and came ever nearer; I turned my guns towards it [southward, southeastward, or perhaps a gun each way?] — and here we had a salvo in response, from some battalions who seemed to be two hundred yards or so ahead. The Battalion Plothow hereupon gave fire; I too plied my cannons what I could, — and had perhaps delivered fifteen double shots from them, when at once I tumbled to the ground, and lost all consciousness" for some minutes or moments.

Awakening with the blood running down his face, poor Tempelhof concluded it had been a musket-shot in the head; but on getting to his hands and knees, he found the place "full of Austrian grenadiers, who had crept in through our tents to rear; and that it had been a knock with the butt of the musket from one of those fellows, and not a bullet" that had struck him down. Battalion Plothow, assailed on all sides, resisted on all sides; and Tempelhof saw from the ground, — I suppose, by the embers of watch-fires, and by rare flashes of musketry, for they did not fire much, having no room, but smashed and stabbed and cut, — "an infantry fight which in murderous intensity surpasses imagination. I was taken prisoner at this turn; but soon after got delivered by our cavalry again."[1]

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 324 n.

This latter circumstance, of being delivered by the Cavalry, I find to be of frequent occurrence in that first act of the business there: the Prussian Battalion, surprised on front and rear, always makes murderous fight for itself: is at last overwhelmed, obliged to retire, perhaps opening its way by bayonet charge; — upon which our Cavalry (Ziethen's, and others that gathered to him) cutting in upon the disordered surprisers, cut them into flight, rescue the prisoners, and for a time reinstate matters. The Prussian battalions do not run (nobody runs); but when repulsed by the endless odds, rally again. The big Battery is not to be had of them without fierce and dogged struggle; and is retaken more than once or twice. Still fiercer, more dogged, was the struggle in Hochkirch Village; especially in Hochkirch Church and Churchyard, — whither the Battalion Margraf-Karl had flung themselves; the poor Village soon taking fire about them. Soon taking fire, and continuing to be a scene of capture and recapture, by the flame-light; while Battalion Margraf-Karl stood with invincible stubbornness, pouring death from it; not to be compulsed by the raging tide of Austrian grenadiers; not by "six Austrian battalions," by "eight," or by never so many. Stood at bay there; levelling whole masses of them, — till its cartridges were spent, all to one or two per man; and Major Lange, the heroic Captain of it, said, "We shall have to go, then, my men; let us cut ourselves through!" — and did so, in an honorably invincible manner; some brave remnant actually getting through, with Lange himself wounded to death.

I think it was not till towards six o'clock that the right wing generally became aware what the case was: "More than a Pandourade, yes;" — though what it might be, in the thick fog which had fallen, blotting out all vestiges of daylight, nobody could well say. Rallied Battalions, reinforced by this or the other Battalion hurrying up from leftward, always charge in upon the enemy, in Hochkirch or wherever he is busy; generally push him back into the Night; but are then fallen upon on both flanks by endless new strength, and obliged to draw back in turn. And Ziethen's Horse, in the

mean while, do execution; breaking in on the tumultuous victors; new Cuirassiers, Gens-d'Armes dashing up to help, so soon as saddled, and charging with a will: so that, on the whole, the enemy, variously attempting, could make nothing of us on that western, or rearward side, — thanks mainly to Ziethen and the Horse. "Had we but waited till three or four of our Battalions had got up!" say the Prussian narrators. But it is thick mist; few yards ahead you cannot see at all, unless it be flame; and close at hand, all things and figures waver indistinct, — hairy outlines of blacker shadows on a ground of black.

It must have been while Lange was still fighting, perhaps before Lange took to the Church of Hochkirch, scarcely later than half-past six (but nobody thought of pulling out his watch in such a business!) — about six, or half-past six, when Keith, who has charge of this wing, and lodges somewhere below or north of Hochkirch, came to understand that his big Battery was taken; that here was such a Pandourade as had not been before; and that, of a surety, said Battery must be retaken. Keith springs on horseback; hastily takes "Battalion Kannacker" and several remnants of others; rushes upwards, "leaving Hochkirch a little to right; direct upon the big Battery." Recaptures the big Battery. But is set upon by overwhelming multitudes, bent to have it back; — is passionate for new assistance in this vital point; but can get none: had been "*disarted* by both his Aide-de-camps," says poor John Tebay, a wandering English horse-soldier, who attends him as mounted groom; "asked twenty times, and twenty more, 'Where are my Aide-de-camps!'"[1] — but could get no response or reinforcement; and at length, quite surrounded and overwhelmed, had to retire; opening his way by the bayonet; and before long, suddenly stopping short, —

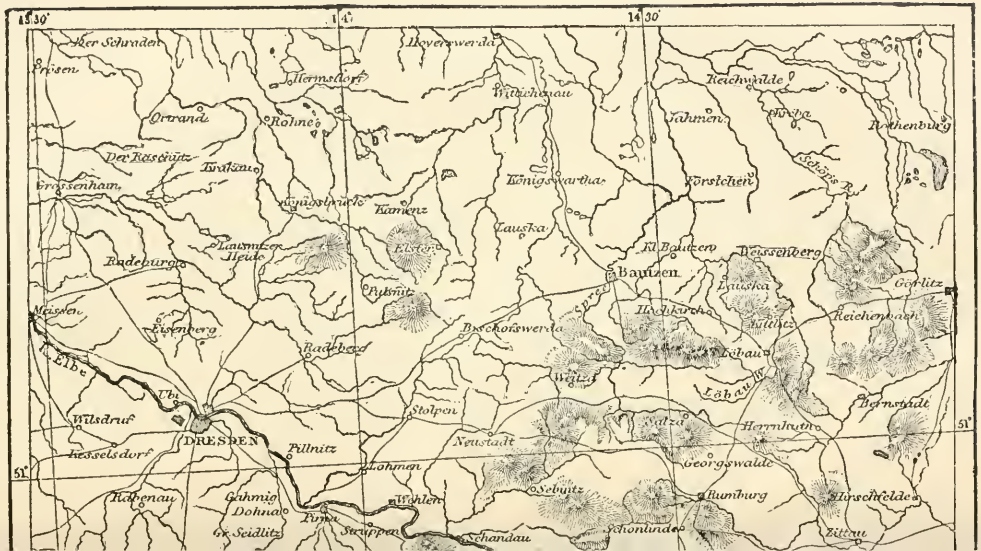
[1] "Captens Cockcey and Goudy" he calls them — (*Cocceji* whose Father the Kanzler we have seen, and *Gaudi* whose self), — who both had, in succession, struck into Hochkirch as the less desperate place, according to Tebay: see *Tebay's Letter* to Mitchell, "Crossen, October 29th" (in *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 501–505); — which is probably true every word, allowing for Tebay's temper; but is highly indecipherable, though not entirely so after many readings and researchings.

falling dead into Tebay's arms; shot through the heart. Two shots on the right side he had not regarded; but this on the left side was final: Keith's fightings are suddenly all done. Tebay, in distraction, tried much to bring away the body; but could by no present means; distractedly "rid for a coach;" found, on return, that the Austrians had the ground, and the body of his master; Hochkirch, Church and all, now undisputedly theirs.

To appearance, it was this news of Keith's repulse (I know not whether of Keith's *death* as yet) that first roused Friedrich to a full sense of what was now going on, two miles to south of him. Friedrich, according to his habits, must have been awake and afoot when the Business first broke out; though, for some considerable time, treating it as nothing but a common crackery of Pandours. Already, finding the Pandourade louder than usual, he had ordered out to it one battalion and the other that lay handy: but now he pushes forward several battalions under Franz of Brunswick (his youngest Brother-in-law), with Margraf Karl and Prince Moritz: "Swift you, to Hochkirch yonder!" — and himself springs on horseback to deal with the affair. Prince Franz of Brunswick, poor young fellow, cheerily coming on, near Hochkirch had his head shorn off by a cannon-ball. Moritz of Dessau, too, "riding within twenty yards of the Austrians," so dark was it, he so near-sighted, got badly hit, — and soon after, driving to Bautzen for surgery, was made prisoner by Pandours;[1] never fought again, "died next year of cancer in the lip." Nothing but triumphant Austrian shot and cannon-shot going yonder; these battalions too have to fall back with sore loss.

Friedrich himself, by this time, is forward in the thick of the tumult, with another body of battalions; storming furiously along, has his horse shot under him; storms through, "successfully, by the other side of Hochkirch" (Hochkirch to his left): — but finds, as the mist gradually sinks, a ring of Austrians massed ahead, on the Heights; as far as Steindörfel

[1] In *Archenholtz* (i. 289, 290) his dangerous adventures on the road to Bautzen, in this wounded condition.


13° 30'
14°
14° 30'
51°
Herr Schrader
Preisen
Hoyerswerda
Ilermsdorf
Reichwalde
Qerrand
Rolnes
Wittichenau
Jahmen
Rothenburg
Der Kesselsitz
Trakau
Grossenhain
Königswartha
Förstchen
Schöps R.
Kamenz
Lausitzer Heide
Lausk
Kl. Bolkwitz
Weissenberg
Radeburg
Pulsnitz
Bautzen
Görlitz
Meissen
Elbe
Ebenberg
Bischofswerda
Hochkirch
Reichenau
Radeberg
Löbau
Wilsdruf
Stolpen
Herrnhut
DRESDEN
Neustadt
Pillnitz
Kesselsdorf
Lohmen
Georgswalde
Rabenau
Gahmig
Dohna
Wehlen
Nixdorf
Herschfelde
Gr. Seidlitz
Pirna
Struppen
Schandau
Schönlinde
Zittau

BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH.

14TH OCTOBER. 1758.

a.a.a. First position of the Austrian Army. b.b. Extreme left under Loudon.
c.c. Austrian Reserve under Baden-Durlach. d.d.d. Prussian Army. e.e. The two main Prussian Batteries. f. Ziethen's Cavalry
g.g. Prussian Vanguard under Retzow. h.h.h. Advance of Austrian Army. i. Right wing under D'Ahremberg.
k.k.k. Position taken by the Prussians after the Battle.

and farther, a general continent of Austrians enclosing all the south and southwest; and, in fact, that here is now nothing to be done. That the question of his flank is settled; that the question now is of his front, which the appointed Austrian parties are now upon attacking. Question especially of the Heights of Drehsa, and of the Pass and Brook of Drehsa (rearward of his centre part), where his one retreat will lie, Steindörfel being now lost. Part first of the Affair is ended; Part second of it begins.

Rapidly enough Friedrich takes his new measures. Seizes Drehsa Height, which will now be key of the field; despatches Möllendorf thither (Möllendorf our courageous Leuthen friend); who vigorously bestirs himself; gets hold of Drehsa Height before the enemy can; Ziethen co-operating on the Heights of Kumschütz, Canitz and other points of vantage. And thus, in effect, Friedrich pulls up his torn right skirt (as he is doing all his other skirts) into new compact front against the Austrians: so that, in that southwestern part especially, the Austrians do not try it farther; but "retire at full gallop," on sight of this swift seizure of the Keys by Möllendorf and Ziethen. Friedrich also despatches instant order to Retzow, to join him at his speediest. Friedrich everywhere rearranges himself, hither, thither, with skilful rapidity, in new Line of Battle; still hopeful to dispute what is left of the field; — longing much that Retzow could come on wings.

By this time (towards eight, if I might guess) Day has got the upper hand; the Daun Austrians stand visible on their Ring of Heights all round, behind Hochkirch and our late Battery, on to westward and northward, as far as Steindörfel and Waditz; — extremely busy rearranging themselves into something of line; there being much confusion, much simmering about in clumps and gaps, after such a tussle. In front of us, to eastward, the appointed Austrian parties are proceeding to attack: but in daylight, and with our eyes open, it is a thing of difficulty, and does not prosper as Hochkirch did. Duke D'Ahremberg, on their extreme right, had in

charge to burst in upon our left, so soon as he saw Hochkirch done: D'Ahremberg does try; as do others in their places, near Daun; but with comparatively little success. D'Ahremberg, meeting something of check or hindrance where he tried, pauses, for a good while, till he see how others prosper. Their grand chance is their superiority of number; and the fact that Friedrich can try nothing upon *them*, but must stand painfully on the defensive till Retzow come. To Friedrich, Retzow seems hugely slow about it. But the truth is, Baden-Durlach, with his 20,000 of Reserve, has, as per order, made attack on Retzow, 20,000 against 12: one of the feeblest attacks conceivable; but sufficient to detain Retzow till he get it repulsed. Retzow is diligent as Time, and will be here.

Meanwhile, the Austrians on front do, in a sporadic way, attack and again attack our batteries and posts; especially that big Battery of Thirty Guns, which we have to north of Rodewitz. The Austrians do take that Battery at last; and are beginning again to be dangerous, — the rather as D'Ahremberg seems again to be thinking of business. It is high time Retzow were here! Few sights could be gladder to Friedrich, than the first glitter of Retzow's vanguard, — horse, under Prince Eugen of Würtemberg, — beautifully wending down from Weissenberg yonder; skilfully posting themselves, at Belgern and elsewhere, as thorns in the sides of D'Ahremberg (sharp enough, on trial by D'Ahremberg). Followed, before long, by Retzow himself; serenely crossing Löbau Water; and, with great celerity, and the best of skill, likewise posting himself, — hopelessly to D'Ahremberg, who tries nothing farther. The sun is now shining; it is now ten of the day. Had Retzow come an hour sooner; — before we lost that big Battery and other things! But he could come no sooner; be thankful he is here at last, in such an overawing manner.

Friedrich, judging that nothing now can be made of the affair, orders retreat. Retreat, which had been getting schemed, I suppose, and planned in the gloom of the royal mind, ever since loss of that big Battery at Rodewitz. Little

to occupy him, in this interim; except indignant waiting, rigorously steady, and some languid interchange of cannon-shot between the parties. Retreat is to Klein-Bautzen neighborhood (new head-quarter Doberschütz, outposts Kreckwitz and Purschwitz); four miles or so to northwest. Rather a shifting of your ground, which astonishes the military reader ever since, than a retreating such as the common run of us expected. Done in the usual masterly manner; part after part wending off, Retzow standing minatory here, Möllendorf minatory there, in the softest quasi-rhythmic sequence; Cavalry all drawn out between Belgern and Kreckwitz, baggage-wagons filing through the Pass of Drehsa; — not an Austrian meddling with it, less or more; Daun and his Austrians standing in their ring of five miles, gazing into it like stone statues; their regiments being still in a confused state, — and their Daun an extremely slow gentleman.[1]

And in this manner Friedrich, like a careless swimmer caught in the Mahlstrom, has not got swallowed in it; but has made such a buffeting of it, he is here out of it again, without bone broken, — not, we hope, without instruction from the adventure. He has lost 101 pieces of cannon, most of his tents and camp-furniture; and, what is more irreparable, above 8,000 of his brave people, 5,381 of them and 119 Officers (Keith and Moritz for two) either dead or captive. In men the Austrian loss, it seems, is not much lower, some say is rather a shade higher; by their own account, 325 Officers, 5,614 rank and file, killed and wounded, — not reckoning 1,000 prisoners they lost to us, and "at least 2,000" who took that chance of deserting in the intricate dark woods.[2]

Friedrich, all say, took his punishment in a wonderfully cheerful manner. De Catt the Reader, entering to him that evening as usual, the King advanced, in a tragic declamatory attitude; and gave him, with proper voice and gesture, an appropriate passage of Racine: —

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 319–336; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 432–453; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 241–257; Archenholtz, &c. &c.

[2] Tempelhof, ii. 336; but see Kausler, p. 576.

"Enfin après un an, tu me revois, Arbate,
Non plus comme autrefois cet heureux Mithridate,
Qui, de Rome toujours balançant le destin,
Tenait entre elle et moi l'univers incertain.
Je suis vaincu; Pompée a saisi l'avantage
D'une nuit qui laissait peu de place au courage;
Mes soldats presque nus, dans" — . . .

Not a little to De Catt's comfort.[1] During the retreat itself, Retzow Junior had come, as Papa's Aide-de-Camp, with a message to the King; found him on the heights of Klein Bautzen, watching the movements. Message done with, the King said, in a smiling tone, "Daun has played me a slippery trick to-day!" "I have seen it," answered Retzow; "but it is only a scratch, which your Majesty will soon manage to heal again." — "*Glaubt Er dies*, Do you think so?" "Not only I, but the whole Army firmly believe it of your Majesty." — "You are quite right," added the King, in a confidentially candid way: "We will manage Daun. What I lament is, the number of brave men that have died this morning."[2] On the morrow, he was heard to say publicly: "Daun has let us out of checkmate; the game is not lost yet. We will rest ourselves here, a few days; then go for Silesia, and deliver Neisse." The Anecdote-Books (perhaps not mythically) add this: "Where are all your guns, though?" said the King to an Artilleryman, standing vacant on parade, next day. "*Ihro Majestät*, the Devil stole them all, last night!" — "Hm, well, we must have them back from him."[3]

Nothing immoderately depressive in Hochkirch, it appears; — though, alas, on the fourth day after, there came a message from Baireuth; which did strike one down: "My noble Wilhelmina dead; died in the very hours while we were fighting here!"[4] Readers must conceive it: coming unexpected more or less, black as sudden universal hurricane, on the heart of the

[1] Rödenbeck, i. 354.

[2] Retzow, i. 359 n.

[3] Archenholtz, i. 299.

[4] On a common Business-Letter to Prince Henri, "Doberschütz, 18th October, 1758," is this sudden bit of Autograph: "*Grand Dieu, ma Sœur de Bareith!*" — (Schöning, *Der siebenjährige Krieg, nach der Original-Correspondenz &c. aus den Staats-Archiven:* Potsdam, 1851: i. 287.)

man; a sorrow sacred, yet immeasurable, irremediable to him; as if the sky too were falling on his head, in aid of the mean earth and its ravenings: — of all this there can nothing be said at present. Friedrich's one relief seems to have been the necessity laid on him of perpetual battling with outward business; — we may fancy, in the rapid weeks following, how much was lying at all times in the background of his mind suppressed into its caves.

Daun, it appears, was considerably elated; spent a great deal of his time, so precious just at present, in writing despatches, in congratulating and being congratulated; — did an elaborate *Te-Deum*, or Ambrosian Song, in Artillery and *vox humana*, — which with the adjuncts, say splenetic people, as at Kolin, sensibly assisted Friedrich's affairs. Daun was by no means of braggart turn; but the recognition of his matchless achievement by the gazetteer public, whether in exultation or in lamentation, was loud and universal; and the joy, in Vienna and the cognate quarters, knew no bounds for the time being. Thus, among other tokens, the Holiness of our Lord the Pope, blessing Heaven for such success against the Heretic, was pleased to send him "a Consecrated Hat and Sword," — such as the old Popes were wont, very long ago, to bestow on distinguished Champions against the Heathen, — (much jeered at, and crowed over, by a profane Friedrich[1]): "the effect of which miraculous furnishings," says Tempelhof, "turned out to be that the Feldmarschall never gained any success more;" in fact, except that small thing on Finck next Year, never any, as it chanced. Daun had withdrawn to his old Camp, on the day of Hochkirch; leaving only a detachment on the field there: it was not for six or seven days more that he stept out to the Kreckwitz and Purschwitz neighborhood; more within sight of his vanquished enemy, — but nothing like vigilant enough of what might still be in him, after such vanquishing! — We must spare this Note, for the sake of a heroic kind of man, who had not too much of reward in the world: —

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 122, 124, 126, &c. &c.: in *Preuss*, ii. 196, complete List of these poor Pieces; which are hearty, not hypocritical, in their contemptuous hilarity, but have little other merit.

"Tebay could not recover Keith's body: Croats had the plundering of Keith; other Austrians, not of Croat kind, carried the dead General into Hochkirch Church: Lacy's emotion on recognizing him there, — like a tragic gleam of his own youth suddenly brought back to him, as in starlight, piercing and sad, from twenty years distance, — is well known in Books. On the morrow, Sunday, October 15th, Keith had honorable soldier's-burial there, — 'twelve cannon' salvoing thrice, and 'the whole Corps of Colloredo' with their muskets thrice; Lacy as chief mourner, not without tears. Four months after, by royal order, Keith's body was conveyed to Berlin; reinterred in Berlin, in a still more solemn public manner, with all the honors, all the regrets; and Keith sleeps now in the Garnison-Kirche: — far from bonnie Inverugie; the hoarse sea-winds and caverns of Dunottar singing vague requiem to his honorable line and him, in the imaginations of some few. 'My Brother leaves me a noble legacy,' said the old Lord Marischal: 'last year he had Bohemia under ransom; and his personal estate is 70 ducats' (about £25).[1]

"In Hochkirch Church there is still, not in the Churchyard as formerly, a fine, modestly impressive Monument to Keith; modest Urn of black marble on a Pedestal of gray, — and, in gold letters, an Inscription not easily surpassable in the lapidary way: . . . 'Dum in Prælio non procul hinc Inclinatam suorum aciem Mente manu voce et exemplo Restituebat Pugnans ut heroas decet Occubuit. D. xiv. Octobris' These words go through you like the clang of steel.[2] Friedrich's sorrow over him ('tears,' high eulogies, '*loua extrêmement*') is itself a monument. Twenty years after, Keith had from his Master a Statue, in Berlin. One of Four; to the Four most deserving: Schwerin (1771), Win-

[1] Varnhagen, p. 261.

[2] In *Rödenbeck*, i. 149. Given also (very nearly correct) in *Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith* (London, 1849), i. 151. This is the junior of the two Diplomatic Roberts, genealogical cousins of Keith; by this one (in 1771, not 1776 as German Guide-books have it) the Hochkirch Monument was set up. A very interesting Collection of *Letters* those of his; — edited with the usual darkness, or rather more.

terfeld (1777), Seidlitz (1778), Keith (when?),[1] — which still stand in the Wilhelm Platz there.

"Hochkirch Church has been rebuilt in late years: a spacious airy Church, with galleries, and requisites, especially with free air, light and cleanliness. Capable perhaps of 1,500 sitters: half of them Wends. 'Above 700 skeletons, in one heap, were dug out, in cutting the new foundations.' The strong outer Door of the old Church, red oak, I should think, is still retained in that capacity; still shows perhaps half a dozen rough big quasi-*keyholes*, torn through it in different parts, and daylight shining in, where the old bullets passed. The Keith Monument, perhaps four feet high, is on the flagged floor, left side of the pulpit, close by the wall, — 'the bench where Keith's body lay has had to be cased in new plank [zinc would be better] against the knives of tourists.'"

Old Lord Marischal — George, "*Maréchal d'Ecosse*" as he always signs himself — was by this time seventy-two; King's Governor of Neufchâtel, for a good while past and to come (1754–1763). In "James," the junior, but much the stronger and more solid, he has lost, as it were, a *father* and younger brother at once; father, under beautiful conditions; and the tears of the old man are natural and affecting. Ten years older than his Brother; and survived him still twenty years. An excellent cheery old soul, he too; honest as the sunlight, with a fine small vein of gayety, and "pleasant wit," in him: what a treasure to Friedrich at Potsdam, in the coming years; and how much loved by him (almost as one *boy* loves another), all readers would be surprised to discover. Some hints of him will perhaps be allowed us farther on.

Sequel of Hochkirch; the Campaign ends in a Way surprising to an attentive Public (22d October–20th November, 1758).

There followed upon Hochkirch five weeks of rapid events; such as nobody had been calculating on. To the reader, so weary of marchings, manœuvrings, surprisals, campings and

[1] Nicolai (*Beschreibung der Residenzstädte*, i. 193, 194) gives these dates for the Three, and for Keith's no date.

details of war, not many words, we hope, may render these results conceivable.

Friedrich stayed ten days, refitting himself, in that Camp of Klein-Bautzen, on one of the branches of the Spree. Daun, who had retired to his old strong place, on the 14th, scarcely occupying Hochkirch Field at all, came out in about a week; and took a strong post near Friedrich; not attempting anything upon him, but watching him, now better within sight. Friedrich's fixed intention is, to march to Neisse all the same; what probably Daun, under the shadow of his laurels and his new Papal Hat, may not have considered possible, with the road to Neisse blocked by 80,000 men. Friedrich has refitted himself with the requisite new cannon and furnitures, from Dresden; especially with Prince Henri and 6,000 foot and horse, — led by Prince Henri in person; so Prince Henri would have it, the capricious little man; and that Finck should be left in Saxony instead of him. All which weakens Saxony not a little. But Friedrich hopes the Reichs Army is a feeble article; ill off for provision in those parts, and not likely to attempt very much on the sudden. Accordingly: —

Friedrich marches, enigmatically, not on Glogau, but on Reichenbach and Görlitz; to Daun's Astonishment.

Sunday Evening, October 22d, Convoy of many wagons quit Bautzen (Bautzen Proper, not the Village, but the Town), laden with all the wounded of Hochkirch; above 3,000 by count, to carry them to Dresden for deliberate surgery. Keith's Tebay, I perceive, is in this Convoy; not ill hurt, but willing to lie in Hospital a little, and consider. These poor fellows cannot get to Dresden: on the second day, a Daun Detachment, hussaring about in those parts, is announced ahead; and (by new order from head-quarters) the Convoy turns northwards for Hoyerswerda, — (to Tebay's disgust with the Commandant; "shied off," says Tebay, "for twelve hussars!"[1]) — and, I think, in the end, went on to Glogau instead of Dresden. Which was very fortunate for Tebay and the others. The poor wounded being thus disposed of, Friedrich next

[1] Second *Letter* from Tebay, in Mitchell, *ubi suprà.*

night, at 10 o'clock, Monday, 23d, in the softest manner, pushes off his Bakery and Army Stores a little way, northward down the Spree Valley, on the western fork of the Spree (fork farthest from Daun); follows, himself, with the rest of the Army, next evening, down the eastern fork, also northward. "Going for Glogau," thinks Daun, when the hussars report about it (late on Tuesday night): "Let him go, if he fancy that a road *to* Neisse! But, indeed, what other shift has he," considers Daun, "but to try rallying at Glogau yonder, safe under the guns?" — and is not in the slightest haste about this new matter.[1]

United with his baggage-column, Friedrich proceeds northeastward; crosses Spree still northward or northeastward; encamps there, in the dark hours of Tuesday; no Daun heeding him. Before daylight, however, Friedrich is again on foot; in several columns now, for the bad country-roads ahead; — and has struck straight *south*eastward, if Daun were noting him. And, in the afternoon of Wednesday, Daun is astonished to learn that this wily Enemy is arrived in Reichenbach vicinity; sweeping in our poor posts thereabouts; immovably astride of the Silesian Highway, after all! An astonished Daun hastens out, what he can, to take survey of the sudden Phenomenon. Tries it, next day and next, with his best Loudons and appliances; finds that this Phenomenon can actually march to Neisse ahead of him, indifferent to Pandours, or giving them as good as they bring; — and that nothing but a battle and beating (could we rashly dream of such a thing, which we cannot) will prevent it. "Very well, then!" Daun strives to say. And lets the Phenomenon march (*from* Görlitz, *October 30th*); Loudon harassing the rear of it, for some days; not without counter harassment, much waste of cannonading, and ruin to several poor Lausitz Villages by fire, — "Prussians scandalously burn them, when we attack!" says Loudon. Till, at last, finding this march impregnably arranged, "split into two routes," and ready for all chances, Loudon also withdraws to more promising business. Poor General Retzow Senior was of this march; absolutely could not be excused,

[1] Tempelhof, ii. 341–347.

though fallen ill of dysentery, like to die; — and did die, the day after he got to Schweidnitz, when the difficulties and excitement were over.[1]

Of Friedrich's march, onward from Görlitz, we shall say nothing farther, except that the very wind of it was salvatory to his Silesian Fortresses and interests. That at Neisse, on and after November 1st, — which is the third or second day of Friedrich's march, — General Treskow, Commandant of Neisse, found the bombardment slacken more and more ("King of Prussia coming," said the Austrian deserters to us); and that, on November 6th, Treskow, looking out from Neisse, found the Austrian trenches empty, Generals Harsch and Deville hurrying over the Hills homewards, — pickings to be had of them by Treskow, — and Neisse Siege a thing finished.[2] It had lasted, in the way of blockade and half-blockade, for about three months; Deville, for near one month, half-blockading, then Harsch (since September 30th) wholly blockading, with Deville under him, and an army of 20,000; though the actual cannonade, very fierce, but of no effect, could not begin till little more than a week ago, — so difficult the getting up of siege-material in those parts. Kosel, under Commandant Lattorf, whose praises, like Treskow's, were great, — had stood four months of Pandour blockading and assaulting, which also had to take itself away on advent of Friedrich. Of Friedrich, on his return-journey, we shall hear again before long; but in the mean while must industriously follow Daun.

Feldmarschall Daun and the Reichs Army try some Siege of Dresden (9th–16th November).

October 30th, Daun, seeing Neisse Siege as good as gone to water, decided with himself that he could still do a far more important stroke: capture Dresden, get hold of Saxony in

[1] Retzow, i. 372.

[2] *Tagebuch*, &c. ("Diary of the Siege of Neisse," 4th August, 26th October, 6th November, 1758, "1 A.M. suddenly"), in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 468–472: of Treskow's own writing; brief and clear. *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268–270.

Friedrich's absence. Daun turned round from Reichenbach, accordingly; and, at his slow-footed pace, addressed himself to that new errand. Had he made better despatch, or even been in better luck, it is very possible he might have done something there. In Dresden, and in Governor Schmettau with his small garrison, there is no strength for a siege; in Saxony is nothing but some poor remnant under Finck, much of it Free-corps and light people: capable of being swallowed by the Reichs Army itself, — were the Reichs Army enterprising, or in good circumstances otherwise. It is true the Russians have quitted Colberg as impossible; and are flowing homewards dragged by hunger: the little Dohna Army will, therefore, march for Saxony; the little Anti-Swedish Army, under Wedell, has likewise been mostly ordered thither; both at their quickest. For Daun, all turns on despatch; loiter a little, and Friedrich himself will be here again!

Daun, I have no doubt, stirred his slow feet the fastest he could. *November 7th*, Daun was in the neighborhood of Pirna Country again, had his Bridge at Pirna, for communication; urged the Reichs Army to bestir itself, Now or never. Reichs Army did push out a little against Finck; made him leave that perpetual Camp of Gahmig, take new camps, Kesselsdorf and elsewhere; and at length made him shoot across Elbe, to the northwest, on a pontoon bridge below Dresden, with retreating room to northward, and shelter under the guns of that City. Reichs Army has likewise made powerful detachments for capture of Leipzig and the northwestern towns; capture of Torgau, the Magazine town, first of all: summon them, with force evidently overpowering, "Free withdrawal, if you don't resist; and if you do — !" At Torgau there was actual attempt made (November 12th), rather elaborate and dangerous looking; under Haddick, with near 10,000 of the "Austrian-auxiliary" sort: to whom the old Commandant — judging Wedell, the late Anti-Swedish Wedell, to be now near — rushed out with "300 men and one big gun;" and made such a firing and gesticulation as was quite extraordinary, as if Wedell were here already: till Wedell's self did come in sight; and the overpowering Reichs Detachment made its best speed else-

whither.[1] The other Sieges remained things of theory; the other Reichs Detachments hurried home, I think, without summoning anybody.

Meanwhile, Daun, with the proper Artilleries at last ready, comes flowing forward (*November 8th–9th*); and takes post in the Great Garden, or south side of Dresden; minatory to Schmettau and that City. The walls, or works, are weak; outside there is nothing but Mayer and the Free Corps to resist, who indeed has surpassed himself this season, and been extraordinarily diligent upon that lazy Reichs Army. Commandant Schmettau signifies to Daun, the day Daun came in sight, "If your Excellenz advance farther on me, the grim Rules of War in besieged places will order That I burn the Suburbs, which are your defences in attacking me," — and actually fills the fine houses on the Southern Suburb with combustible matter, making due announcements, to Court and population, as well as to Daun. "Burn the Suburbs?" answers Daun: "In the name of civilized humanity, you will never think of such thing!" "That will I, your Excellenz, of a surety, and do it!" answers Schmettau. So that Dresden is full of pity, terror and speculation. The common rumor is, says Excellency Mitchell, who is sojourning there for the present, "That Brühl [nefarious Brühl, born to be the death of us!] has persuaded Polish Majesty to sanction this enterprise of Daun's," — very careless, Brühl, what become of Dresden or us, so the King of Prussia be well hurt or spited!

Certain enough, *November 9th*, Daun does come on, regardless of Schmettau's assurances; so that, "about midnight," Mayer, who "can hear the enemy busily building four big batteries" withal, has to report himself driven to the edge of those high Houses (which are filled with combustibles), and that some Croats are got into the upper windows. "Burn them, then!" answers Schmettau (such the dire necessity of sieged places): and, "at 3 A.M." (three hours' notice to the poor inmates), Mayer does so; hideous flames bursting out, punctually at the stroke of 3: "whole Suburb seemed on blaze [about

[1] Tempelhof, &c.; "Letter from a Prussian Officer," in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 286.

a sixth part of it actually so], nay you would have said the whole Town was environed in flames." Excellency Mitchell climbed a steeple: "will not describe to your Lordship the horror, the terror and confusion of this night; wretched inhabitants running with their furniture [what of it they had got flung out, between 12 o'clock and 3] towards the Great Garden; all Dresden, to appearance, girt in flames, ruins and smoke." Such a night in Dresden, especially in the Pirna Suburb, as was never seen before.[1] This was the sad beginning, or attempt at beginning, of Dresden Siege; and this also was the end of it, on Daun's part at present. For four days more, he hung about the place, minatory, hesitative; but attempted nothing feasible; and on the fifth day, — "for a certain weighty reason," as the Austrian Gazettes express it, — he saw good to vanish into the Pirna Rock-Country, and be out of harm's way in the mean while!

The Truth is, Daun's was an intricate case just now; needing, above all things, swiftness of treatment; what, of all things, it could not get from Daun. His denunciations on that burnt Suburb were again loud; but Schmettau continues deaf to all that, — means "to defend himself by the known rules of war and of honor;" declares, he "will dispute from street to street, and only finish in the middle of Polish Majesty's Royal Palace." Denunciation will do nothing! Daun had above 100,000 men in those parts. Rushing forward with sharp shot and bayonet storm, instead of logical denunciation, it is probable Daun might have settled his Schmettau. But the hour of tide was rigorous, withal; — and such an ebb, if you missed it in hesitating! *November 15th*, Daun withdrew; the ebbing come. That same day, Friedrich was at Lauban in the Lausitz, within a hundred miles again; speeding hitherward; behind him a Silesia brushed clear, before him a Saxony to be brushed. "Reason weighty" enough, think Daun and the Austrian Gazettes! But such, since you have missed the tide-

[1] Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, i. 459. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 295–302, minute account (corresponding well with Mitchell's); ib. 303–333, the certified details of the damage done: "280 houses lost;" "4 human lives."

hour, is the inexorable fact of ebb, — going at that frightful rate. Daun never was the man to dispute facts.

November 20th, Friedrich arrived in Dresden; heard, next day, that Daun had wheeled decisively homeward from Pirna Country; that the Reichs Army and he are diligently climbing the Metal Mountains; and that there is not in Saxony, more than in Silesia, an enemy left. What a Sequel to Hochkirch! "Neisse and Dresden both!" we had hoped as sequel, if lucky: "Neisse *or* Dresden" seemed infallible. And we are climbing the Metal Mountains, under facts superior to us.

And Campaign Third has closed in this manner; — leaving things much as it found them. Essentially a drawn match; Contending Parties little altered in relative strength; — both of them, it may be presumed, considerably weaker. Friedrich is not triumphant, or shining in the light of bonfires, as last Year; but, in the mind of judges, stands higher than ever (if that could help him much); — and is not "annihilated" in the least, which is the surprising circumstance.

Friedrich's marches, especially, have been wonderful, this Year. In the spring-time, old Maréchal de Belleisle, French Minister of War, consulting officially about future operations, heard it objected once: "But if the King of Prussia were to burst in upon us there?" "The King of Prussia is a great soldier," answered M. de Belleisle; "but his Army is not a shuttle (*navette*)," — to be shot about, in that way, from side to side of the world! No surely; not altogether. But the King of Prussia has, among other arts, an art of marching Armies, which by degrees astonishes the old Maréchal. To "come upon us *en navette*," suddenly "like a shuttle" from the other side of the web, became an established phrase among the French concerned in these unfortunate matters.[1]

"The Pitt-and-Ferdinand Campaign of 1758," says a Note, which I would fain abridge, "is more palpably victorious than Friedrich's, much more an affair of bonfires than his; though it too has had its rubs. Loss of honor at Crefeld; loss of

[1] Archenholtz, i. 316; Montalembert, *supra*, for the phrase "*en navette*."

Louisburg and Codfishery: these are serious blows our enemy has had. But then, to temper the joy over Louisburg, there was, at Ticonderoga, by Abercrombie, on the small scale (all the extent of scale he had), a melancholy Platitude committed: that of walking into an enemy without the least reconnoitring of him, who proves to be chin-deep in abatis and field-works; and kills, much at his ease, about 2,000 brave fellows, brought 5,000 miles for that object. And obliges you to walk away on the instant, and quit Ticonderoga, like a — surely like a very tragic Dignitary in Cocked-hat! To be cashiered, we will hope; at least to be laid on the shelf, and replaced by some Wolfe or some Amherst, fitter for the business! Nor were the Descents on the French Coast much to speak of: 'Great Guns got at Cherbourg,' these truly, as exhibited in Hyde-Park, were a comfortable sight, especially to the simpler sort: but on the other hand, at Morlaix, on the part of poor old General Bligh and Company, there had been a Platitude equal or superior to that of Abercrombie, though not so tragical in loss of men. 'What of that?' said an enthusiastic Public, striking their balance, and joyfully illuminating. — Here is a Clipping from Ohio Country, '*Letter* of an Officer [distilled essence of Two Letters], dated, *Fort-Duquesne, 28th November*, 1758: —

"'Our small Corps under General Forbes, after much sore scrambling through the Wildernesses, and contending with enemies wild and tame, is, since the last four days, in possession of Fort Duquesne [*Pittsburg* henceforth]: Friday, 24th, the French garrison, on our appearance, made off without fighting; took to boats down the Ohio, and vanished out of those Countries,' — forever and a day, we will hope. 'Their Louisiana-Canada communication is lost; and all that prodigious tract of rich country,' — which Mr. Washington fixed upon long ago, is ours again, if we can turn it to use. 'This day a detachment of us goes to Braddock's field of battle [poor Braddock!], to bury the bones of our slaughtered countrymen; many of whom the French butchered in cold blood, and, to their own eternal shame and infamy, have left lying above ground ever since. As indeed they have done

with all those slain round the Fort in late weeks;'—calling themselves a civilized Nation too!"[1]

Lower Rhine, July–November, 1758. "Ferdinand's manœuvres, after Crefeld, on the France-ward side of Rhine, were very pretty: but, without Wesel, and *versus* a Belleisle as War-Minister, and a Contades who was something of a General, it would not do. Belleisle made uncommon exertions, diligent to get his broken people drilled again; Contades was wary, and counter-manœuvred rather well. Finally, Soubise" (readers recollect him and his 24 or 30,000, who stood in Frankfurt Country, on the hither or north side of Rhine), famed Rossbach Soubise,—"pushing out, at Belleisle's bidding, towards Hanover, in a region vacant otherwise of troops,—became dangerous to Ferdinand. 'Making for Hanover?' thought Ferdinand: 'Or perhaps meaning to attack my 12,000 English that are just landed? Nay, perhaps my Rhine-Bridge itself, and the small Party left there?' Ferdinand found he would have to return, and look after Soubise. Crossed, accordingly (August 8th), by his old Bridge at Rees,—which he found safe, in spite of attempts there had been;[2]—and never recrossed during this War. Judges even say his first crossing had never much solidity of outlook in it; and though so delightful to the public, was his questionablest step.

"On the 12,000 English, Soubise had attempted nothing. Ferdinand joined his English at Soest (August 20th); to their great joy and his;[3] 10 to 12,000 as a first instalment:—Grand-looking fellows, said the Germans. And did you ever see such horses, such splendor of equipment, regardless of expense?

[1] Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, pp. 41, 39).

[2] "Fight of Meer" (Chevert, with 10,000, beaten off, and the Bridge saved, by Imhof, with 3,000;—both clever soldiers; Imhof in better luck, and favored by the ground: "5th August, 1758"): *Mauvillon*, i. 315.

[3] Duke of Marlborough's heavy-laden *Letter* to Pitt, "Koesfeld, August 15th:" "Nothing but rains and uncertainties;" "marching, latterly, up to our middles in water;" have come from Embden, straight south towards Wesel Country, almost 150 miles (Soest still a good sixty miles to southeast of us). *Chatham Correspondence* (London, 1838), i. 334, 337. The poor Duke died in two months hence; and the command devolved on Lord George Sackville, as is too well known.

Not to mention those *Bergschotten* (Scotch Highlanders), with their bagpipes, sporrans, kilts, and exotic costumes and ways; astonishing to the German mind.[1] Out of all whom (*Bergschotten* included), Ferdinand, by management, — and management was needed, — got a great deal of first-rate fighting, in the next Four Years.

"Nor, in regard to Hanover, could Soubise make anything of it; though he did (owing to a couple of stupid fellows, General Prince von Ysenburg and General Oberg, detached by Ferdinand on that service) escape the lively treatment Ferdinand had prepared for him; and even gave a kind of Beating to each of those stupid fellows,[2] — one of which, Oberg's one, might have ruined Oberg and his Detachment altogether, had Soubise been alert, which he by no means was! 'Paris made such jeering about Rossbach and the Prince de Soubise,' says Voltaire,[3] 'and nobody said a word about these two Victories of his, next Year!' For which there might be two reasons: one, according to Tempelhof, that 'the Victories were of the so-so kind (*sie waren auch darnach*);' and another, that they were ascribed to Broglio, on both occasions, — how justly, nobody will now argue!

"Contades had not failed, in the mean while, to follow with the main Army; and was now elaborately manœuvring about; intent to have Lippstadt, or some Fortress in those Rhine-Weser Countries. On the tail of that second so-so Victory by Soubise, Contades thought, Now would be the chance. And

[1] Romantic view of the *Bergschotten* (2,000 of them, led by the Junior of the Robert Keiths above mentioned, who is a soldier as yet), in *Archenholtz*, i. 351–353: *ib.* and in *Preuss*, ii. 136, of the "uniforms with gold and silver lace," of the superb horses, "one regiment all roan horses, another all black, another all" &c.

[2] 1°. "Fight of Sandershausen" (Broglio, as Soubise's vanguard, 12,000; *versus* Ysenburg, 7,000, who stupidly would not withdraw *till* beaten: "23d July, 1758," *before* Ferdinand had come across again). 2°. Fight of Lutternberg (Soubise, 30,000; *versus* Oberg, about 18,000, who stupidly hung back till Soubise was all gathered, and *then* &c., still more stupidly: "10th October, 1758"). See *Mauvillon*, i. 312 (or better, *Archenholtz*, i. 345); and *Mauvillon*, i. 327. Both Lutternberg and Sandershausen are in the neighborhood of Cassel; — as many of those Ferdinand fights were.

[3] *Histoire de Louis XV.*

did try hard, but without effect. Ferdinand was himself attending Contades; and mistakes were not likely. Ferdinand, in the thick of the game (October 21st–30th), 'made a masterly movement' — that is to say, cut Contades and his Soubise irretrievably asunder: no junction now possible to them; the weaker of them liable to ruin, — unless Contades, the stronger, would give battle; which, though greatly outnumbering Ferdinand, he was cautious not to do. A melancholic cautious man, apt to be over-cautious, — nicknamed '*L'Apothécaire*' by the Parisians, from his down looks, — but had good soldier qualities withal. Soubise and he haggled about, a short while, — not a long, in these dangerous circumstances; and then had to go home again, without result, each the way he came; Contades himself repassing through Wesel, and wintering on his own side of the Rhine."

How Pitt is succeeding, and aiming to succeed, on the French Foreign Settlements: on the Guinea Coast, on the High Seas everywhere; in the West Indies; still more in the East, — where General Lally (that fiery O'Mul*lally*, famous since Fontenoy), missioned with "full-powers," as they call them, is raging up and down, about Madras and neighborhood, in a violent, impetuous, more and more bankrupt manner: — Of all this we can say nothing for the present, little at any time. Here are two facts of the financial sort, sufficiently illuminative. The much-expending, much-subsidying Government of France cannot now borrow except at 7 per cent Interest; and the rate of Marine Insurance has risen to 70 per cent.[1] One way and other, here is a Pitt clearly progressive; and a long-pending *Jenkins's-Ear Question* in a fair way to be settled!

Friedrich stays in Saxony about a month, inspecting and adjusting; thence to Breslau, for Winter-quarters. His Winter is like to be a sad and silent one, this time; with none of the gayeties of last Year; the royal heart heavy enough with many private sorrows, were there none of public at all! This is a word from him, two days after finishing Daun for the season: —

[1] Retzow, ii. 5.

Friedrich to Mylord Marischal (at Colombier in Neufchâtel).

"DRESDEN, 23d November, 1758.

"There is nothing left for us, *mon cher Mylord*, but to mingle and blend our weeping for the losses we have had. If my head were a fountain of tears, it would not suffice for the grief I feel.

"Our Campaign is over; and there has nothing come of it, on one side or the other, but the loss of a great many worthy people, the misery of a great many poor soldiers crippled forever, the ruin of some Provinces, the ravage, pillage and conflagration of some flourishing Towns. Exploits these which make humanity shudder: sad fruits of the wickedness and ambition of certain People in Power, who sacrifice everything to their unbridled passions! I wish you, *mon cher Mylord*, nothing that has the least resemblance to my destiny; and everything that is wanting to it. Your old friend, till death." — F.[1]

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, XX. 273.

BOOK XIX.

FRIEDRICH LIKE TO BE OVERWHELMED IN THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR.

1759–1760.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARIES TO A FOURTH CAMPAIGN.

THE posting of the Five Armies this Winter — Five of them in Germany, not counting the Russians, who have vanished to Cimmeria over the horizon, for their months of rest — is something wonderful, and strikes the picturesque imagination. Such a Chain of Posts, for length, if for nothing else! From the centre of Bohemia eastward, Daun's Austrians are spread all round the western Silesian Border and the south-eastern Saxon; waited on by Prussians, in more or less proximity. Next are the Reichsfolk; scattered over Thüringen and the Franconian Countries; fronting partly into Hessen and Duke Ferdinand's outskirts: — the main body of Duke Ferdinand is far to westward, in Münster Country, vigilant upon Contades, with the Rhine between. Contades and Soubise, — adjoining on the Reichsfolk are these Two French Armies: Soubise's, some 25,000, in Frankfurt-Ems Country, between the Mayn and the Lahn, with its back to the Rhine; then Contades, onward to Maes River and the Dutch Borders, with his face to the Rhine, — and Duke Ferdinand observant of him on the other side. That is the "*Cordon* of Posts" or winter-quarters this Year. "From the Giant Mountains and the Metal Mountains, to the Ocean; — to the mouth of Rhine," may we not say; "and back again to the Swiss Alps or springs

of Rhine, that Upper-Rhine Country being all either French or Austrian, and a basis for Soubise?"[1] Not to speak of Ocean itself, and its winged War-Fleets, lonesomely hovering and patrolling; or of the Americas and Indies beyond!

"This is such a Chain of mutually vigilant Winter-quarters," says Archenholtz, "as was never drawn in Germany, or in Europe, before." Chain of about 300,000 fighting men, poured out in that lengthy manner. Taking their winter siesta there, asleep with one eye open, till reinforced for new business of death and destruction against Spring. Pathetic surely, as well as picturesque. "Three Campaigns there have already been," sighs the peaceable observer: "Three Campaigns, surely furious enough; Eleven Battles in them,[2] a Prag, a Kolin, Leuthen, Rossbach; — must there still be others, then, to the misery of poor mankind?" thus sigh many peaceful persons. Not considering what are, and have been, the rages, the iniquities, the loud and silent deliriums, the mad blindnesses and sins of mankind; and what amount of *calcining* these may reasonably take. Not calcinable in three Campaigns at all, it would appear! Four more Campaigns are needed: then there will be innocuous ashes in quantity; and a result unexpected, and worth marking in World-History.

It is notably one of Friedrich's fond hopes, — of which he keeps up several, as bright cloud-hangings in the haggard inner world he now has, — that Peace is just at hand; one right struggle more, and Peace must come! And on the part of Britannic George and him, repeated attempts were made, — one in the end of this Year 1759; — but one and all of them proved futile, and, unless for accidental reasons, need not be mentioned here. Many men, in all nations, long for Peace; but there are Three Women at the top of the world who do not; their wrath, various in quality, is great in quantity, and disasters do the reverse of appeasing it.

[1] Archenholtz, i. 306.

[2] Stenzel, v. 185. This, I suppose, would be his enumeration: *Lobositz* (1756); *Prag, Kolin*, Hastenbeck, Gross-Jägersdorf, *Rossbach*, Breslau, *Leuthen*, (1757); Crefeld, *Zorndorf, Hochkirch* (1758): "eleven hitherto in all."

The French people, as is natural, are weary of a War which yields them mere losses and disgraces; "War carried on for Austrian whims, which likewise seem to be impracticable!" think they. And their Bernis himself, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who began this sad French-Austrian Adventure, has already been remonstrating with Kaunitz, and grumbling anxiously, "Could not the Swedes, or somebody, be got to mediate? Such a War is too ruinous!" Hearing which, the Pompadour is shocked at the favorite creature of her hands; hastens to dismiss him ("Be Cardinal, then, you ingrate of a Bernis; disappear under that Red Hat!") — and appoints, in his stead, one Choiseul (known hitherto as *Stainville*, Comte de Stainville, French Excellency at Vienna, but now made Duke on this promotion), Duc de Choiseul;[1] who is a Lorrainer, or Semi-Austrian, by very birth; and probably much fitter for the place. A swift, impetuous kind of man, this Choiseul, who is still rather young than otherwise; plenty of proud spirit in him, of shifts, talent of the reckless sort; who proved very notable in France for the next twenty years.

French trade being ruined withal, money is running dreadfully low: but they appoint a new Controller-General; a M. de Silhouette, who is thought to have an extraordinary creative genius in Finance. Had he but a Fortunatus-Purse, how lucky were it! With Fortunatus Silhouette as purse-holder, with a fiery young Choiseul on this hand, and a fiery old Belleisle on that, Pompadour meditates great things this Year, — Invasions of England; stronger German Armies; better German Plans, and slashings home upon Hanover itself, or the vital point; — and flatters herself, and her poor Louis, that there is on the anvil, for 1759, such a French Campaign as will perhaps astonish Pitt and another insolent King. Very fixed, fell and feminine is the Pompadour's humor in this matter. Nor is the Czarina's less so; but more, if possible; unappeasable except by death. Imperial Maria Theresa has masculine reasons withal; great hopes, too, of late. Of the War's ending till flat impossibility stop it, there is no likelihood.

[1] Minister of Foreign Affairs, "11th November, 1758" (Barbier, iv. 294).

To Pitt this Campaign 1759, in spite of bad omens at the outset, proved altogether splendid: but greatly the reverse on Friedrich's side; to whom it was the most disastrous and unfortunate he had yet made, or did ever make. Pitt at his zenith in public reputation; Friedrich never so low before, nothing seemingly but extinction near ahead, when this Year ended. The truth is, apart from his specific pieces of ill-luck, there had now begun for Friedrich a new rule of procedure, which much altered his appearance in the world. Thrice over had he tried by the aggressive or invasive method; thrice over made a plunge at the enemy's heart, hoping so to disarm or lame him: but that, with resources spent to such a degree, is what he cannot do a fourth time: he is too weak henceforth to think of that.

Prussia has always its King, and his unrivalled talent; but that is pretty much the only fixed item. Prussia *versus* France, Austria, Russia, Sweden and the German Reich, what is it as a field of supplies for war! Except its King, these are failing, year by year; and at a rate fatally *swift* in comparison. Friedrich cannot now do Leuthens, Rossbachs; far-shining feats of victory, which astonish all the world. His fine Prussian veterans have mostly perished; and have been replaced by new levies and recruits; who are inferior both in discipline and native quality; — though they have still, people say, a noteworthy taste of the old Prussian sort in them; and do, in fact, fight well to the last. But "it is observable," says Retzow somewhere, and indeed it follows from the nature of the case, "that while the Prussian Army presents always its best kind of soldiers at the beginning of a war, Austria, such are its resources in population, always improves in that particular, and its best troops appear in the last campaigns." In a word, Friedrich stands on the defensive henceforth; disputing his ground inch by inch: and is reduced, more and more, to battle obscurely with a hydra-coil of enemies and impediments; and to do heroisms which make no noise in the Gazettes. And, alas, which cannot figure in History either, — what is more a sorrow to me here!

Friedrich, say all judges of soldiership and human character

who have studied Friedrich sufficiently, "is greater than ever," in these four Years now coming.[1] And this, I have found more and more to be a true thing; verifiable and demonstrable in time and place, — though, unluckily for us, hardly in this time or this place at all! A thing which cannot, by any method, be made manifest to the general reader; who delights in shining summary feats, and is impatient of tedious preliminaries and investigations, — especially of *maps*, which are the indispensablest requisite of all. A thing, in short, that belongs peculiarly to soldier-students; who can undergo the dull preliminaries, most dull but most inexorably needed; and can follow out, with watchful intelligence, and with a patience not to be wearied, the multifarious topographies, details of movements and manœuvrings, year after year, on such a Theatre of War. What is to be done with it here! If we could, by significant strokes, indicate, under features true so far as they went, the great wide fire-flood that was raging round the world; if we could, carefully omitting very many things, omit of the things intelligible and decipherable that concern Friedrich himself, nothing that had meaning: *if* indeed — ! But it is idle preluding. Forward again, brave reader, under such conditions as there are!

Friedrich's Winter in Breslau was of secluded, silent, sombre character, this time; nothing of stir in it but from work only: in marked contrast with the last, and its kindly visitors and gayeties. A Friedrich given up to his manifold businesses, to his silent sorrows. "I have passed my winter like a Carthusian monk," he writes to D'Argens: "I dine alone; I spend my life in reading and writing; and I do not sup. When one is sad, it becomes at last too burdensome to hide one's grief continually; and it is better to give way to it by oneself, than to carry one's gloom into society. Nothing solaces me but the vigorous application required in steady and continuous labor. This distraction does force one to put away painful ideas, while it lasts: but, alas, no sooner is the work done, than these fatal companions present themselves again, as if livelier

[1] Berenhorst, in *Kriegskunst;* Retzow; &c.

than ever. Maupertuis was right: the sum of evil does certainly surpass that of good: — but to me it is all one; I have almost nothing more to lose; and my few remaining days, what matters it much of what complexion they be?"[1]

The loss of his Wilhelmina, had there been no other grief, has darkened all his life to Friedrich. Readers are not prepared for the details of grief we could give, and the settled gloom of mind they indicate. A loss irreparable and immeasurable; the light of life, the one loved heart that loved him, gone. His passionate appeals to Voltaire to celebrate for him in verse his lost treasure, and at least make her virtues immortal, are perhaps known to readers:[2] alas, this is a very feeble kind of immortality, and Friedrich too well feels it such. All Winter he dwells internally on the sad matter, though soon falling silent on it to others.

The War is ever more dark and dismal to him; a wearing, harassing, nearly disgusting task; on which, however, depends life or death. This Year, he "expects to have 300,000 enemies upon him;" and "is, with his utmost effort, getting up 150,000 to set against them." Of business, in its many kinds, there can be no lack! In the intervals he also wrote considerably: one of his Pieces is a *Sermon on The last Judgment;* handed to Reader De Catt, one evening: — to De Catt's surprise, and to ours; the Voiceless in a dark Friedrich trying to give itself some voice in this way![3] Another Piece, altogether practical, and done with excellent insight, brevity, modesty, is *On Tactics;*[4] — properly it might be called, "Serious very Private Thoughts," thrown on paper, and communicated only to two or three, "On the new kind of Tactics necessary with those

[1] "Breslau, 1st March, 1759," To D'Argens (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 56).

[2] *Ode sur la mort de S. A. S. Madame la Princesse de Bareith* (in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 79–86): see Friedrich's Letter to him (6th November, 1758); with Voltaire's *Verses* in Answer (next month); Friedrich's new Letter (Breslau, 23d January 1759), demanding something more, — followed by the *Ode* just cited (Ib. lxxii. 402; lxxviii. 82, 92; or *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 20–24; &c.).

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 1–10 (see Preuss's *Preface* there; Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 37; &c. &c.

[4] *Réflexions sur la Tactique:* in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. 153–166.

Austrians and their Allies," who are in such overwhelming strength. "To whose continual sluggishness, and strange want of concert, to whose incoherency of movements, languor of execution, and other enormous faults, we have owed, with some excuse for our own faults, our escaping of destruction hitherto," — but had better *not* trust that way any longer! Fouquet is one of the highly select, to whom he communicates this Piece; adding along with it, in Fouquet's case, an affectionate little Note, and, in spite of poverty, some New-year's Gift, as usual, — the "Widow's Mite [£300, we find]; receive it with the same heart with which it was set apart for you: a small help, which you may well have need of, in these calamitous times."[1] Fouquet much admires the new Tactical Suggestions; — seems to think, however, that the certainly practicable one is, in particular, the last, That of "improving our Artillery to some equality with theirs." For which, as may appear, the King has already been taking thought, in more ways than one.

Finance is naturally a heavy part of Friedrich's Problem; the part which looks especially impossible, from our point of vision! In Friedrich's Country, the War Budget does not differ from the Peace one. Neither is any borrowing possible; that sublime Art, of rolling over on you know not whom the expenditure, needful or needless, of your heavy-laden self, had not yet — though England is busy at it — been invented among Nations. Once, or perhaps twice, from the *Stände* of some willing Province, Friedrich negotiated some small Loan; which was punctually repaid when Peace came, and was always gratefully remembered. But these are as nothing, in face of such expenses; and the thought how he did contrive on the Finance side, is and was not a little wonderful. An ingenious Predecessor, whom I sometimes quote, has expressed himself in these words: —

"Such modicum of Subsidy [he is speaking of the English Subsidy in 1758], how useful will it prove in a Country bred

[1] "Breslau, 23d December, 1758;" with Fouquet's Answer, 2d January, 1759: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 114–117.

everywhere to Spartan thrift, accustomed to regard waste as sin, and which will lay out no penny except to purpose! I guess the Prussian Exchequer is, by this time, much on the ebb; idle precious metals tending everywhere towards the melting-pot. At what precise date the Friedrich-Wilhelm balustrades, and enormous silver furnitures, were first gone into, Dryasdust has not informed me: but we know they all went; as they well might. To me nothing is so wonderful as Friedrich's Budget during this War. One day it will be carefully investigated, elucidated and made conceivable and certain to mankind: but that as yet is far from being the case. We walk about in it with astonishment; almost, were it possible, with incredulity. Expenditure on this side, work done on that: human nature, especially British human nature, refuses to conceive it. Never in this world, before or since, was the like. The Friedrich miracles in War are great; but those in Finance are almost greater. Let Dryasdust bethink him; and gird his flabby loins to this Enterprise; which is very behooveful in these Californian times!" —

The general Secret of Prussian Thrift, I do fear, is lost from the world. And how an Army of about 200,000, in field and garrison, could be kept on foot, and in some ability to front combined Europe, on about Three Million Sterling annually ("25 million *thalers*" = £3,150,000, that is the steady War-Budget of those years), remains to us inconceivable enough; — mournfully miraculous, as it were; and growing ever more so in the Nugget-generations that now run. Meanwhile, here are what hints I could find, on the Origins of that modest Sum, which also are a wonder:[1] —

"The hoarded Prussian Moneys, or '*Treasures*' [two of them, *Kleine Schatz, Grosse Schatz*, which are rigidly saved in Peace years, for incidence of War], being nearly run out, there had come the English Subsidy: this, with Saxony, and the Home revenues and remnants of *Schatz*, had sufficed for 1758; but will no longer suffice. Next to Saxony, the English Subsidy (£670,000 due the second time this year) was always

[1] Preuss, ii. 388–392; Stenzel, v. 137–141.

Friedrich's principal resource: and in the latter years of the War, I observe, it was nearly twice the amount of what all his Prussian Countries together, in their ravaged and worn-out state, could yield him. In and after 1759, besides Home Income, which is gradually diminishing, and English Subsidy, which is a steady quantity, Friedrich's sources of revenue are mainly Two: —

"*First*, there is that of wringing money from your Enemies, from those that have deserved ill of you, — such of them as you can come at. Enemies, open or secret, even Ill-wishers, we are not particular, provided only they lie within arm's-length. Under this head fall principally three Countries (and their three poor Populations, in lieu of their Governments): Saxony, Mecklenburg (or the main part of it, Mecklenburg-*Schwerin*), and Anhalt; from these three there is a continual forced supply of money and furnishings. Their demerits to Friedrich differ much in intensity; nor is his wringing of them — which in the cases of Mecklenburg and Saxony increases year by year to the nearly intolerable pitch — quite in the simple ratio of their demerits; but in a compound ratio of that and of his indignation and of his wants.

"Saxony, as Prime Author of this War, was from the first laid hold of, collared tightly: 'Pay the shot, then, what you can' (in the end it was almost what you cannot)! As to Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the grudge against Prussia was of very old standing, some generations now; and the present Duke, not a very wise Sovereign more than his Ancestors, had always been ill with Friedrich; willing to spite and hurt him when possible: in Reichs Diet he, of all German Princes, was the first that voted for Friedrich's being put to Ban of the Reich, — he; and his poor People know since whether that was a wise step! The little Anhalt Princes, too, all the Anhalts, Dessau, Bernburg, Cöthen, Zerbst [perhaps the latter partially excepted, for a certain Russian Lady's sake], had voted, or at least had ambiguously half-voted, in favor of the Ban, and done other unfriendly things; and had now to pay dear for their bits of enmities. Poor souls, they had but One Vote among them all Four; — and they only half gave it, tremu-

lously pulling it back again. I should guess it was their terrors mainly, and over-readiness to reckon Friedrich a sinking ship; and to leap from the deck of him, — with a spurn which he took for insolent! The Anhalt-Dessauers particularly, who were once of his very Army, half Prussians for generations back, he reckoned to have used him scandalously ill.

"This Year the requisition on the Four Anhalts — which they submit to patiently, as people who have leapt into the wrong ship — is, in precise tale: of money, 330,000 thalers (about £50,000); recruits, 2,200; horses, 1,800. In Saxony, besides the fixed Taxes, strict confiscation of Meissen Potteries and every Royalty, there were exacted heavy 'Contributions,' more and more heavy, from the few opulent Towns, chiefly from Leipzig; which were wrung out, latterly, under great severities, — 'chief merchants of Leipzig all clapt in prison, kept on bread-and-water till they yielded,' — *as* great severities as would suffice, but *not* greater; which also was noted. Unfortunate chief merchants of Leipzig, — with Brühl and Polish Majesty little likely to indemnify them! Unfortunate Country altogether. An intelligent Saxon, who is vouched for as impartial, bears witness as follows: 'And this I know, that the oppressions and plunderings of the Austrians and Reichsfolk, in Saxony, turned all hearts away from them; and it was publicly said, We had rather bear the steady burden of the Prussians than such help as these our pretended Deliverers bring.'[1] Whereby, on the whole, the poor Country got its back broken, and could never look up in the world since. Resource *First* was abundantly severe.

"Resource *Second* is strangest of all; — and has given rise to criticism enough! It is no other than that of issuing base money; mixing your gold and silver coin with copper, — this, one grieves to say, is the Second and extreme resource. 'A rude method — would we had a better — of suspending Cash-payments, and paying by bank-notes instead!' thinks Friedrich, I suppose. From his Prussian Mints, from his Saxon [which are his for the present], and from the little Anhalt-Bernburg Mint [of which he expressly purchased the sad

[1] Stenzel (citing from *Kriegskanzlei*, which I have not), v. 137 n.

privilege, — for *we* are not a Coiner, we are a King reduced to suspend Cash-payments, for the time being], Friedrich poured out over all Germany, in all manner of kinds, huge quantities of bad Coin. This, so long as it would last, is more and more a copious fountain of supply. This, for the first time, has had to appear as an item in War-Budget 1759: and it fails in no following, but expands more and more. It was done through Ephraim, the not lovely Berlin Jew, whom we used to hear of in Voltaire's time; — through Ephraim and two others, Ephraim as President: in return for a net Sum, these shall have privilege to coin such and such amounts, so and so alloyed; shall pay to General Tauentzien, Army Treasurer, at fixed terms, the Sums specified: 'Go, and do it; our Mint-Officers sharply watching you; Mint-Officers, and General Tauentzien [with a young Herr Lessing, as his Chief Clerk, of whom the King knows nothing]; Go, ye unlovely!' And Ephraim and Company are making a great deal of money by the unlovely job. Ephraim is the pair of tongs; the hand, and the unlovely job, are a royal man's. Alas, yes. And none of us knows better than King Friedrich, perhaps few of us as well, how little lovely a job it was; how shockingly *un*kingly it was, — though a practice not unknown to German Kings and Kinglets before his time, and since down almost to ours.[1] In fact, these are all unkingly practices; and the English Subsidy itself is distasteful to a proud Friedrich: but what, in those circumstances, can any Friedrich do?

"The first coinages of Ephraim had, it seems, in them about 3-7ths of copper; something less than the half, and more than the third," — your gold sovereign grown to be worth 28*s.* 6*d.* "But yearly it grew worse; and in 1762 [English Subsidy having failed] matters had got inverted; and there was three times as much copper as silver. Commerce, as was natural, went rocking and tossing, as on a sea under earthquakes; but there was always ready money among Friedrich's soldiers, as among no other: nor did the common people, or retail purchasers, suffer by it. 'Hah, an Ephraimite!' they would

[1] In *Stenzel* (v. 141) enumeration of eight or nine unhappy Potentates, who were busy with it in those same years.

say, grinning not ill-humoredly, at sight of one of these pieces; some of which they had more specifically named '*Blue-gowns*' [owing to a tint of blue perceivable, in spite of the industrious plating in real silver, or at least "boiling in some solution" of it]; these they would salute with this rhyme, then current: —

"*Von aussen schön, von innen schlimm;*	Outside noble, inside slim:
Von aussen Friedrich, von innen Ephraim.	Outside Friedrich, inside Ephraim.

"By this time, whatever of money, from any source, can be scraped together in Friedrich's world, flows wholly into the Army-Chest, as the real citadel of life. In these latter years of the War, beginning, I could guess, from 1759, all Civil expenditures, and wages of Officials, cease to be paid in money; nobody of that kind sees the color even of bad coin; but is paid only in 'Paper Assignments,' in Promises to Pay 'after the Peace.' These Paper Documents made no pretence to the rank of Currency: such holders of them as had money, or friends, and could wait, got punctual payment when the term did arrive; but those that could not, suffered greatly; having to negotiate their debentures on ruinous terms, — sometimes at an expense of three-fourths. — I will add Friedrich's practical Schedule of Amounts from all these various Sources; and what Friedrich's own view of the Sources was, when he could survey them from the safe distance.

"*Schedule of Amounts* [say for 1761]. To make up the Twenty-five Million thalers, necessary for the Army, there are: —

	Thalers.
"From our Prussian Countries, ruined, harried as they have been, ...	4 millions only.
From Saxony and the other Wringings, . . .	7 millions.
English Subsidy (4 of good gold; becoppered into double), ...	8 "
From Ephraim and his Farm of the Mint (*Münz-Patent*), ...	7 "

In sum Twenty-six Millions; leaving you one Million of margin, — and always a plenty of cash in hand for incidental sundries.[1]

[1] Preuss, ii. 388.

"Friedrich's own view of these sad matters, as he closes his *History of the Seven-Years War* [at "Berlin, 17th December, 1763"], is in these words: 'May Heaven grant, — if Heaven deign to look down on the paltry concerns of men, — that the unalterable and flourishing destiny of this Country preserve the Sovereigns who shall govern it from the scourges and calamities which Prussia has suffered in these times of trouble and subversion; that they may never again be forced to recur to the violent and fatal remedies which we (*l'on*) have been obliged to employ in maintenance of the State against the ambitious hatred of the Sovereigns of Europe, who wished to annihilate the House of Brandenburg, and exterminate from the world whatever bore the Prussian name!'" [1]

Of the Small-War in Spring, 1759. *There are Five Disruptions of that grand Cordon* (February–April); *and Ferdinand of Brunswick fights his Battle of Bergen* (April 13th).

Friedrich, being denied an aggressive course this Year, by no means sits idly expectant and defensive in the interim; but, all the more vigorously, as is observable, from February onwards, strikes out from him on every side: endeavoring to spoil the Enemy's Magazines, and cripple his operations in that way. So that there was, all winter through, a good deal of Small-War (some of it not Small), of more importance than usual, — chiefly of Friedrich's originating, with the above view, or of Ferdinand his Ally's, on a still more pressing score. And, on the whole, that immense Austrian-French Cordon, which goes from the Carpathians to the Ocean, had by no means a quiet time; but was broken into, and violently hurled back, in different parts: some four, or even five, attacks upon it in all; three of them by Prince Henri, — in two of which Duke Ferdinand's people co-operated; the business being for mutual behoof. These latter Three were famous in the world, that Winter; and indeed are still recognizable as brilliant procedures of their kind; though, except dates and results, we can

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 234.

afford almost nothing of them here. These Three, intended chiefly against Reichs people and their Posts and Magazines, fell out on the western and middle part of the Cordon. Another attack was in the extreme eastward, and was for Friedrich's own behoof; under Fouquet's management; — intended against the Austrian-Moravian Magazines and Preparations, but had little success. Still another assault, or invasive outroad, northward against the Russian Magazines, there also was; of which by and by. Besides all which, and more memorable than all, Duke Ferdinand, for vital reasons of his own, fought a Battle this Spring, considerable Battle, and did *not* gain it; which made great noise in the world.

It is not necessary the reader should load his memory with details of all these preliminary things; on the contrary, it is necessary that he keep his memory clear for the far more important things that lie ahead of these, and entertain these in a summary way, as a kind of foreground to what is coming. Perhaps the following Fractions of Note, which put matters in something of Chronological or Synoptical form, will suffice him, or more than suffice. He is to understand that the grand tug of War, this Year, gradually turns out not to be hereabouts, nor with Daun and his adjacencies at all, but with the Russians, who arrive from the opposite Northern quarter; and that all else will prove to be merely prefatory and nugatory in comparison.

January 2d, 1759: *Frankfurt-on-Mayn, though it is a Reichstadt, finds itself suddenly become French.* "Prince de Soubise lies between Mayn and Lahn, with his 25,000; beautifully safe and convenient, — though ill off for a place-of-arms in those parts. Opulent Frankfurt, on his right; how handy would that be, were not Reichs Law so express! Marburg, Giessen are outposts of his; on which side one of Ferdinand's people, Prince von Ysenburg, watches him with an 8 or 10,000, capable of mischief in that quarter.

"On the Eve of New-year's day, or on the auspicious Day itself, Soubise requests, of the Frankfurt Authorities, permission for a regiment of his to march through that Imperial

City. To which, by law and theory, the Imperial City can say Yes or No; but practically cannot, without grave inconvenience, say other than Yes, though most Frankfurters wish it could. 'Yes,' answer the Frankfurt Magnates; Yes surely, under the known conditions. Tuesday, January 2d, about 5 in the morning, while all is still dark in Frankfurt, regiment Nassau appears, accordingly, at the Sachsenhausen Gate, Town-guard people all ready to receive it and escort it through; and is admitted as usual. Quite as usual: but instead of being escorted through, it orders, in calm peremptory voice, the Town-guard, To ground arms; with calm rapidity proceeds to admit ten other regiments or battalions, six of them German; seizes the artillery on the Walls, seizes all the other Gates: — and poor Frankfurt finds itself tied hand and foot, almost before it is out of bed! Done with great exactitude, with the minimum of confusion, and without a hurt skin to anybody. The Inhabitants stood silent, gazing; the Town-guard laid down their arms, and went home. Totally against Law; but cleverly done; perhaps Soubise's chief exploit in the world; certainly the one real success the French have yet had.

"Soubise made haste to summon the Magistrates: 'Law of Necessity alone, most honored Sirs! Reichs Law is clear against me. But all the more shall private liberties, religions, properties, in this Imperial Free-Town, be sacred to us. Defence against any aggression: and the strictest discipline observed. Depend on me, I bid you!' — And kept his word to an honorable degree, they say; or in absence, made it be kept, during the Four Years that follow. Most Frankfurters are, at heart, Anti-French: but Soubise's affability was perfect; and he gave evening parties of a sublime character; the Magistrates all appearing there, in their square perukes and long gowns, with a mournful joy."[1]

Soubise soon went home, to assist in important businesses, — Invasion of England, no less; let England look to itself this Summer! — and Broglio succeeded him, as Army-Captain in the Frankfurt parts; with laurels accruing, more or less. Soubise, like Broglio, began with Rossbach; Soubise ends

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 7–8; Stenzel, v. 198–200.

with Frankfurt, for the present; where Broglio also gains his chief laurels, as will shortly be seen. Frankfurt is a great gain to France, though an illicit one. It puts a bar on Duke Ferdinand in that quarter; secures a starting-point for attacks on Hessen, Hanover; for co-operation with Contades and the Lower Rhine. It is the one success France has yet had in this War, or pretty much that it ever had in it. Due to Prince de Soubise, in that illegal fashion. — A highly remarkable little Boy, now in his tenth year, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, has his wondering eyes on these things: and, short while hence, meets daily, on the stairs and lobbies at home, a pleasant French Official Gentlemen who is quartered there; between whom and Papa occur rubs, — as readers may remember, and shall hear in April coming.

Grand Cordon disrupted: Erfurt Country, 16th February–2d March. "About six weeks after this Frankfurt achievement, certain Reichsfolk and Austrian Auxiliaries are observed to be cutting down endless timber, '18,800 palisades, 6,000 trees of 60 feet,' and other huge furnishings, from the poor Duke of Gotha's woods; evidently meaning to fortify themselves in Erfurt. Upon which Prince Henri detaches a General Knobloch thitherward, Duke Ferdinand contributing 4,000 to meet him there; which combined expedition, after some sharp knocking and shoving, entirely disrooted the Austrians and Reichsfolk, and sent them packing. Had them quite torn out by the end of the month; and had planned to 'attack them on two sides at once' (March 2d), with a view of swallowing them whole, — when they (these Reichs Volscians, in such a state of flutter) privately hastened off, one and all of them, the day before."[1]

This was *Breakage First* of the Grand Cordon; an explosive hurling of it back out of those Erfurt parts. Done by Prince Henri's people, in concert with Duke Ferdinand's, — who were mutually interested in the thing.

Breakage Second: Erfurt-Fulda Country, 31st March–8th April. "About the end of March, these intrusive Austrian Reichsfolk made some attempt to come back into those Coun-

[1] Narrative, in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1022 et seq.

tries; but again got nothing but hard knocks; and gave up the Erfurt project. For, close following on this *First*, there was a *Second* still deeper and rougher Breakage, in those same regions; the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick dashing through, on a special Errand of Ferdinand's own [of which presently], with an 8 or 10,000, in his usual fiery manner; home into the very bowels of the Reich (April 3d, and for a week onward); and returning with 'above 2,000 prisoners' in hand; especially with a Reich well frightened behind him; — still in time for Duke Ferdinand's Adventure [in fact, for his Battle of Bergen, of which we are to hear]. Had been well assisted by Prince Henri, who 'made dangerous demonstrations in the distance,' and was extremely diligent — though the interest was chiefly Ferdinand's this time."[1] — Contemporary with that *First* Erfurt Business, there went on, 300 miles away from it, in the quite opposite direction, another of the same; — too curious to be omitted.

Across the Polish Frontier: February, 24th–March 4th. "In the end of February, General Wobersnow, an active man, was detached from Glogau, over into Poland, Posen way, To overturn the Russian provision operations thereabouts; in particular, to look into a certain high-flying Polack, a Prince Sulkowski of those parts; who with all diligence is gathering food, in expectation of the Russian advent; and indeed has formally 'declared War against the King of Prussia;' having the right, he says, as a Polish Magnate, subject only to his own high thought in such affairs. The Russians and their wars are dear to Sulkowski. He fell prisoner in their cause, at Zorndorf, last Autumn; was stuck, like all the others, Soltikoff himself among them, into the vaulted parts of Cüstrin Garrison: 'I am sorry I have no Siberia for you,' said Friedrich, looking, not in a benign way, on the captive Dignitaries, that hot afternoon; 'go to Cüstrin, and see what you have provided for yourselves!' Which they had to do; nothing, for certain days, but cellarage to lodge in; King inexorable, deaf to remonstrance. Which possibly may have contributed to kindle Sulkowski into these extremely high proceedings.

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 19–22.

"At any rate, Wobersnow punctually looks in upon him: seizes his considerable stock of Russian proviants; his belligerent force, his high person itself; and in one luckless hour snuffs him out from the list of potentates. His belligerent force, about 1,000 Polacks, were all compelled, 'by the cudgel,' say my authorities, to take Prussian service [in garrison regiments, and well scattered about, I suppose]; his own high person found itself sitting locked in Glogau, left to its reflections. Sat thus 'till the War ended,' say some; certainly till the Sulkowski War had been sufficiently exploded by the laughter of mankind." Here are, succinctly, the dates of this small memorability: —

"End of February, Wobersnow gathers, at Glogau, a force of about 8,000 horse and foot. Marches, *24th February*, over Oder Bridge, straight into Poland; that same night, to the neighborhood of Lissa and Reisen (Sulkowski's dominion), about thirty miles northeast of Glogau. Sulkowski done next day; — part of the capture is 'fifteen small guns.' Wobersnow goes, next, for Posen; arrives, *28th February;* destroys Russian Magazine, ransoms Jews. Shoots out other detachments on the Magazine Enterprise; — detaches Platen along the Warta, where are picked up various items, among others 'eighty tuns of brandy,' — but himself proceeds no farther than Posen. *March 4th*, sets out again from Posen, homewards."[1] We shall hear again of Wobersnow, in a much more important way, before long.

To the Polish Republic so called, Friedrich explained politely, not apologetically: "Since you allow the Russians to march through you in attack of me, it is evident to your just minds that the attacked party must have similar privilege." "Truly!" answered they, in their just minds, generally; and made no complaint about Sulkowski (though Polish Majesty and Primate endeavored to be loud about "Invasion" and the like): — and indeed Polish Republic was lying, for a long

[1] *Nachricht von der Unternehmung des General-Majors von Wobersnow in Polen, im Feb. und März.* 1759: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 526–529. *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 829.

while past, as if broken-backed, on the public highway, a Nation anarchic every fibre of it, and under the feet and hoofs of travelling Neighbors, especially of Russian Neighbors; and is not now capable of saying much for itself in such cases, or of doing anything at all.

Frankfurt Country, April 13th: Duke Ferdinand's Battle of Bergen. "Duke Ferdinand, fully aware what a stroke that seizure of Frankfurt was to him, resolved to risk a long march at this bad season, and attempt to drive the French out. Contades was absent in Paris, — no fear of an attack from Contades's Army; Broglio's in Frankfurt, grown now to about 35,000, can perhaps be beaten if vigorously attacked. Ferdinand appoints a rendezvous at Fulda, of various Corps, Prince Ysenburg's and others, that lie nearest, Hessians many of them, Hanoverians others; proceeds, himself, to Fulda, with a few attendants [a drive of about 200 miles]; — having left Lord George Sackville [mark the sad name of him!] — Sackville, head of the English, and General Spörken, a Hanoverian, — to take charge in Münster Country, during his absence. It was from Fulda that he shot out the Hereditary Prince on that important Errand we lately spoke of, under the head of '*Breakage Second*,' — namely, to clear his right flank, and scare the Reich well off him, while he should be marching on Frankfurt. All which, Henri assisting from the distance, the Hereditary Prince performed to perfection, — and was back (*April 8th*) in excellent time for the Battle.

"Ferdinand stayed hardly a day in Fulda, ranking himself and getting on the road. Did his long march of above 100 miles without accident or loss of time; — of course, scaring home the Broglio Outposts in haste enough, and awakening Broglio's attention in a high degree; — and arrives, Thursday, April 12th, at Windecken, a Village about fifteen miles north-east of Frankfurt; where he passes the night under arms; intending Battle on the morrow. Broglio is all assembled, 35,000 strong; his Assailant, with the Hereditary Prince come in, counts rather under 30,000. Broglio is posted in, and on both sides of, Bergen, a high-lying Village, directly on Ferdinand's road to Frankfurt. Windecken is about fifteen

miles from Frankfurt; Bergen about six: — idle Tourists of our time, on their return from Homburg to that City, leave Bergen a little on their left. The ground is mere hills, woody dales, marshy brooks; Broglio's position, with its Village, and Hill, and ravines and advantages, is the choicest of the region; and Broglio's methods, procedures and arrangements in it are applauded by all judges.

"*Friday, 13th April*, 1759, Ferdinand is astir by daybreak; comes on, along one of those woody valleys, pickeering, reconnoitring; — in the end, directly up the Hill of Bergen; straight upon the key-point. It is about 10 A.M., when the batteries and musketries awaken there; very loud indeed, for perhaps two hours or more. Prince von Ysenburg is leader of Ferdinand's attacking party. Their attack is hot and fierce, and they stick to it steadily; though garden-hedges, orchards and impediments are many, and Broglio, with much cannon helping, makes vigorous defence. These Ysenburgers fought till their cartridges were nearly spent, and Ysenburg himself lay killed; but could not take Bergen. Nor could the Hereditary Prince; who, in aid of them, tried it in flank, with his own usual impetuosity rekindling theirs, and at first with some success; but was himself taken in flank by Broglio's Reserve, and obliged to desist. No getting of Bergen by that method.

"Military critics say coolly, 'You should have smashed it well with cannon, first [which Ferdinand had not in stock here]; and especially have flung grenadoes into it, till it was well in flame: impossible otherwise!'[1] The Ysenburgers and Hereditary Prince withdraw. No pursuit of them; or almost less than none; for the one or two French regiments that tried it (against order), nearly got cut up. Broglio, like a very Daun at Kolin, had strictly forbidden all such attempts: 'On no temptation quit your ground!'

"The Battle, after this, lay quiet all afternoon; Ferdinand still in sight; motioning much, to tempt French valor into chasing of him. But all in vain: Broglio, though his subalterns kept urging, remonstrating, was peremptory not to stir.

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 19.

Whereupon, towards evening, across certain woody Heights, perhaps still with some hope of drawing him out, Ferdinand made some languid attempt on Broglio's wing, or wings; — and this also failing, had to give up the affair. He continued cannonading till deep in the night; withdrew to Windecken: and about two next morning, marched for home, — still with little or no pursuit: but without hope of Frankfurt henceforth. And, in fact, has a painful Summer ahead.

"Ferdinand had lost 5 cannon, and of killed and wounded 2,500; the French counted their loss at about 1,900.[1] The joy of France over this immense victory was extraordinary. Broglio was made Prince of the Reich, Maréchal de France; would have been raised to the stars, had one been able, — for the time being. 'And your immense victory,' so sneered the by-standers, 'consists in not being beaten, under those excellent conditions; — perhaps victory is a rarity just now!'"

This is the Battle which our Boy-Friend Johann Wolfgang watched with such interest, from his garret-window, hour after hour; all Frankfurt simmering round him, in such a whirlpool of self-contradictory emotions: till towards evening, when, in long rows of carts, poor wounded Hessians and Hanoverians came jolting in, and melted every heart into pity, into wailing sorrow, and eagerness to help. A little later, Papa Goethe, stepping downstairs, came across the Official French Gentleman; who said radiantly: "Doubtless you congratulate yourself and us on this victory to his Majesty's arms." "Not a whit (*Keineswegs*)," answers Papa Goethe, a stiff kind of man, nowise in the mood of congratulating: "on the contrary, I wish they had chased you to the Devil, though I had had to go too!" Which was a great relief to his feelings, though a dangerous one in the circumstances.[2]

Breakage Third: Over the Metal Mountains into Böhmen (*April 14th–20th*). "Ferdinand's Battle was hardly ending, when Prince Henri poured across the Mountains, — in two columns, Hülsen leading the inferior or rightmost one, — into

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 10–19; Tempelhof, iii. 26–31.

[2] Goethe's *Werke* (Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1829), xxiv. (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, i.), 153–157.

Leitmeritz-Eger Country; and made a most successful business of the Austrian Magazines he found there. Magazines all filled; Enemy all galloping for Prag: — Daun himself, who is sitting vigilant, far in the interior, at Jaromirtz this month past, was thrown into huge flurry, for some days! Speedy Henri (almost on the one condition of *being* speedy) had his own will of the Magazines: burnt, Hülsen and he, 'about £600,000 worth' of Austrian provender in those parts, 'what would have kept 50,000 men five months in bread' (not to mention hay at all); gave the Enemy sore slaps (caught about 3,000 of him, *not* yet got on gallop for Prag); burnt his 200 boats on the Elbe: — forced him to begin anew at the beginning; and did, in effect, considerably lame and retard certain of his operations through the Summer. Speedy Henri marched for home April 20th; and was all across the Mountains April 23d: a profitable swift nine days."[1] — And on the sixth day hence he will have something similar, and still more important, on foot. A swift man, when he must!

Breakage Fourth: Into Mähren (April 16th–21st). "This is Fouquet's attempt, alluded to above; of which — as every reader must be satisfied with Small-War — we will give only the dates. Fouquet, ranking at Leobschütz, in Neisse Country, did break through into Mähren, pushing the Austrians before him; but found the Magazines either emptied, or too inaccessible for any worth they had; — could do nothing on the Magazines; and returned without result; home at Leobschütz again on the fifth day."[2] This, however, had a sequel for Fouquet; which, as it brought the King himself into those neighborhoods, we shall have to mention, farther on.

Breakage Fifth: Into Franken (May 5th–June 1st). "This was Prince Henri's Invasion of the Bamberg-Nürnberg Countries; a much sharper thing than in any former Year. Much the most famous, and," luckily for us, "the last of the Small-War affairs for the present. Started, — from Tschopau region, Bamberg way, — April 29th–May 5th. In Three Columns: Finck leftmost, and foremost (Finck had marched April 29th,

[1] Tempelhof iii. 47–53, *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 963–966.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 958–963; Tempelhof, iii. 44–47.

pretending to mean for Bohemia); after whom Knobloch; and (May 5th) the Prince himself. Who has an eye to the Reichs Magazines and Preparations, as usual; — nay, an eye to their Camp of Rendezvous, and to a fight with their miscellaneous Selves and Auxiliaries, if they will stand fight. 'You will have to leave Saxony, and help us with the Russians, soon: beat those Reichs people first!' urged the King; 'well beaten, they will not trouble Saxony for a while.' If they will stand fight? But they would not at all. They struck their tents everywhere; burnt their own Magazines, in some cases; and only went mazing hither and thither, — gravitating all upon Nürnberg, and an impregnable Camp which they have in that neighborhood. Supreme Zweibrück was himself with them; many Croats, Austrians, led by Maguire and others; all marching, whirling at a mighty rate; with a countenance sometimes of vigor, but always with Nürnberg Camp in rear. There was swift marching, really beautiful manœuvring here and there; sharp bits of fighting, too, almost in the battle-form: — Maguire tried, or was for trying, a stroke with Finck; but made off hastily, glad to get away.[1] May 11th, at Himmelskron in Baireuth, one Riedesel of theirs had fairly to ground arms, self and 2,500, and become prisoners of war." Much of this manœuvring and scuffling was in Baireuth Territory. Twice, or even thrice, Prince Henri was in Baireuth Town: "marched through Baireuth," say the careless Old Books. Through Baireuth: — No Wilhelmina now there, with her tremulous melodies of welcome! Wilhelmina's loves, and terrors for her loved, are now all still. Perhaps her poor Daughter of Würtemberg, wandering unjustly disgraced, is there; Papa, the Widower Margraf, is for marrying again: [2] — march on, Prince Henri!

"In Bamberg," says a Note from Archenholtz, "the Reichs troops burnt their Magazine; and made for Nürnberg, as usual; but left some thousand or two of Croats, who would not yet. Knobloch and his Prussians appeared shortly after; summoned

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 64.

[2] Married 20th September, 1759 (a Brunswick Princess, Sister's-daughter of his late Wife); died within four years.

Bamberg, which agreed to receive them; and were for taking possession; but found the Croats determined otherwise. Fight ensued; fight in the streets; which, in hideousness of noises, if in nothing else, was beyond parallel. The inhabitants sat all quaking in their cellars; not an inhabitant was to be seen: a City dead, — and given up to the demons, in this manner. Not for some hours were the Croats got entirely trampled out. Bamberg, as usual, became a Prussian place-of-arms; was charged to pay ransom of £40,000;— 'cannot possibly!' — did pay some £14,000, and gave bills for the remainder."[1] Which bills, let us mark withal, the Kaiser in Reichs Diet decreed to be invalid: "Don't pay them!" A thing not forgotten by Friedrich; — though it is understood the Bambergers, lest worse might happen, privately paid their bills. "The Expedition lasted, in whole, not quite four weeks: June 1st, Prince Henri was at the Saxon frontier again; the German world all ringing loud, — in jubilation, counter-jubilation and a great variety of tones, — with the noise of what he had done. A sharp swift man; and, sure enough, has fluttered the Reichs Volscians in their Corioli to an unexpected degree."[2]

A Colonel Wunsch (Lieutenant-Colonel of the Free Corps *Wunsch*) distinguished himself in this Expedition; The beginning of notably great things to him in the few following months. Wunsch is a Würtemberger by birth; has been in many services, always in subaltern posts, and, this year, will testify strangely how worthy he was of the higher. What a Year, this of 1759, to stout old Wunsch! In the Spring, here has he just seen his poor son, Lieutenant Wunsch, perish in one of these scuffles; in Autumn, he will see himself a General, shining suddenly bright, to his King and to all the world; before Winter, he will be Prisoner to Austria, and eclipsed for the rest of this war! — Kleist, of the *Green Hussars*, also made a figure here; and onwards rapidly ever higher; to the top of renown in his business: — fallen heir to Mayer's place, as it

[1] Archenholtz, i. 371–373.

[2] Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 537–563; *Bericht von der Unternehmung des Prinzen Heinrich in Franken, im Jahr*, 1759; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1033–1039; Tempelhof, [illegible] seq.

were. A Note says: "Poor Mayer of the Free Corps does not ride with the Prince on this occasion. Mayer, dangerously worn down with the hard services of last Year, and himself a man of too sleepless temper, caught a fever in the New-year time; and died within few days: burnt away before his time; much regretted by his Brethren of the Army, and some few others. Gone in this way; with a high career just opening on him at the long last! Mayer was of Austrian, of half Spanish birth; a musical, really melodious, affectionate, but indignant, wildly stormful mortal; and had had adventures without end. Something of pathos, of tragedy, in the wild Life of him.[1] A man of considerable genius, military and other: — genius in the sleepless kind, which is not the best kind; sometimes a very bad kind. The fame of Friedrich invites such people from all sides of the world; and this was no doubt a sensible help to him." — But enough of all this.

Here, surely, is abundance of preliminary Small-War, on the part of a Friedrich reduced to the defensive! — Fouquet's Sequel, hinted at above, was to this effect. On Fouquet's failing to get hold of the Moravian Magazines, and returning to his Post at Leobschütz, a certain rash General Deville, who is Austrian chief in those parts, hastily rushed through the Jägerndorf Hills, and invaded Fouquet. Only for a few days; and had very bad success, in that bit of retaliation. The King, who is in Landshut, in the middle of his main cantonments, hastened over to Leobschütz with reinforcement to Fouquet; in the thought that a finishing-stroke might be done on this Deville; — and would have done it, had not the rash man plunged off again (May 1st, or the night before); homewards, at full speed. So that Friedrich, likewise at full speed, could catch nothing of him; but merely cannonade him in the Passes of Zuckmantel, and cut off his rear-guard of Croats. Poor

[1] Still worth reading: in Pauli (our old watery *Brandenburg-History* Friend). *Leben grosser Helden* (Halle, 1759–1764, 9 vols.), iii. 142–188; — much the best Piece in that still rather watery (or windy) Collection, which, however, is authentic, and has some tolerable Portraits.

forlorn of Croats, whom he had left in some bushy Chasm; to gain him a little time, and then to perish if *they* must! as Tempelhof remarks.[1] Upon which Friedrich returned to Landshut; and Fouquet had peace again.

It was from this Landshut region, where his main cantonments are, that Friedrich had witnessed all these Inroads, or all except the very earliest of them; the first Erfurt one, and the Wobersnow-Sulkowski. He had quitted Breslau in the end of March, and gone to his cantonments; quickened thither, probably, by a stroke that had befallen him at Griefenberg, on his Silesian side of the Cordon. At Griefenberg stood the Battalion Düringshofen, with its Colonel of the same name, — grenadier people of good quality, perhaps near 1,000 in whole. Which Battalion, General Beck, after long preliminary study of it, from his Bohemian side, — marching stealthily on it, one night (March 25–26th), by two or more roads, with 8,000 men, and much preliminary Croat-work, — contrived to envelop wholly, and carry off with him, before help could come up. This, I suppose, had quickened Friedrich's arrival. He has been in that region ever since, — in Landshut for the last week or two; and returns thither after the Deville affair.

And at Landshut, — which is the main Pass into Bohemia or from it, and is the grand observatory-point at present, — he will have to remain till the first days of July; almost three months. Watching, and waiting on the tedious Daun, who has the lifting of the curtain this Year! Daun had come to Jaromirtz, to his cantonments, "March 24th" (almost simultaneously with Friedrich to his); expecting Friedrich's Invasion, as usual. Long days sat Daun, expecting the King in Bohemia: — "There goes he, at last!" thought Daun, on Prince Henri's late flamy appearance there (*Breakage Third* we labelled it); — and Daun had hastily pushed a Division thitherward, double-quick, to secure Prag; but found it was only the Magazines. "Above four millions worth [£600,000, counting the *thalers* into sterling], above four millions worth of bread and forage gone to ashes, and the very boats burnt? Well;

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 56.

the poor Reichsfolk, or our poor Auxiliaries to them, will have empty haversacks: — but it is not Prag!" thinks Daun.

At what exact point of time Daun came to see that Friedrich was not intending Invasion, and would, on the contrary, require to be invaded, I do not know. But it must have been an interesting discovery to Daun, if he foreshadowed to himself what results it would have on him: "Taking the defensive, then? And what is to become of one's Cunctatorship in that case!" Yes, truly. Cunctatorship is not now the trade needed; there is nothing to be made of playing Fabius-Cunctator: — and Daun's fame henceforth is a diminishing quantity. The Books say he "wasted above five weeks in corresponding with the Russian Generals." In fact, he had now weeks enough on hand; being articulately resolved (and even commanded by Kriegshofrath) to do nothing till the Russians came up; — and also (*in*articulately and by command of Nature) to do as little as possible after! This Year, and indeed all years following, the Russians are to be Daun's best card.

Waiting for three months here till the curtain rose, it was Friedrich that had to play Cunctator. A wearisome task to him, we need not doubt. But he did it with anxious vigilance; ever thinking Daun would try something, either on Prince Henri or on him, and that the Play would begin. But the Play did not. There was endless scuffling and bickering of Outposts; much hitching and counter-hitching, along that Bohemian-Silesian Frontier, — Daun gradually hitching up, leftwards, northwards, to be nearer his Russians; Friedrich counter-hitching, and, in the end, detaching against the Russians, as they approached in actuality. The details of all which would break the toughest patience. Not till July came, had both parties got into the Lausitz; Daun into an impregnable Camp near Mark-Lissa (in Görlitz Country); Friedrich, opposite and eastward of him, into another at Schmöttseifen: — still after which, as the Russians still were not come, the hitching (if we could concern ourselves with it), the maze of strategic shuffling and counter-dancing, as the Russians get nearer, will become more intricate than ever.

Except that of General Beck on Battalion Düringshofen, — if that was meant as retaliatory, and was not rather an originality of Beck's, who is expert at such strokes, — Daun, in return for all these injurious Assaults and Breakages, tried little or no retaliation; and got absolutely none. Deville attempted once, as we saw; Loudon once, as perhaps we shall see: but both proved futile. For the present absolutely none. Next Year indeed, Loudon, on Fouquet at Landshut — But let us not anticipate! Just before quitting Landshut for Schmöttseifen, Friedrich himself rode into Bohemia, to look more narrowly; and held Trautenau, at the bottom of the Pass, for a day or two — But the reader has had enough of Small-War! Of the present Loudon attempt, Friedrich, writing to Brother Henri, who is just home from his Franconian Invasion (*Breakage Fifth*), has a casual word, which we will quote. "Reich-Hennersdorf" is below Landshut, farther down the Pass; "Liebau" still farther down, — and its "Gallows," doubtless, is on some knoll in the environs!

Reich-Hennersdorf, 9th June. "My congratulations on the excellent success you have had [out in Frankenland yonder]! Your prisoners, we hear, are 3,000; the desertion and confusion in the Reichs Army are affirmed to be enormous: — I give those Reichs fellows two good months [scarcely took so long] to be in a condition to show face again. As for ourselves, I can send you nothing but contemptibilities. We have never yet had the beatific vision of Him with the Hat and Consecrated Sword [Papal Daun, that is]; they amuse us with the Sieur Loudon instead; — who, three days ago [7th July, two days] did us the honor of a visit, at the Gallows of Liebau. He was conducted out again, with all the politeness imaginable, on to near Schatzlar," well over the Bohemian Border; "where we flung a score of cannon volleys into the" — into the "*derrière* of him, and everybody returned home."[1]

Perhaps the only points now noticeable in this tedious Landshut interim, are Two, hardly noticed then at all by an expectant world. The first is: That in the King's little inroad down to Trautenau, just mentioned, four cannon drawn

[1] In *Schöning*, ii. 65: "9th June, 1759."

by horses were part of the King's fighting gear, — the first appearance of Horse Artillery in the world. "A very great invention," says the military mind: "guns and carriages are light, and made of the best material for strength; the gunners all mounted as postilions to them. Can scour along, over hill and dale, wherever horse can; and burst out, on the sudden, where nobody was expecting artillery. Devised in 1758; ready this Year, four light six-pounders; tried first in the King's raid down to Trautenau [June 29th–30th]. Only four pieces as yet. But these did so well, there were yearly more. Imitated by the Austrians, and gradually by all the world."[1]

The second fact is: That Herr Guichard (Author of that fine Book on the War-methods of the Greeks and Romans) is still about Friedrich, as he has been for above a year past, if readers remember; and, during those tedious weeks, is admitted to a great deal of conversation with the King. Readers will consent to this Note on Guichard; and this shall be our ultimatum on the wearisome Three Months at Landshut.

Major Quintus Icilius. "Guichard is by birth a Magdeburger, age now thirty-four; a solid staid man, with a good deal of hard faculty in him, and of culture unusual for a soldier. A handy, sagacious, learned and intelligent man; whom Friedrich, in the course of a year's experience, has grown to see willingly about him. There is something of positive in Guichard, of stiff and, as it were, *gritty*, which might have offended a weaker taste; but Friedrich likes the rugged sense of the man; his real knowledge on certain interesting heads; and the precision with which the known and the not rightly known are divided from one another, in Guichard.

"Guichard's business about the King has been miscellaneous, not worth mention hitherto; but to appearance was well done. Of talk they are beginning to have more and more; especially at Landshut here, in these days of waiting; a great deal of talk on the Wars of the Ancients, Guichard's Book

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 543.

naturally leading to that subject. One night, datable accidentally about the end of May, the topic happened to be Pharsalia, and the excellent conduct of a certain Centurion of the Tenth Legion, who, seeing Pompey's people about to take him in flank, suddenly flung himself into oblique order [*schräge Stellung*, as we did at Leuthen], thereby outflanking Pompey's people, and ruining their manœuvre and them. 'A dexterous man, that Quintus Icilius the Centurion!' observed Friedrich. 'Ah, yes: but excuse me, your Majesty, his name was Quintus Cæcilius,' said Guichard. 'No, it was Icilius,' said the King, positive to his opinion on that small point; which Guichard had not the art to let drop; though, except assertion and counter-assertion, what could be made of it there? Or of what use was it anywhere?

"Next day, Guichard came with the book [what "Book" nobody would ever yet tell me], and putting his finger on the passage, 'See, your Majesty: Quintus *Cœcilius*!' extinguished his royal opponent. 'Hm,' answered Friedrich: 'so? — Well, you shall be Quintus Icilius, at any rate!' And straightway had him entered on the Army Books 'as Major Quintus Icilius;' his Majorship is to be dated '10th April, 1758' (to give him seniority); and from and after this '26th May, 1759,' he is to command the late Du Verger's Free-Battalion. All which was done: — the War-Offices somewhat astonished at such advent of an antique Roman among them; but writing as bidden, the hand being plain, and the man an undeniable article. Onward from which time there is always a 'Battalion Quintus' on their Books, instead of Battalion Du Verger; by degrees two Batallions Quintus, and at length three, and Quintus become a Colonel: — at which point the War ended; and the three Free-Battalions Quintus, like all others of the same type, were discharged." This is the authentic origin of the new name Quintus, which Guichard got, to extinction of the old; substantially this, as derived from Quintus himself, — though in the precise details of it there are obscurities, never yet solved by the learned. Nicolai, for example, though he had the story from Quintus in person, who was his familiar acquaintance, and often came to see him at Berlin, does not

with his usual punctuality, say, nor even confess that he has forgotten, what Book it was that Quintus brought with him to confute the King on their Icilius-Cæcilius controversy; Nicolai only says, that he, for his part, in the fields of Roman Literature and History, knows only three Quintus-Iciliuses, not one of whom is of the least likelihood; and in fact, in the above summary, I have had to *invert* my Nicolai on one point, to make the story stick together.[1]

"Quintus had been bred for the clerical profession; carefully, at various Universities, Leyden last of all; and had even preached, as candidate for license, — I hope with moderate orthodoxy; — though he soon renounced that career. Exchanged it for learned and vigorous general study, with an eye to some College Professorship instead. He was still hardly twenty-three, when, in 1747, the new Stadtholder," Prince of Orange, whom we used to know, "who had his eye upon him as a youth of merit, graciously undertook to get him placed at Utrecht, in a vacancy which had just occurred there, — whither the Prince was just bound, on some ceremonial visit of a high nature. The glad Quintus, at that time Guichard and little thinking of such an alias, hastened to set off in the Prince's train; but could get no conveyance, such was the press of people all for Utrecht. And did not arrive till next day, — and found quarter, with difficulty, in the garret of some overflowing Inn.

"In the lower stories of his Inn, solitary Guichard, when night fell, heard a specific *gaudeamus* going on; and inquired what it was. 'A company of Professors, handselling a newly appointed Professor;' — appointed, as the next question taught, to the very Chair poor Quintus had come for! Serene Highness could not help himself; the Utrechters were so bent on the thing. Quintus lay awake, all night, in his truckle-bed; and gloomily resolved to have done with Professorships, and become a soldier. 'If your Serene Highness do still favor me,' said Quintus next day, 'I solicit, as the one help for me, an ensign's commission!' — And persisted rigorously, in spite of all counsellings, promises and outlooks on the professorial

[1] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 129–145.

side of things. So that Serene Highness had to grant him his commission; and Quintus was a soldier thenceforth. Fought, more or less, in the sad remainder of that Cumberland-Saxe War; and after the Peace of 1748 continued in the Dutch service. Where, loath to be idle, he got his learned Books out again, and took to studying thoroughly the Ancient Art of War. After years of this, it had grown so hopeful that he proceeded to a Book upon it; and, by degrees, determined that he must get to certain Libraries in England, before finishing. In 1754, on furlough, graciously allowed and continued, he came to London accordingly; finished his manuscript there (printed at the Hague 1757 [1]): and new War having now begun, went over (probably with English introductions) as volunteer to Duke Ferdinand. By Duke Ferdinand he was recommended to Friedrich, the goal of all his efforts, as of every vagrant soldier's in those times: — and here at last, as Quintus Icilius, he has found permanent billet, a Battalion and gradually three Battalions, and will not need to roam any farther.

"They say, what is very credible, that Quintus proved an active, stout and effectual soldier, in his kind; and perhaps we may hear of some of his small-war adventures by and by: that he was a studious, hard-headed, well-informed man, and had written an excellent Book on his subject, is still abundantly clear. Readers may look in the famous Gibbon's *Autobiography*, or still better in the Guichard Book itself, if they want evidence. The famous Gibbon was drilling and wheeling, very peaceably indeed, in the Hampshire Militia, in those wild years of European War. Hampshire Militia served as key, or glossary in a sort, to this new Book of Guichard's, which Gibbon eagerly bought and studied; and it was Guichard, *alias* Quintus Icilius, who taught Gibbon all he ever knew of Ancient War, at least all the teaching he ever had of it, for his renowned *Decline and Fall*." [2]

[1] *Mémoires Militaires sur les &c.* (à La Haye, 1757: 2 vols. 4to); — was in the 5th edition when I last heard of it.

[2] See Gibbon's *Works* (4to, London, 1796: *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*), i. 97; and (*Extraits de mes Lectures*), ii. 52–54, of dates May 14th–26th,

It was in the last days of June that Daun, after many hitchings, got into more decisive general movement northward; and slowly but steadily planted himself at Mark-Lissa in the Lausitz: upon which, after some survey of the phenomenon, Friedrich got to Schmöttseifen, opposite him, July 10th. Friedrich, on noticing such stir, had ridden down to Trautenau (June 29th–30th), new Horse-Artillery attending, to look closer into Daun's affairs; and, seeing what they were, had thereupon followed. Above a month before this, Friedrich had detached a considerable force against the Russians, — General Dohna, of whom in next Chapter: — and both Daun and he again sit waiting, till they see farther. Rapid Friedrich is obliged to wait; watching Daun and the Dohna-Russian adventure: slow Daun will continue to wait and watch there, long weeks and months, after that is settled, that and much else, fully to his mind! Each is in his impregnable Camp; and each, Daun especially, has his Divisions and Detachments hovering round him, near or far, on different strategic errands; each Main-Camp like a planet with various moons — Mark-Lissa especially, a kind of sun with planets and comets and planetary moons: — of whose intricate motions and counter-motions, mostly unimportant to us, we promised to take no notice, in face of such a crisis just at hand.

By the 6th of July, slow Daun had got hitched into his Camp of Mark-Lissa; and four days after, Friedrich attending him, was in Schmöttseifen: where again was pause; and there passed nothing mentionable, even on Friedrich's score; and till July was just ending, the curtain did not fairly rise. Pause of above two weeks on Friedrich's part, and of almost three months on Daun's. Mark-Lissa, an impregnable Camp, is on the Lausitz Border; with Saxony, Silesia, Bohemia all converging hereabouts, and Brandenburg itself in the vicinity, — there is not a better place for waiting on events. Here,

1762, — during which days Gibbon is engaged in actual reading of the *Mémoires Militaires;* and already knows the Author by his *alias* of Quintus Icilius, "a man of eminent sagacity and insight, who was in the Dutch, and is now, I believe, in the Prussian service."

accordingly, till well on in September, Daun sat immovable; not even hitching now, — only shooting out Detachments, planetary, cometary, at a great rate, chiefly on his various Russian errands.

Daun, as we said, had been uncomfortably surprised to find, by degrees, that Invasion was not Friedrich's plan this Year; that the dramatic parts are redistributed, and that the playing of Fabius-Cunctator will not now serve one's turn. Daun, who may well be loath to believe such a thing, clings to his old part, and seems very lazy to rise and try another. In fact, he does not rise, properly speaking, or take up his new part at all. This Year, and all the following, he waits carefully till the Russian Lion come; will then endeavor to assist, — or even do jackal, which will be safer still. The Russians he intends shall act lion; he himself modestly playing the subaltern but much safer part! Diligent to flatter the lion; will provide him guidances, and fractional sustenances, in view of the coming hunt; will eat the lion's leavings, once the prey is slaughtered. This really was, in some sort, Daun's yearly game, so long as it would last! —

July ending, and the curtain fairly risen, we shall have to look at Friedrich with our best eyesight. Preparatory to which, there is, on Friedrich's part, ever since the middle of June, this Anti-Russian Dohna adventure going on: — of which, at first, and till about the time of getting to Schmöttseifen, he had great hopes; great, though of late rapidly sinking again: —into which we must first throw a glance, as properly the opening scene.

Fouquet has been left at Landshut, should the Daun remnants still in Bohemia think of invading. Fouquet is about rooting himself rather firmly into that important Post; fortifying various select Hills round Landshut, with redoubts, curtains, communications; so as to keep ward there, inexpugnable to a much stronger force. There for about a year, with occasional short sallies, on errands that arise, Fouquet sat successfully vigilant; resisting the Devilles, Becks, Harsches; protecting Glatz and the Passes of Silesia: in about a year

we shall hear of his fortunes worsening, and of a great catastrophe to him in that Landshut Post.

Friedrich allowed the Reichsfolk "two good months," after all that flurrying and havoc done on them, "before they could show face in Saxony." They did take about that time; and would have taken more, had not Prince Henri been called away by other pressing occasions in Friedrich's own neighborhood; and Saxony, for a good while (end of June to beginning of September), been left almost bare of Prussian troops. Which encourages the Reichs Army to hurry afield in very unprepared condition, — still rather within the two months. End of July, Light people of them push across to Halberstadt or Halle Country; and are raising Contributions, and plundering diligently, if nothing else. Of which we can take no notice farther: if the reader can recollect it, well; if not, also well. The poor Reichs Army nominally makes a figure this Year, but nominally only; the effective part of it, now and henceforth, being Austrian Auxiliaries, and the Reichs part as flaccid and insignificant as ever.

Prince Henri's call to quit Saxony was this. Daun, among the numerous Detachments he was making, of which we can take no notice, had shot out Two (rather of *comctary* type, to use our old figure), — which every reader must try to keep in mind. Two Detachments, very considerable: Haddick (who grew at last to 20,000), and Loudon (16,000); who are hovering about mysteriously over the Lausitz; — intending what? Their intention, Friedrich thinks, especially Haddick's intention, may be towards Brandenburg, and even Berlin: wherefore he has summoned Henri to look after it. Henri, resting in cantonments about Tschopau and Dresden, after the late fatigues, and idle for the moment, hastens to obey; and is in Bautzen neighborhood, from about the end of June and onward. Sufficiently attentive to Haddick and Loudon: who make no attempt on Brandenburg; having indeed, as Friedrich gradually sees, and as all of us shall soon see, a very different object in view! —

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL DOHNA; DICTATOR WEDELL: BATTLE OF ZÜLLICHAU.

THE Russian Lion, urged by Vienna and Versailles, made his entry, this Year, earlier than usual, — coming now within wind of Mark-Lissa, as we see; — and has stirred Daun into motion, Daun and everybody. From the beginning of April, the Russians, hibernating in the interior parts of Poland, were awake, and getting slowly under way. April 24th, the Vanguard of 10,000 quitted Thorn; June 1st, Vanguard is in Posen; followed by a First Division and a Second, each of 30,000. They called it "Soltikof crossing the Weichsel with 100,000 men;" but, exclusive of the Cossack swarms, there were not above 75,000 regulars: nor was Soltikof their Captain just at first; our old friend Fermor was, and continued to be till Soltikof, in a private capacity, reached Posen (June 29th), and produced his new commission. At Fermor's own request, as Fermor pretended, — who was skilled in Petersburg politics, and with a cheerful face served thenceforth as Soltikof's second.

At Posen, as on the road thither, they find Sulkowski's and the other burnt provenders abundantly replaced: it is evident they intend, in concert with Daun, to enclose Friedrich between two fires, and do something considerable. Whether on Brandenburg or Silesia, is not yet known to Friedrich. Friedrich, since the time they crossed Weichsel, has given them his best attention; and more than once has had schemes on their Magazines and them, — once a new and bigger Scheme actually afoot, under Wobersnow again, our Anti-Sulkowski friend; but was obliged to turn the force elsewhither, on alarms that rose. He himself cannot quit the centre of the work; his task being to watch Daun, and

especially, should Daun attempt nothing else, to prevent junction of Soltikof and him.

Daun still lies torpid, or merely hitching about; but now when the Russians are approaching Posen, and the case becomes pressing, Friedrich, as is usual to him, draws upon the Anti-Swedish resource, upon the Force he has in Pommern. That is to say, orders General Dohna, who has the Swedes well driven in at present, to quit Stralsund Country, to leave the ineffectual Swedes with some very small attendance; and to march — with certain reinforcements that are arriving (Wobersnow already, Hülsen with 10,000 out of Saxony in few days) — direct against the Russians; and at once go in upon them. Try to burn their Magazines again; or, equally good, to fall vigorously on some of their separate Divisions, and cut them off in the vagrant state; — above all, to be vigorous, be rapid, sharp, and do something effectual in that quarter. These were Dohna's Instructions. Dohna has 18,000; Hülsen, with his 10,000, is industriously striding forward, from the farther side of Saxony; Wobersnow, with at least his own fine head, is already there. Friedrich, watching in the Anti-Junction position, ready for the least chance that may turn up.

Dohna marched accordingly; but was nothing like rapid enough: an old man, often in ill health too; and no doubt plenty of impediments about him. He consumed some time rallying at Stargard; twelve days more at Landsberg, on the Warta, settling his provision matters: in fine, did not get to Posen neighborhood till June 23d, three weeks after the Russian Vanguard of 10,000 had fixed itself there, and other Russian parties were daily dropping in. Dohna was 18,000, a Wobersnow with him: had he gone at once on Posen, as Wobersnow urged, it is thought he might perhaps have ruined this Vanguard and the Russian Magazine; which would have been of signal service for the remaining Campaign. But he preferred waiting for Hülsen and the 10,000, who did not arrive for seven or eight days more; by which time Soltikof and most of the Russian Divisions had got in; — and the work was become as good as hopeless, on those languid

terms. Dohna did try upon the Magazine, said to be ill guarded in some Suburb of Posen; crossed the Warta with that view, found no Magazine; recrossed the Warta; and went manœuvring about, unable to do the least good on Soltikof or his Magazines or operations. Friedrich was still in Landshut region, just about quitting it, — just starting on that little Trautenau Expedition, with his Four Pieces of Horse-Artillery (June 29th), when the first ill news of Dohna came in; which greatly disappointed Friedrich, and were followed by worse, instead of better.

The end was, Soltikof, being now all ready, winded himself out of Posen one day, veiled by Cossacks; and, to Dohna's horror, had got, or was in the act of getting, between Dohna and Brandenburg; which necessitated new difficult manœuvres from Dohna. Soltikof too can manœuvre a little: Soltikof edges steadily forward; making for Crossen-on-Oder, where he expects to find Austrians (Haddick and Loudon, if Friedrich could yet guess it), with 30,000 odd, especially with provision, which is wearing scarce with him. Twice or so there was still a pretty opportunity for Dohna on him; but Dohna never could resolve about it in time. Back and ever back goes Dohna; facing Soltikof; but always hitching back; latterly in Brandenburg ground, the Russians and he; — having no provision, he either. In fine, July 17th (one week after Friedrich had got to Schmöttseifen), Dohna finds himself at the little Town of Züllichau (barely in time to snatch it before Soltikof could), within thirty miles of Crossen; and nothing but futility behind and before [1]

We can imagine Friedrich's daily survey of all this; his gloomy calculations what it will soon amount to if it last. He has now no Winterfeld, Schwerin, no Keith, Retzow, Moritz: — whom has he? His noblest Captains are all gone; he must put up with the less noble. One Wedell, Lieutenant-General, had lately recommended himself to the royal mind by actions of a prompt daring. The royal mind, disgusted with these Dohna hagglings, and in absolute necessity of finding somebody that had resolution, and at least ordinary

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 78–88; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 835–847.

Prussian skill, hoped Wedell was the man. And determined, the crisis being so urgent, to send Wedell in the character of *Alter-Ego*, or "with the powers of a Roman Dictator," as the Order expressed it.[1] Dictator Wedell is to supersede Dohna; shall go, at his own swift pace, fettered by nobody; — and, at all hazards, shall attack Soltikof straightway, and try to beat him. "You are grown too old for that intricate hard work; go home a little, and recover your health," the King writes to Dohna. And to the Dohna Army, "Obey this man, all and sundry of you, as you would myself;" the man's private Order being, "Go in upon Soltikof; attack him straightway; let us have done with this wriggling and haggling." Date of this Order is "Camp at Schmöttseifen, 20th July, 1759." The purpose of such high-flown Title, and solemnity of nomination, was mainly, it appears, to hush down any hesitation or surprise among the Dohna Generals, which, as Wedell was "the youngest Lieutenant-General of the Army," might otherwise have been possible.

Wedell, furnished with some small escort and these Documents, arrives in Camp Sunday Evening, 22d July: — poor Dohna has not the least word or look of criticism; and every General, suppressing whatever thoughts there may be, prepares to yield loyal obedience to Dictator Wedell. "Wobersnow was the far better soldier of the two!" murmured the Opposition party, then and long afterwards,[2] — all the more, as Wobersnow's behavior under it was beautiful, and his end tragical, as will be seen. Wobersnow I perceive to have been a valiant sharp-striking man, with multifarious resources in his head; who had faithfully helped in these operations, and I believe been urgent to quicken them. But what I remember best of him is his hasty admirable contrivance for field-bakery in pressing circumstances, — the substance of which shall not be hidden from a mechanical age: —

"You construct six slight square iron frames, each hinged to the other; each, say, two feet square, or the breadth of

[1] Given in *Preuss*, ii. 207, 208; in Stenzel, v. 212, other particulars.

[2] Retzow, &c.

two common tiles, and shaped on the edges so as to take in tiles; — tiles are to be found on every human cottage. This iron frame, when you hook it together, becomes the ghost of a cubic box, and by the help of twelve tiles becomes a compact field-oven; and you can bake with it, if you have flour and water, and a few sticks. The succinctest oven ever heard of; for your operation done, and your tiles flung out again, it is capable of all folding flat like a book."[1] Never till now had Wobersnow's oven been at fault: but in these Polish Villages, all of mere thatched hovels, there was not a tile to be found; and the Bakery, with astonishment, saw itself unable to proceed.

Wedell arrived Sunday evening, 22d July; had crossed Oder at Tschischerzig, — some say by Crossen Bridge; no matter which. Dohna's Camp is some thirty miles west of Crossen; in and near the small Town called Züllichau, where his headquarter is. In those dull peaty Countries, on the right, which is thereabouts the *northern* (not eastern), bank of Oder; between the Oder and the Warta; some seventy miles south-by-east of Landsberg, and perhaps as far southwest of Posen: thither has Dohna now got with his futile manœuvrings. Soltikof, drawn up amid scrubby woods and sluggish intricate brooks, is about a mile to east of him.

Poor Dohna demits at once; and, I could conjecture, vanishes that very night; glad to be out of such a thing. Painfully has Dohna manœuvred for weeks past; falling back daily; only anxious latterly that Soltikof, who daily tries it, do not get to westward of him on the Frankfurt road, and so end this sad shuffle. Soltikof as yet has not managed that ultimate fatality; Dohna, by shuffling back, does at least contrive to keep between Frankfurt and him; — will not try attacking him, much as Wobersnow urges it. Has agreed twice or oftener, on Wobersnow's urgency: "Yes, yes; we have a chance," Dohna would answer; "only let us rest till to-morrow, and be fresh!" by which time the opportunity was always gone again.

[1] Retzow, ii. 82 n.

Wedell had arrived with a grenadier battalion and some horse for escort; had picked up 150 Russian prisoners by the way. Retzow has understood he came in with a kind of state; and seemed more or less inflated; conscious of representing the King's person, and being a Roman Dictator, — though it is a perilously difficult office too, and requires more than a Letter of Instructions to qualify you for it! This is not Leonidas Wedell, whom readers once knew; poor Leonidas is dead long since, fell in the Battle of Sohr, soon after the heroic feat of Ziethen's and his at Elbe-Teinitz (Defence of Elbe against an Army); this is Leonidas's elder Brother. Friedrich had observed his fiery ways on the day of Leuthen: "Hah, a new Winterfeld perhaps?" thought Friedrich, "All the Winterfeld I now have!" — which proved a fond hope. Wedell's Dictatorship began this Sunday towards sunset; and lasted — in practical fact, it lasted one day.

Dictator Wedell fights his Battle (Monday, 23d July, 1759), *without Success.*

Monday morning early, Wedell is on the heights, reconnoitring Soltikof; cannot see much of him, the ground being so woody; does see what he takes to be Soltikof's left wing; and judges that Soltikof will lie quiet for this day. Which was far from a right reading of Soltikof; the fact being that Soltikof, in long columns and divisions, beginning with his right wing, was all on march since daybreak; what Wedell took for Soltikof's "left wing" being Soltikof's rear-guard and baggage, waiting till the roads cleared. Wedell, having settled everything on the above footing, returns to Züllichau about 10 o'clock; and about 11, Soltikof, miles long, disengaged from the bushy hollows, makes his appearance on the open grounds of Palzig: he, sure enough (though Wedell can hardly believe it), — five or six miles to northeast yonder; tramping diligently along, making for Crossen and the Oder Bridge; — and is actually *got* ahead of us, at last!

This is what Wedell cannot suffer, cost what it may. Wedell's orders were, in such case, Attack the Russians. Wedell

instantly took his measures; not unskilfully, say judges, — though the result proved disappointing; and Wobersnow himself earnestly dissuaded: "Too questionable, I should doubt! Soltikof is 70,000, and has no end of Artillery; we are 26,000, and know not if we can bring a single gun to where Soltikof is!" [1]

Wedell's people have already, of their own accord, got to arms again; stand waiting his orders on this new emergency. No delay in Wedell or in them. "May not it be another Rossbach (if we are lucky)?" thinks Wedell: "Cannot we burst in on their flank, as they march yonder, those awkward fellows; and tumble them into heaps?" The differences were several-fold: First, that Friedrich and Seidlitz are not here. Many brave men we have, and skilful; but not a master and man like these Two. Secondly, that there is no Janus Hill to screen our intentions; but that the Russians have us in full view while we make ready. Thirdly, and still more important, that we do not know the ground, and what hidden inaccessibilities lie ahead. This last is judged to have been the killing circumstance. Between the Russians and us there is a paltry little Brook, or line of quagmire; scarcely noticeable here, but passable nowhere except at the Village-Mill of Kay, by one poor Bridge there. And then, farther inwards, as shelter of the Russians, there is another quaggy Brook, branch of the above, which is without bridge altogether. Hours will be required to get 26,000 people marched up there, not to speak of heavy guns at all.

The 26,000 march with their usual mathematical despatch: Manteuffel and the Vanguard strike in with their sharpest edge, foot and horse, direct on the Head of the Russian Column, Manteuffel leading on, so soon as his few battalions and squadrons are across. Head means *brain* (or life) to this Russian Column; and these Manteuffel people go at it with extraordinary energy. The Russian Head gives way; infantry and cavalry: — their cavalry was driven quite to rear, and never came in sight again after this of Manteuffel. But the Russians

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 132–134.

have abundance of Reserves; also of room to manœuvre in, — no lack of ground open, and ground defensible (Palzig Village and Churchyard, for example); — above all, they have abundance of heavy guns.

Well in recoil from Manteuffel and his furies, the beaten Russians succeed in forming "a long Line behind Palzig Village," with that Second, slighter or Branch Quagmire between them and us; they get the Village beset, and have the Churchyard of it lined with batteries, — say seventy guns. Manteuffel, unsupported, has to fall back; — unwillingly, and not chased or in disorder, — towards Kay-Mill again; where many are by this time across. Hülsen, with the Centre, attacks now, as the Vanguard had done; with a will, he too: Wobersnow, all manner of people attack; time after time, for about four hours coming: and it proves all in vain, on that Churchyard and new Line. Without cannon, we are repulsed, torn away by those Russian volcano-batteries; never enough of us at once!

Hülsen, Wobersnow, everybody in detail is repulsed, or finds his success unavailing. Poor Wobersnow did wonders; but he fell, killed. Gone he; and has left so few of his like: a man that could ill be spared at present! — Day is sinking; we find we have lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, some 6,000 men. "About sunset," — flaming July sun going down among the moorlands on such a scene, — Wedell gives it up; retires slowly towards Kay Bridge. Slowly; not chased, or molested; Soltikof too glad to be rid of him. Soltikof's one aim is, and was, towards Crossen; towards Austrian Junction, and something to live upon. Soltikof's loss of men is reckoned to be heavier even than Wedell's: but he could far better afford it. He has gained his point; and the price is small in comparison. Next day he enters Crossen on triumphant terms.

Poor Wedell had returned over Kay-Mill Bridge, in the night-time after his Defeat. On the morrow (Tuesday, 24th, day of Soltikof's glad entry), Wedell crosses Oder; at Tschischerzig, the old place of Sunday evening last, — in how dif-

ferent a humor, this time! — and in a day more, posts himself opposite to Crossen Bridge, five or six miles south; and again sits watchful of Soltikof there. At Crossen, triumphant Soltikof has found no Austrian Junction, nor anything additional to live upon. A very disappointing circumstance to Soltikof; "Austrian Junction still a problem, then; a thing in the air? And perhaps the King of Prussia taking charge of it now!" Soltikof, more and more impatient, after waiting some days, decided Not to cross Oder by that Bridge; — "shy of crossing anywhere [think the French Gentlemen, Montazet, Montalembert], to the King of Prussia's side!" [1] Which is not unlikely, though the King is above 100 miles off him, and has Daun on his hands. Certain enough, keeping the River between him and any operations of the King, Soltikof set out for Frankfurt, forty or fifty miles farther down. In the hope probably of finding something of human provender withal? July 30th, one week after his Battle, the vanguard of him is there.

Thus, in two days, or even in one, has Wedell's Dictatorship ended. Easy to say scoffingly, "Would it had never begun!" Friedrich knows that, and Wedell knows it; — *after* the event everybody knows it! Friedrich said nothing of reproachful; the reverse rather, — "I dreaded something of the kind; it is not your fault;" [2] — ordered Wedell to watch diligently at Crossen Bridge, and be ready on farther signal. The Wedell Problem, in such ruined condition, has now fallen to Friedrich himself.

This is the *Battle of Züllichau* (afternoon of 23d July, 1759); the beginning of immense disasters in this Campaign. Battle called also of *Kay* and of *Palzig*, those also being main localities in it. It was lost, not by fault of Wedell's people, who spent themselves nobly upon it, nor perhaps by fault of Wedell himself, but principally, if not solely, by those two paltry Brooks, or threads of Quagmire, one of

[1] Stenzel, iv. 215 (indistinct, and giving a *wrong* citation of "Montalembert, ii. 87").

[2] *To Wedell, from the King,* "Schmöttseifen, July 24th, 1759" (in Schöning, ii. 118).

which turns Kay-Mill; memorable Brooks in this Campaign, 1759.[1]

Close in the same neighborhood, there is another equally contemptible Brook, making towards Oder, and turning the so-called Krebsmühle, which became still more famous to the whole European Public twenty years hence. *Krebs-mühle* (Crab-Mill), as yet quite undistinguished among Mills; belonging to a dusty individual called Miller Arnold, with a dusty Son of his own for Miller's Lad: was it at work this day? Or had the terrible sound from Palzig quenched its clacking? —

Some three weeks ago (*4th–6th July*), there occurred a sudden sharp thing at Havre-de-Grace on the French Coast, worth a word from us in this place. The Montazets, Montalemberts, watching, messaging about, in the Austrian-Russian Courts and Camps, assiduously keeping their Soltikofs in tune, we can observe how busy they are. Soubise with his Invasion of England, all the French are very busy; they have conquered Hessen from Duke Ferdinand, and promise themselves a glorious Campaign, after that Seizure of Frankfurt. Soubise, intent on his new Enterprise, is really making ardent preparations: at Vannes in the Morbihan, such rendezvousing and equipping; — especially at Havre, no end of flat-bottomed boats getting built; and much bluster and agitation among the weaker sorts in both Nations. Whereupon, —

"*July* 1*st* [just in the days while Friedrich was first trying Horse Artillery], Rear-Admiral Rodney sails from Portsmouth with a few Frigates, and Six Bomb-ketches [*Firedrake, Basilisk, Blast*, and such nomenclatures[2]]; and in the afternoon of Tuesday, 3d, arrives in the frith or bay of Havre. Steers himself properly into 'the Channel of Honfleur' before dark; and therefrom, with his Firedrake, Basilisk and Company, begins such a bombardment of Havre and the flat-bottomed manufactories as was quite surprising. Fifty-two incessant

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 125–131.

[2] List of him, in Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs* (London, 1804), ii. 241; his Despatch excellently brief, ib. ii. 323

hours of it, before he thought poor Havre had enough. Poor Havre had been on fire six times; the flat manufactory (unquenchable) I know not how many; all the inhabitants off in despair; and the Garrison building this battery to no purpose, then that; no salvation for them but in Rodney's 'mortars getting too hot.' He had fired of shells 1,900, of carcasses, 1,150: from Wednesday about sunrise till Friday about 8 A.M., — about time now for breakfast; which I hope everybody had, after such a stretch of work. 'No damage to speak of,' said the French Gazetteers; 'we will soon refit everything!' But they never did; and nothing came of Havre henceforth. Vannes was always, and is now still more, to be the main place; only that Hawke — most unexpectedly, for one fancied all their ships employed in distant parts — rides there with a Channel Fleet of formidable nature; and the previous question always is: 'Cannot we beat Hawke? Can we! Or will not he perhaps go, of himself, when the rough weather comes?'"

CHAPTER III.

FRIEDRICH IN PERSON ATTEMPTS THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM; NOT WITH SUCCESS.

BEFORE Wedell's catastrophe, the Affair of those Haddick-Loudon Detachments had become a little plainer to Friedrich. The intention, he begins to suspect, is not for Berlin at all; but for junction with Soltikof, — at Crossen, or wherever it may be. This is in fact their real purpose; and this, beyond almost Berlin itself, it is in the highest degree important to prevent! Important; and now as if become impossible!

Prince Henri had come to Bautzen with his Army, specially to look after Loudon and Haddick; and he has, all this while, had Finck with some 10,000 diligently patrolling to westward of them, guarding Berlin; he himself watching from the southern side, — where, as on the western, there was no

danger from them. Some time before Wedell's affair, Friedrich had pushed out Eugen of Würtemberg to watch these people on the eastern side; — suspicious that thitherward lay their real errand. Eugen had but 6,000; and, except in conjunction with Finck and Henri, could do nothing, — nor can, now when Friedrich's suspicion turns out to be fatally true. Friedrich had always the angry feeling that Finck and Prince Henri were the blameworthy parties in what now ensued; that they, who were near, ought to have divined these people's secret, and spoiled it in time; not have left it to him who was far off, and so busy otherwise. To the last, that was his fixed private opinion; by no means useful to utter, — especially at present, while attempting the now very doubtful enterprise himself, and needing all about him to be swift and zealous. This is one of Friedrich's famous labors, this of the Haddick-Loudon junction with Soltikof; strenuous short spasm of effort, of about a week's continuance; full of fiery insight, velocity, energy; still admired by judges, though it was unsuccessful, or only had half success. Difficult to bring home, in any measure, to the mind of modern readers, so remote from it.

Friedrich got the news of Züllichau next day, July 24th; — and instantly made ready. The case is critical; especially this Haddick-Loudon part of it: add 30 or 36,000 Austrians to Soltikof, how is he then to be dealt with? A case stringently pressing: — and the resources for it few and scattered. For several days past, Haddick, and Loudon under him, whose motions were long enigmatic, have been marching steadily eastward through the Lausitz, — with the evident purpose of joining Soltikof; unless Wedell could forbid. Wedell ahead was the grand opposition; — Finck, Henri, Würtemberg, as good as useless; — and Wedell being now struck down, these Austrians will go, especially Loudon will, at a winged rate. They are understood to be approaching Sagan Country; happily, as yet, well to westward of it, and from Sagan Town well *north*-westward; — but all accounts of them are vague, dim: they are an obscure entity to Friedrich, but a vitally important one. Sagan Town may be about 70 miles north-

ward of where Friedrich now is: from Sagan, were they once in the meridian of Sagan, their road is free eastward and northward; — to Crossen is about 60 miles north-by-east from Sagan, to Frankfurt near 100 north. Sagan is on the Bober; Bober, in every event, is between the Austrians and their aim.

Friedrich feels that, however dangerous to quit Daun's neighborhood, he must, he in person, go at once. And who, in the interim, will watch Daun and his enterprises? Friedrich's reflections are: "Well, in the crisis of the moment, Saxony — though there already are marauding Bodies of Reichsfolk in it — must still be left to itself for a time; or cannot Finck and his 10,000 look to it? Henri, with his Army, now useless at Bautzen, shall instantly rendezvous at Sagan; his Army to go with me, against the Russians and their Haddick-Loudons; Henri to Schmöttseifen, instead of me, and attend to Daun; Henri, I have no other left! Finck and his 10,000 must take charge of Saxony, such charge as he can: — how lucky those Spring Forays, which destroyed the Reichs Magazines! Whereby there is no Reichs Army yet got into Saxony (nothing but preliminary pulses and splashings of it); none yet, nor like to be quite at once." That is Friedrich's swift plan.

Henri rose on the instant, as did everybody concerned: July 29th, Henri and Army were at Sagan; Army waiting for the King; Henri so far on his road to Schmöttseifen. He had come to Sagan "by almost the rapidest marches ever heard of," — or ever till some others of Henri's own, which he made in that neighborhood soon. Punctual, he, to his day; as are Eugen of Würtemberg's people, and all Detachments and Divisions: Friedrich himself arrives at Sagan that same 29th, "about midnight," — and finds plenty of work waiting: no sleep these two nights past; and none coming just yet! A most swift rendezvous. The speed of everybody has been, and needs still to be, intense.

This rendezvous at Sagan — intersection of Henri and Friedrich, bound different roads (the Brothers, I think, did

not personally meet, Henri having driven off for Schmöttseifen by a shorter road) — was *Sunday, July 29th.* Following which, are six days of such a hunt for those Austrian reynards as seldom or never was! Most vehement, breathless, baffling hunt; half of it spent in painfully beating cover, in mere finding and losing. Not rightly successful, after all. So that, on the eighth day hence, *August 6th*, at Müllrose, near Frankfurt, 80 miles from Sagan, there is a *second* rendezvous, — rendezvous of Wedell and Friedrich, who do not now "intersect," but meet after the hunt is done; — and in the interim, there has been a wonderful performance, though an unsuccessful. Friedrich never could rightly get hold of his Austrians. Once only, at Sommerfeld, a long march northwest of Sagan, he came upon some outskirts of them. And in general, in those latter eight days, especially in the first six of them, there is, in that Kotbus-Sagan Country, such an intersecting, checking, pushing and multifarious simmering of marches, on the part of half a dozen Strategic Entities, Friedrich the centre of them, as — as, I think, nobody but an express soldier-student, well furnished with admiration for this particular Soldier, would consent to have explained to him. One of the maziest, most unintelligible whirls of marching; inextricable Sword Dance, or Dance of the Furies, — five of them (that is the correct number: Haddick, Loudon, Friedrich, Würtemberg, Wedell); — and it is flung down for us, all in a huddle, in these inhuman Books (which have several errors of the press, too): let no man rashly insist with himself on understanding it, unless he have need! Humanly pulled straight, not inhumanly flung down at random, here the essentials of it are, — in very brief state: —

"*Sagan, Monday, 30th July.* Friedrich is at Sagan, since midnight last, busier and busier;" beating cover, as we termed it, and getting his hounds (his new Henri-Army) in leash; "endeavoring, especially, to get tidings of those Austrian people; who are very enigmatic, — Loudon a dexterous man, — and have hung up such a curtain of Pandours between Friedrich and them as is nearly impenetrable. In the course of this Monday Friedrich ascertains that they are verily on the

road; coming eastward, for Sommerfeld, — 'thence for Crossen!' he needs no ghost to tell him. Wherefore,

"*Tuesday, Sagan to Naumburg.* Tuesday before daybreak Friedrich too is on the road: northwestward; in full march towards Naumburg on Bober, meaning to catch the Bridge from them there. March of the swiftest; he himself is ahead, as usual, with the Vanguard of Horse. He reaches Naumburg (northward, a march of 20 miles); finds, not Haddick or Loudon, but a Detachment of theirs: which he at once oversets with his cavalry, and chases, — marking withal that 'westward is the way they run.' Westward; and that we are still ahead, thank Heaven!

"Before his Infantry are all up, or are well rested in Naumburg, Friedrich ascertains, on more precise tidings, that the Austrians are in Sommerfeld, to westward (again a 20 miles); and judges That, no doubt, they will bear off more to leftward, by Guben probably, and try to avoid him, — unless he can still catch them in Sommerfeld. About nightfall he marches for Sommerfeld, at his swiftest; arrives Wednesday early; finds — alas! —

"*Sommerfeld, Wednesday morning, August 1st,* Friedrich finds that Loudon *was* there last night, — preterite tense, alas; the question now being, Where is he!" In fact, Loudon had written yesterday to Daun (Letter still extant, "Sommerfeld, July 31st"), That "being swift and light," consisting of horse for most part, "he may probably effect Junction this very night;" — but has altered his mind very much, on sight of these fugitives from Naumburg, since! And has borne off more to leftward. Straight north now, and at a very brisk pace; being now all of horse; — and has an important conference with Haddick at Guben, when they arrive there. "Not in Sommerfeld?" thinks Friedrich (earnestly surveying, through this slit he has made in the Pandour veil): "Gone to Guben most likely, bearing off from us to leftward?" — Which was the fact; though not the whole fact. And indeed the chase is now again fallen uncertain, and there has to be some beating of covers. For one thing, he learns to-day (August 1st) that the Russians are gone to Frankfurt: "Follow

them, you Wedell," — orders Friedrich: them we shall have to go into, — however this hunt end! —

"*To Markersdorf, Thursday, August 2d.* Friedrich takes the road for Guben; reaches Markersdorf (twenty miles' march, still seven or eight from Guben); falls upon — What phenomenon is this? The Austrian heavy Train; meal-wagons not a few, and a regiment of foot in charge of it; — but going the wrong way, not *towards* the Russians, but from them! What on earth can this be? This is Haddick, — if Friedrich could yet clearly know it, — Haddick and Train, who for his own part has given up the junction enterprise. At Guben, some hours ago, he had conference with Loudon; and this was the conclusion arrived at: 'Impossible, with that King so near! You, Herr Loudon, push on, without heavy baggage, and with the Cavalry altogether: you can get in, almost 20,000 strong; I, with the Infantry, with the meal and heavy guns, will turn, and make for the Lausitz again!'

"This mysterious Austrian Train, going the wrong way, Friedrich attacks, whatever it be (hoping, I suppose, it might be the Austrians altogether); chases it vigorously; snatches all the meal-wagons, and about 1,000 prisoners. Uncertain still what it is, — if not the Austrians altogether? To his sorrow, he finds, on pushing farther into it, that it is only Haddick and the Infantry; that Loudon, with the 20,000 Horse, will have gone off for Frankfurt; — irretrievably ahead, the swift Loudon, — ever careering northward all this while, since that afternoon at Sommerfeld, when the fugitives altered his opinion: a now unattainable Loudon. In the course of Thursday night, Friedrich has satisfied himself that the Loudon junction is a thing as good as done; — in effect, Loudon did get to Frankfurt, morning of August 3d, and joined the Russians there; and about the same time, or only a few hours sooner, Friedrich, by symptoms, has divined that his hunt has ended, in this rather unsuccessful way; and that chasing of Haddick is not the road to go." [1]

Not Haddick now; with or without their Austrians, it shall be the Russians now! Two days ago (Wednesday, as was

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 135–139.

mentioned), before sight of those enigmatic meal-wagons, Friedrich had learned that the Russians were to be in Frankfurt again; and had ordered Wedell to march thitherward, at any rate. Which Wedell is doing, all this Thursday and the four following days. As does likewise, from and after "*Friday, August 3d,* 1 A.M." (hunt then over), Friedrich himself, — renouncing Haddick and the hunt. Straight towards Frankfurt thenceforth; head-quarters Beeskow that night; next night, Müllrose, whither Wedell is appointed, within twelve miles of Frankfurt. This is the end of Friedrich's sore Chase and March; burnt deeply into his own weary brain, if ours still refuse it admittance! Here, of utterly fatigued tone, is a Note of his, chiefly on business, to Minister Finkenstein. Indeed there are, within the next ten days, Three successive Notes to Finkenstein, which will be worth reading in their due places. This is the First of them: —

The King to Graf von Finkenstein (at Berlin).

"BEESKOW, 3d August, 1759."

"I am just arrived here, after cruel and frightful marchings [*Cheeks himself, however*]. There is nothing desperate in all that; and I believe the noise and disquietude this hurly-burly has caused will be the worst of it. Show this Letter to everybody, that it may be known the State is not undefended. I have made above 1,000 prisoners from Haddick. All his meal-wagons have been taken. Finck, I believe, will keep an eye on him," and secure Berlin from attempts of his. "This is all I can say.

"To-morrow I march to within two leagues of Frankfurt [to Müllrose, namely]. Katte [the Minister who has charge of such things] must send me instantly Two Hundred Wispels [say tons] of Meal, and Bakers One Hundred, to Fürstenwalde. I shall encamp at Wulkow. I am very tired. For six nights I have not closed an eye. Farewell. — F."

During the above intricate War-Dance of Five, — the day while Friedrich was at Sommerfeld, the day before he came in sight of Haddick's meal-wagons going the wrong road, —

there went on, at Minden, on the Weser, three hundred miles away, a beautiful feat of War, in the highest degree salutary to Duke Ferdinand and Britannic Majesty's Ministry; feat which requires a word from us here. A really splendid Victory, this of Minden, August 1st: French driven headlong through the Passes there; their "Conquest of Hanover and Weser Country" quite exploded and flung over the horizon; and Duke Ferdinand relieved from all his distresses, and lord of the ascendant again in those parts. Highly interesting to Friedrich; — especially to Prince Henri; whose apprehensions about Ferdinand and the old Richelieu Hastenbeck-Halberstadt time returning on us, have been very great; and who now, at Schmöttseifen, fires *feu-de-joie* for it with all his heart. This is a Battle still of some interest to English readers. But can English readers consent to halt in this hot pinch of the Friedrich crisis; and read the briefest thing which is foreign to it? Alas, I fear they can; — and will insert the Note here: —

Battle of Minden: Wednesday, August 1st, 1759. — "Ever since Bergen, things have gone awry with Ferdinand, and in spite of skilful management, of hard struggles and bright sparkles of success, he has had a bad Campaign of it. The French, it would seem, are really got into better fighting order; Belleisle's exertions as War-Minister have been almost wonderful, — in some respects, *too* wonderful, as we shall hear! — and Broglio and Contades, in comparison with Clermont and Soubise, have real soldier qualities. Contades, across Rhine again, in those Weser Countries, who is skilful in his way, and is pricked on by emulation of Broglio, has been spreading himself out steadily progressive there; while Broglio, pushing along from Frankfurt-on-Mayn, has conquered Hessen; is into Hanover; on the edge of conquering Hanover, — which how is Ferdinand to hinder? Ferdinand has got two, if not three Armies to deal with, and in number is not much superior to one. If he run to save Hanover from Broglio, he loses Westphalia: Osnabrück (his magazine), Münster, Lippstadt, — Contades, if left to himself, will take these, after short siege; and will nestle himself there, and then

advance, not like a transitory fever-fit, but like visible death, on Hanover. Ferdinand, rapid yet wary, manœuvred his very best among those interests of his, on the left bank of Weser; but after the surprisal of Minden from him (brilliantly done by Broglio, and the aid of a treacherous peasant), especially after the capture of Osnabrück, his outlooks are gloomy to a degree: and at Versailles, and at Minden where Contades has established himself, 'the Conquest of Hanover' (beautiful counterweight to all one's losses in America or elsewhere) is regarded as a certainty of this Year.

"For the last ten days of July, about Minden, the manœuvring, especially on Ferdinand's part, had been intense; a great idea in the head of Ferdinand, more or less unintelligible to Contades. Contades, with some 30,000, which is the better half of his force, has taken one of the unassailablest positions. He lies looking northward, his right wing on the Weser with posts to Minden (Minden perhaps a mile north-eastward there), on his left impassable peat-bogs and quagmires; in front a quaggy River or impassable black Brook, called the Bastau, coming from the westward, which disembogues at Minden:* — there lies Contades, as if in a rabbit-hole, say military men; for defence, if that were the sole object, no post can be stronger. Contades has in person say 30,000; and round him, on both sides of the Weser, are Broglio with 20,000; besides other Divisions, I know not how many, besieging Münster, capturing Osnabrück (our hay magazine), attempting Lippstadt by surprise (to no purpose), and diligently working forward, day by day, to Ferdinand's ruin in those Minden regions. Three or four Divisions busy in that manner; — and above all, we say, he has Broglio with a 20,000 on the right or east bank of the Weser, — who, if Ferdinand quit him even for a day, seems to have Hanover at discretion, and can march any day upon Hanover City, where his light troops have already been more than once. Why does n't Ferdinand cross Weser, re-cross Weser; coerce Broglio back; and save Hanover? cry the Gazetteers and a Public of weak judgment. Pitt's Public is inclined to murmur about

* Sketch of Plan, p. 238.

Ferdinand; Pitt himself never. Ferdinand persists in sticking by Minden neighborhood; and, in a scarcely accountable way, manœuvring there, shooting out therefrom what mischief he can upon the various Contades people in their sieges and the like.

"On Contades himself he can pretend to do nothing, — except hoodwink him, entice him out, and try to get a chance on him. But for his own subsistence and otherwise, he is very lively; — snatches, by a sudden stroke, Bremen City: 'Yes truly, Bremen is a Reichstadt; nor shall *you* snatch it, as you did Frankfurt; but I will, instead; and my English proviantships shall have a sure haven henceforth!' Snatches Bremen by one sudden stroke; *re*-snatches Osnabrück by another ('our magazine considerably *increased* since you have had it, many thanks!'); does lose Münster, to his sorrow; but nevertheless sticks by his ground here; — nay detaches his swift-cutting Nephew, the Hereditary Prince, who is growing famous for such things, to cut out Contades's strong post to southward (Gohfeld, ten miles up the Weser), which guards his meal-wagons, after their long journey from the south. That is Contades's one weak point, in this posture of things: his meal is at Cassel, seventy miles off. Broglio and he see clearly, 'Till we can get a new magazine much nearer Hanover, or at lowest, can clear out these people from infesting us here, there is no moving northward!' To both Contades and Broglio that is an evident thing: the corollary to which is, They must fight Ferdinand; must watch lynx-like till a chance turn up of beating him in fight. That is their outlook; and Ferdinand knows it is, — and manœuvres accordingly. Military men admire much, not his movements only, but his clear insight into Contades's and Broglio's temper of mind, and by what methods they were to be handled, they and his own affairs together, and brought whither he wanted them.[1]

"This attempt on Gohfeld was a serious mischief to Contades, if it succeeded. But the detaching of the Prince of Brunswick on it, and weakening one's too weak Army, 'What a rashness, what an oversight!' thinks Contades (as Ferdinand

[1] In *Mauvillon* (ii. 41–44) minute account of all that.

wished him to do): 'Is our skilful enemy, in this extreme embarrassment, losing head, then? Look at his left wing yonder [General Wangenheim, sitting behind batteries, in his Village of Todtenhausen, looking into Minden from the north]:— Wangenheim's left leans on the Weser, yes; but Wangenheim's right, observe, has no support within three miles of it: tear Wangenheim out, Ferdinand's flank is bare!' These things seemed to Contades the very chance he had been waiting for; and brought him triumphantly out of his rabbit-hole, into the Heath of Minden, as Ferdinand hoped they would do.

"And so, *Tuesday Evening, July* 31*st*, things being now all ripe, upwards of 50,000 French are industriously in motion. Contades has nineteen bridges ready on the Bastau Brook, in front of him; *tattoo* this night, in Contades's Camp, is to mean *general march*, 'March, all of you, across these nineteen Bridges, to your stations on the Plain or Heath of Minden yonder, — and be punctual, like the clock!' Broglio crosses Weser by the town Bridge, ranks himself opposite Todtenhausen; and through the livelong night there is, on the part of the 50,000 French, a very great marching and deploying. Contades and Broglio together are 51,400 foot and horse. Ferdinand's entire force will be near 46,000; but on the day of Battle he is only 36,000, — having detached the Hereditary Prince on Gohfeld, in what view we know. — The *Battle of Minden*, called also of *Tonhausen* (meaning *Todten*hausen), which hereupon fell out, has still its fame in the world; and, I perceive, is well worth study by the soldier mind: though nothing but the rough outline of it is possible here.

"Ferdinand's posts extend from the Weser river and Todtenhausen round by Stemmern, Holzhausen, to Hartum and the Bog of Bastau (the chief part of him towards Bastau), — in various Villages, and woody patches and favorable spots; all looking in upon Minden, from a distance of five or seven miles; forming a kind of arc, with Minden for centre. He will march up in eight Columns; of course, with wide intervals between them, — wide, but continually narrowing as he advances; which will indeed be ruinous gaps, if Ferdinand

wait to be attacked; but which will coalesce close enough, if he be speedy upon Contades. For Contades's line is also of arc-like or almost semicircular form, behind it Minden as centre; Minden, which is at the intersection of Weser and the Brook; his right flank is on Weser, Broglio *versus* Wangenheim the extreme right; his left, with infantry and artillery, rests on that black Brook of Bastau with its nineteen Bridges. As the ground on both wings is rough, not so fit for Cavalry, Contades puts his Cavalry wholly in the centre: they are the flower of the French Army, about 10,000 horse in all; firm open ground ahead of them there, with strong batteries, masses of infantry to support on each flank; batteries to ply with cross-fire any assailant that may come on. Broglio, we said, is right wing; strong in artillery and infantry. Broglio is to root out Wangenheim: after which, — or even before which, if Wangenheim is kept busy and we are nimble, — what becomes of Ferdinand's left flank, with a gap of three miles between Wangenheim and him, and 10,000 chosen horse to take advantage of it! Had the French been of Prussian dexterity and nimbleness in marching, it is very possible something might have come of this latter circumstance: but Ferdinand knows they are not; and intends to take good care of his flank.

"Contades and his people were of willing mind; but had no skill in 'marching up:' and, once got across the Bastau by their nineteen Bridges, they wasted many hours: — 'Too far, am I? not far enough? Too close? not close enough?' — and broiled about, in much hurry and confusion, all night. Fight was to have begun at 5 in the morning. Broglio was in his place, silently looking into Wangenheim, by five o'clock; but unfortunately did nothing upon Wangenheim ('Not ready you, I see!'), except cannonade a little; — and indeed all through did nothing ('Still not ready you others!'); which surely was questionable conduct, though not reckoned so at Versailles, when the case came to be argued there. As to the Contades people, across those nineteen Bridges, they had a baffling confused night; and were by no means correctly on their ground at sunrise, nor at 7 o'clock, nor at 8; and were

still mending themselves when the shock came, and time was done.

"The morning is very misty; but Ferdinand has himself been out examining since the earliest daybreak: his orders last night were, 'Cavalry be saddled at 1 in the morning,' — having a guess that there would be work, as he now finds there will. From 5 A.M. Ferdinand is issuing from his Camp, flowing down eastward, beautifully concentric, closing on Contades; horse *not* in centre, but English Infantry in centre (Six Battalions, or Six *Regiments* by English reckoning); right opposite those 10,000 Horse of Contades's, the sight of whom seems to be very animating to them. The English Cavalry stand on the right wing, at the Village of Hartum: Lord George Sackville had not been very punctual in saddling at 1 o'clock; but he is there, ranked on the ground, at 8, — in what humor nobody knows; sulky and flabby, I should rather guess. English Tourists, idle otherwise, may take a look at Hartum on the south side, as the spot where a very ugly thing occurred that day.

"Soon after 8 the Fight begins: attack, by certain Hessians, on Hahlen and its batteries; attempt to drive the French out of Hahlen, as the first thing, — which does not succeed at once (indeed took three attacks in all); and perhaps looks rather tedious to those Six English Battalions. Ferdinand's order to them was, 'You shall march up to attack, you Six, on sound of drum;' but, it seems, they read it, '*by* sound of drum;' 'Beating our own drums; yes, of course!' — and, being weary of this Hahlen work, or fancying they had no concern with it, strode on, double-quick, without waiting for Hahlen at all! To the horror of their Hanoverian comrades, who nevertheless determined to follow as second line. The Contades cross-fire of artillery, battery of 30 guns on one flank, of 36 on the other, does its best upon this forward-minded Infantry, but they seem to heed it little; walk right forward; and, to the astonishment of those French Horse and of all the world, entirely break and ruin the charge made on them, and tramp forward in chase of the same. The 10,000 Horse feel astonished, insulted; and rush out again, furiously charging; the English halt and serry

themselves: 'No fire till they are within forty paces;' and then such pouring torrents of it as no horse or man can endure. Rally after rally there is, on the part of those 10,000; mass after mass of them indignantly plunges on, — again, ever again, about six charges in all; — but do not break the English lines: one of them (regiment Mestre-de-Camp, raised to a paroxysm) does once get through, across the first line, but is blown back in dreadful circumstances by the second. After which they give it up, as a thing that cannot be done. And rush rearward, hither, thither, the whole seventy-five squadrons of them; and 'between their two wings of infantry are seen boiling in complete disorder.'

"This has lasted about an hour: this is essentially the soul of the Fight, — though there wanted not other activities, to right of it and to left, on both sides; artilleries going at a mighty rate on both wings; and counter-artilleries (superlative practice 'by Captain Phillips' on *our* right wing); Broglio cannonading Wangenheim very loudly, but with little harm done or suffered, on their right wing. Wangenheim is watchful of that gap between Ferdinand and him, till it close itself sufficiently. Their right-wing Infantry did once make some attempt there; but the Prussian Horse — (always a small body of Prussians serve in this Allied Army) — shot out, and in a brilliant manner swept them home again. Artillery and that pretty charge of Prussian Horse are all one remembers, except this of the English and Hanover

a a. Contades's Camp. *b b.* Broglio's Camp.
c c. Ferdinand's position, night of July 31st.
d d. Wangenheim's position, night of July 31st.
e e. Ferdinand's Line of Battle.
f f French Line of Battle.
g. French Cavalry. *h.* English Infantry.
i. English and Hanoverian Cavalry, under Sackville.

Foot in the centre: 'an unsurpassable thing,' says Tempelhof (though it so easily might have been a fatal!) — which has set Contades's centre boiling, and reduced Contades altogether to water, as it were. Contades said bitterly: 'I have seen what I never thought to be possible, — a single line of infantry break through three lines of cavalry ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin!'[1]

"This was the feat, this hour's work in the centre, the essential soul of the Fight: — and had Lord George Sackville, General of the Horse, come on when galloped for and bidden, here had been such a ruin, say all judges, as seldom came upon an Army. Lord George — everlasting disgrace and sorrow on the name of him — could not see his way to coming on; delayed, haggled; would not even let Granby, his lieutenant, come; not for a second Adjutant, not for a third; never came on at all; but rode to the Prince, asking, 'How am I to come on?' Who, with a politeness I can never enough admire, did not instantly kill him, but answered, in mild tone, 'Milord, the opportunity is now past!' Whereby Contades escaped ruin, and was only beaten. By about 10 in the morning all was over. When a man's centre is gone to water, no part of him is far from the fluid state. Contades retreated into his rabbit-hole by those nineteen bridges, — well tormented, they say, by Captain Phillips's artillery, till he got beyond the knolls again. Broglio, who had never been in musket-fire at all, but had merely barked on Wangenheim all morning, instead of biting, covered the retreat, and withdrew into Minden. And we are a beaten Army, — thanks to Lord George, not an annihilated one. Our loss being only 7,086 (with heavy guns, colors, cavalry flags and the like); theirs being 2,822, — full half of it falling on those rash Six Battalions.[2]

"And what is this one hears from Gohfeld in the evening?

[1] Stenzel, v. 204.

[2] Mauvillon, ii. 44–60; Tempelhof, iii. 154–179, &c. &c.: and *Proceedings of a Court-Martial, held at the Horse-Guards, 7th–24th March and 25th March–5th April, 1760, in Trial of Lord George Sackville* (London, 1760). In Knesebeck, *Ferdinand während des siebenjährigen Krieges* (i. 395), Ferdinand's Letter to Friedrich of "July 31st;" and (i. 398–418 and ii. 33–36) many special details about Sackville and "August 1st."

The Hereditary Prince, busy there on us during the very hours of Minden, has blown our rear-guard division to the winds there; — and we must move southward, one and all of us, without a moment's delay! Out of this rabbit-hole the retreat by rearward is through a difficult country, the Westphalian Gates so called; fatal to Varus's Legions long ago. Contades got under way that very night; lost most of his baggage, all his conquests, that shadow-conquest of Hanover, and more than all his glories (Versailles shrieking on him, 'Resign you; let Broglio be chief'); — and, on the whole, jumbled homeward hither and thither, gravitating towards the Rhine, nothing but Wesel to depend on in those parts, as heretofore. Broglio retreated Frankfurt-way, also as usual, though not quite so far; and at Versailles had clearly the victory. Zealous Belleisle could not protect his Contades; it is not known whether he privately blamed Contades or blamed Broglio for loss of Minden. Zealous old man, what a loss to himself withal had Minden been! That shadow-conquest of Hanover is quite vanished: and worse, in Ferdinand's spoil were certain *Letters* from Belleisle to Contades, inculcating strange things; — for example, '*Il faut faire un désert du Pays* [all Hessen, I think, lest Ferdinand advance on you] *devant l'Armée*,' and the like. Which Ferdinand saw good to publish, and which resounded rather hideously through the general mind." [1]

Ignominious Sackville was tried by Court-martial; cashiered, declared incapable of again serving his Majesty "in any military capacity;" — perhaps a mild way of signifying that he wanted the common courage of a soldier? Zealous Majesty, always particular in soldier matters, proclaimed it officially to be "a sentence worse than death;" and furthermore, with his own royal hand, taking the pen himself, struck out Sackville from the List of Privy-Councillors. Proper surely, and indispensable; — and should have been persisted in, like Fate; which, in a new Reign, it was not! For the rest, there was always, and is, something of enigma in Sackville's palpably bad case. It is difficult to think that a Sackville wanted com-

[1] Were taken at Detmold (Tempelhof, iii. 223); Old Newspapers full of Excerpts from them, in the weeks following.

mon courage. This Sackville fought duels with propriety; in private life, he was a surly, domineering kind of fellow, and had no appearance of wanting spirit. It is known, he did not love Duke Ferdinand; far from it! May not he have been of peculiarly sour humor that morning, the luckless fool; sulky against Ferdinand, and his "saddling at one o'clock;" sulky against himself, against the world and mankind; and flabbily disinclined to heroic practices for the moment? And the moment came; and the man was not there, except in that foggy, flabby and forever ruinous condition! Archenholtz, alone of Writers, judges that he expressly wanted to spoil the Battle of Minden and Ferdinand's reputation, and to get appointed Commander in his stead. Wonderful; but may have some vestige of basis, too! True, this Sackville was as fit to lead the courses of the stars as to lead armies. But such a Sackville has ambition, and, what is fatally more peculiar to him, a chance for unfolding it; — any blockhead has an ambition capable, if you encourage it sufficiently, of running to the infinite. Enough of this particular blockhead; and may it be long before we see *his* like again! —

The English Cavalry was in a rage with Sackville. Of the English Infantry, Historians say, what is not now much heard of in this Country, "That these unsurpassable Six [in industrious valor unsurpassable, though they mistook orders, and might have fared badly!] are ever since called the Minden Regiments; that they are the 12th, 20th, 23d, 25th, 37th and 51st of the British Line; and carry 'Minden' on their colors,"[1] — with silent profit, I hope!

Fancy how Pitt's public, lately gloomy and dubious, blazed aloft into joyful certainty again! Pitt's outlooks have been really gloomy all this season; nor are the difficulties yet ended, though we hope they will end. Let us add this other bit of Synchronism, which is still of adverse aspect, over Seas; and will be pungently interesting to Pitt and England, when they come to hear of it.

"*Before Quebec, July* 31*st*, 1759. This same Evening, at

[1] Kausler, *Schlachter*, &c. p. 587.

Quebec, on the other side of the Atlantic, — evening at Quebec, 9 or 10 at night for Contades and his nineteen Bridges, — there is a difficult affair going on. Above and below the Falls of Montmorenci, and their outflow into the St. Lawrence: attempt on General Wolfe's part to penetrate through upon the French, under Marquis de Montcalm, French Commander-in-chief, and to get a stroke at Quebec and him. From the south side of the St. Lawrence, nothing can be done upon Quebec, such the distance over. From Isle d'Orléans and the north side, it is also impossible hitherto. Easy enough to batter the Lower Town, from your ships and redoubts: but the High Town towers aloft on its sheer pinnacles, inaccessible even to cannon; looks down on the skilfulest British Admiral and Fleet as if with an air of indifference, — trying him on dark nights with fire-ships, fire-rafts, the cunningest kinds of pyrotechny, which he skilfully tows aside.

"A strenuous thing, this of Wolfe's; though an unsuccessful. Towards evening, the end of it; all Quebec assembled on the southern ramparts, witnessing with intense interest; the sublime Falls of Montmorenci gushing on, totally indifferent. For about a month past, General Wolfe, with the proper equipments, and about 10,000 men, naval and military, who was expressly selected by Pitt to besiege Quebec, and is dying to succeed, has been trying every scheme to get into contact with it: — to no purpose, so lofty, chasmy, rocky is the ground, cut by mountainous precipices and torrent streams, branches of the grand St. Lawrence River; so skilfully taken advantage of by Montcalm and his people, who are at home here, and in regulars nearly equal Wolfe, not to speak of Savages and Canadians. Wolfe's plan of the 31st was not ill laid; and the execution has been zealous, seamen and landsmen alike of willing mind; — but it met with accidents. Accidents in boating; then a still worse accident on landing; the regiment of grenadiers, which crossed below the Falls, having, so soon as landed, rushed off on the redoubt there on their own score, without waiting for the two brigades that were to cross and co-operate *above* the Falls! Which cut Wolfe to the heart; and induced him, especially as the tide was making again, to give up the

enterprise altogether, and recall everybody, while it was yet time.[1] Wolfe is strict in discipline; loves the willing mind, none more, and can kindle it among those about him; but he loves discipline withal, and knows how fatal the too willing may be. For six weeks more there is toil on the back of toil everywhere for poor Wolfe. He falls into fevers, into miseries, almost into broken heart; — nothing sure to him but that of doing his own poor utmost to the very death. After six weeks, we shall perhaps hear of him again. Gliding swiftly towards death; but also towards victory and the goal of all his wishes."

And now, after this flight half round the world, it is time we return to Oder Country, and a Friedrich on the edge of formidable things there. Next day after Beeskow, where we left him, he duly arrived at Müllrose; was joined by Wedell there, August 6th; and is now at Wulkow, — "encamped between Lebus and Wulkow," as we hear elsewhere; — quite in the environs of Frankfurt and of great events.

Friedrich to Graf von Finkenstein (Second Note).

WULKOW, 8th August, 1759.

"If you hear of firing to-morrow, don't be surprised; it is our rejoicing for the Battle of Minden. I believe I shall have to keep you in suspense some days yet. I have many arrangements to make; I find great difficulties to surmount, — and it is required to save our Country, not to lose it: I ought both to be more prudent and more enterprising than ever. In a word, I will do and undertake whatever I find feasible and possible. With all that, I see myself in the necessity of making haste, to check the designs Haddick may have on Berlin. Adieu, *mon cher*. In a little, you will have either a *De Profundis* or a *Te Deum*. — F."[2]

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, pp. 470–473; Thackeray, i. 438.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 305, 306.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF.

Sunday, July 29th, at Frankfurt-on-Oder divine worship was broken in upon, and the poor City thrown into consternation, by actual advent, or as good as advent, of the Russians: "On the Crossen road, close by; coming, come!" And they did undeniably appear, next morning, in force; on the opposite, eastern or Kunersdorf side of the River, on the top of the Oder-Dam there; and demanded instant admission, under penalty of general death by fire.

Within the Town stood Major Arnim, a Veteran of those parts, with 400 militia; these, with their muskets and with two cannon, are the only defence of Frankfurt. The Town has Gates; but its walls, I doubt, are mainly garden-walls and house-walls. On the eastern side, the River, especially if you have cannon on the Bridge, gives it something of protection; but on the western and all other sides, it is overhung by heights. This Frankfurt, like its bigger Namesake on the Mayn, is known as a busy trading place, its Fairs much frequented in those Eastern parts; and is believed by the Russians to be far richer than it is. The reader, as there happens to be ocular testimony extant,[1] may like to see a little how they behaved there.

"Arnim, taking survey of the Russian Party, values it, or what he can see of it, at 1,000 [they really were 6,000]; keeps his Drawbridge up; and answers stoutly enough, 'No.' Upon which, from the Oder-Dam, there flies off one fiery grenado; one and no more, — which alighted in the house of 'Mrs. Thielicke, a Baker's Widow, who was standing at the door;' —

[1] Johann Ludwig Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf, mit &c.* (Berlin, 1801). Kriele was subsequent Pastor in the Parish, an excellent intelligent man: has compiled in brief form, with an elaborate Chart too, a clear account of everything, in the Battle and before and after it.

killed poor Mrs. Thielicke, blew the house considerably to wreck, but did not set fire to it. Arnim, all the Magistrates entreating him for the love of Heaven to leave them, is secretly shoving off his two cannon to the Northern Gate; and in fact is making his packages with full speed: 'Push for Cüstrin,' thinks Arnim, and save selves and cannon, since no good is to be done here!'

"It was about 11 A.M. when the Thielicke grenado fell: obstinate Arnim would by no means go; only packed all the faster. A second summons came: still, No. For the third and last time the Russians then summon: 'Grenadoes, a hundred more of them lie ready, unless —!' 'We will, we will; O merciful servant of Czarish Majesty!' passionately signify the Magistrates. But Arnim is still negative, still keeps the Bridge up. One of the hundred does go, by way of foretaste: this lighted 'near the Ober Kirche, in the chimney of the Town Musikus;' brought the chimney crashing down on him [fancy a man with some fineness of ear]; tore the house a good deal to pieces, but again did not set it on fire. 'Your obstinate Town can be bombarded, then, — cannot it?' observed the Russian Messenger. — 'Give us Free Withdrawal!' proposes Arnim. 'No; you to be Prisoners of War; Town at Czarish Majesty's discretion.' 'Never,' answers Arnim (to the outward ear). — 'Go, oh, for the love of Heaven, go!' cry all Official people.

"Arnim, deaf to clamor, but steadily diligent in getting ready, does at last go; through the Lebus Suburb, quick march; steady, yet at his best step; — taking the Town-keys in his pocket, and leaving the Drawbridge up. One is sorry for poor Arnim and his 400 Militia; whose conduct was perfect, under difficulties and alarms; but proved unsuccessful. The terrified Magistrates, finding their Keys gone, and the conflagrative Russians at their gates, got blacksmiths on the instant; smote down, by chisel and mallet, the locked Drawbridge, smote open the Gates: 'Enter, O gracious Sirs; and may Czarish Majesty have mercy on us!' So that Arnim had small start for marchers on foot; and was overtaken about half-way. Would not yield still, though the odds were over-

whelming; drew himself out on the best ground discoverable; made hot resistance; hot and skilful; but in vain. About six in the evening, Arnim and Party were brought back, Prisoners, to Frankfurt again, — self, surviving men, cannons and all (self in a wounded state); — and 'were locked in various Brew-houses;' little of careful surgery, I should fear. Poor Arnim; man could do no more; and he has been unfortunate."

It is by no means our intention to describe the Iliad of miseries, the agitations, terrors and disquietudes, the tribulation and utter harrowing to despair, which poor Frankfurt underwent, incessantly from that day forward, for about five weeks to come. "The furnishings of victual [Russian stock quite out] were to an inconceivable amount; surrender of arms, of linens, cloths, of everything useful to a hungry Army; above all things, of horses, so that at last there were but four horses left in all Frankfurt; and" — But we must not go into details.

"On the second day, besides all this," what will be significant of it all, "there was exacted 'ransom of 600,000 thalers (£90,000), or you shall be delivered to the Cossacks!' Frankfurt has not above 12,000 inhabitants within its bounds; here is a sudden poll-tax of £7 10*s.* per head. Frankfurt has not such a sum; the most rigorous collection did not yield above the tenth part of it. And more than once those sanguinary vagabonds were openly drawn out, pitch-link in hand: 'The £90,000 or —!' Civic Presidency Office in Frankfurt was not a bed of roses. The poor Magistrates rushed distractedly about; wrung out moneys to the last drop; moneys, and in the end plate from those that had it; went in tearful deputation to General Soltikof, — a severe proud kind of man, capable perhaps of being flattered, — who usually locked them up instead. Magistrates were locked in Russian ward, at one time, for almost a week; sat in the blazing sun; if you try for the shade of a tree, the sentry handles arms upon you; — and were like to die. To me, Kriele, it is a miracle how the most of us lived; nay we never really wanted food, so kind was Providence, so generous our poor neighbors out of all the Towns round. The utmost of money that could be raised

was £6,000; nothing but some little of plate, and our Bill for the remainder. Soltikof, a high kind of gentleman, saw at last how it stood; let the Magistrates out of ward; sent back the plate — 'Nothing of that!' — nay, Czarish Majesty was herself generous; and *forgave* the Bill, on our petition, next Year. Cossacks, indeed, were a plunderous wild crew; but the Russians kept them mostly without the gates. The regular Russians were civil and orderly, officers and men, — greatly beyond the Austrians in behavior."[1] By these few traits conceive Frankfurt: this, now forgotten in most books, is a background on which things were transacted still memorable to everybody.

"Friday, August 3d, General Loudon came to hand: arrived early, in the Guben (or Western) Suburb, his 18,000 and he. In high spirits naturally, and somewhat exultant to have evaded Friedrich; but found a reception that surprised him. The Russians had been living in the hope of junction; but still more vividly in that of meal. 'Auxiliaries; humph, — only 18,000 of them; how much welcomer had been as many hundredweights of meal!' Loudon had pushed his baggage direct into Frankfurt; and likewise a requisition of such and such proviants, weights of meal and the like, in exuberant amount, to be furnished straightway by the City: neither of which procedures would the Russians hear of for a moment. 'Out with you!' said they roughly to the baggage-people: 'quarter in the Guben Suburb, or where you like; not here!' And with regard to the requisition of proviant, they answered in a scornful angry key, 'Proviant? You too without it? You have not brought us meal, according to covenant; instead of meal, you bring us 18,000 new eaters, most of them on horseback, — Satan thank you! From Frankfurt be very certain *you* can get no ounce of meal; Frankfurt is our own poor meal-bag, dreadfully scanty: stay outside, and feed where and how you can!'

"All this, Loudon, though of hot temper, easily capable of rising to the fierce point, had to endure in silence, for the common interest. Loudon's own table is furnished from Frank-

[1] Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf*, pp. 1–15 (in compressed state).

furt; no other Austrian man's: all others have to shift how they can. Sad requisitioning needed, and sad plunder to supplement it: the Austrian behavior was very bad, say the Frankfurters; 'in particular, they had burnt gradually all the corn-mills in the country; within many miles not one mill standing when they left us,' — and four horses all the conveyance power we had. Soltikof lodges in great pomp, much soldiery and cannon parading before his doors; not an undignified man, or an inhuman or essentially foolish, but very high in his ways, and distasteful to Austrian dignitaries."

The Russian Army lies mainly across Oder; encamped on the Judenberg, and eastward there, along the Heights, near three miles, to Kunersdorf and beyond. They expect Friedrich at the gates of Frankfurt shortly; know well that they cannot defend Frankfurt. They calculate that Friedrich will attack them in their Judenberg Encampment, but hope they are nearly ready for him there. Loudon, from the Guben Suburb, will hasten across, at any moment; — welcome on such fighting occasion, though ill seen when the question is of eating! The Russians have their Wagenburg on an Island southward, farther up the River, they have three Pontoon Bridges leading thither, a free retreat should they be beaten. And in the mean while are intrenching themselves, as only Daun would, — cannon and redoubts all round those Heights; — and except it be screwing Frankfurt to do its impossible duty, and carting provender with all the horses except four, have not much farther to do but wait till the King come. Which will be speedily, it is probable! —

Wednesday, August 8th, Russian and Austrian Generals, a cheerful party of them, had rendezvoused at *Fischers Mühle;* a Mill not yet burnt, and a pleasant Tavern as well; in one of the prettiest valleys in the Western Environs; — intending to dine there, and have a pleasant day. But the Miller's Boy runs in upon them, wide-eyed, "*Himmel und Erde,* Prussian Hussars!" It was in verity Prussian Hussars; the King of Prussia with them in person. He is come out reconnoitring, — the day after his arrival in those parts. The pleasuring Generals, Russian and Austrian, sprang to horseback at their

swiftest, — hope of dinner gone futile, except to the intervening Prussian Hussars; — and would have all been captured, but for that Miller's Boy; whose Mill too was burnt before long. This gallop home of the undined Generals into Frankfurt was the first news we poor Frankfurters had of the King's arrival.

The King has been punctual to his reckoning: he picked up Wedell at Müllrose, — not too cordial to Wedell's people: "None of you speak to those beaten wretches," ordered he; "till perhaps they wipe off their Züllichau stain!" On the 7th, Friedrich advanced to Frankfurt neighborhood; took Camp between Wulkow and Lebus; — and has just been out reconnoitring. And has raised, fancy what emotion in poor Frankfurt lying under its nightmare! "Next day, August 9th, from Wulkow-Lebus hand, we" of Frankfurt, "heard a great firing; cannon-salvos, musket-volleys: 'Nothing of fight,' the Russian Officers told us; 'it is the King of Prussia doing joy-fire for Minden,' of which we till now knew nothing."

Friedrich, on survey of this Russian-Austrian Army, some 90,000 in number, with such posts, artilleries, advantages, judges that he, counting only 40,000, is not strong enough. And, indeed, had so anticipated, and already judged; and, accordingly, has Finck on march hitherward again, — Berlin must take its risk, Saxony must shift for itself in the interim. Finck is due in two days, — not here at Lebus precisely, but at another place appointed; Finck will raise him to 50,000; and then business can begin! Contrary to Russian expectation, Friedrich does not attack Frankfurt; seems quite quiet in his cantonments; — he is quietly (if one knew it) making preparations farther down the River. About Reitwein, between this and Cüstrin, there arrangements are proceeding, by no means of a showy sort.

The Russian-Austrian Army quits Frankfurt, leaving only some hundreds of garrison: Loudon moves across, Soltikof across; to the Oder-Dam and farther; and lie, powerfully intrenched, on those Kunersdorf Heights, and sandy Moorlands, which go eastward at right-angles to Oder-Dam. One of the strongest Camps imaginable. All round there, to be-

yond Kunersdorf and back again, near three miles each way, they have a ring of redoubts, and artillery without end. And lie there, in order of battle, or nearly so; ready for Friedrich, when he shall attack, through Frankfurt or otherwise. They face to the North (Reitwein way, as it happens); to their rear, and indeed to their front, only not so close, are woods and intricate wilds. Loudon has the left flank; that is to say, Loudon's left hand is towards the Oder-Dam and Frankfurt; he lies at the *Rothe Vorwerk* ("Red Grange," a Farmstead much mentioned just now); rather to northwestward of the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard (*Judenberg* and *Judenkirchhof*, likewise much mentioned); and in advance of the general Mass. Soltikof's head-quarter, I rather understand, is on the right wing; probably in Kunersdorf itself, or beyond that Village; there, at least, our highly important Russian right wing is; there, elaborately fortified; and, half a mile farther, ends, — on the edge of steep dells; the Russian brink of which is strongly fringed with cannon, while beyond, on the farther brink, they have built an abatis; so making assurance doubly sure. Looking to the northward all these 90,000; their left rather southward of Frankfurt Bridge, over which Friedrich will probably arrive. Leftward, somewhat to rearward, they have bridges of their own; should anything sinister befall; three bridges which lead into that Oder Island, and the Russian Wagenburg there.

August 10th, Finck, punctual to time, arrives in the neighborhood of Reitwein (which is some ten miles down stream from Lebus, from Frankfurt perhaps fifteen); Friedrich, the same day, is there before him; eager to complete the Bridges, and get to business. One Bridge is of pontoons; one of "Oder-boats floated up from Cüstrin." Bridges are not begun till nightfall, lest eyes be abroad; are ready in the minimum of time. And so, during the same night of the 10th, all the Infantry, with their artilleries and battle-furnitures, pour over in two columns; the Cavalry, at the due point of time, riding by a ford short way to the right. And at four, in the gray of the August morning (Saturday, 11th August, 1759), all persons and things find themselves correctly across; ranked there,

in those barren, much-indented "Pasture-grounds of Göritz" or of Œtscher; intending towards Kunersdorf; ready for unfolding into order of battle there. They leave their heavy baggage at Göritz, Wunsch to guard the Bridges and it; and, in succinct condition, are all under way. At one in the afternoon we are got to Leissow and Bischofsee; scrubby hamlets (as the rest all are), not above two miles from Kunersdorf. The August day is windless, shiny, sultry; man and horse are weary with the labors, and with the want of sleep: we decide to bivouac here, and rest on the scrubby surface, heather or whatever it is, till to-morrow.

Finck is Vanguard, ahead short way, and with his left on a bit of lake or bog; the Army is in two lines, with its right on Leissow, and has Cavalry in the kind of wood which there is to rear. Friedrich, having settled the positions, rides out reconnoitring; hither, thither, over the Heights of Trettin. "The day being still hot, he suffers considerably from thirst [it is our one Anecdote] in that arid tract: at last a Peasant does bring him, direct from the fountain, a jug of pure cold water; whom, lucky man, the King rewarded with a thaler; and not only so, but, the man being intelligent of the localities, took with him to answer questions." Readers too may desire to gain some knowledge of the important ground now under survey.

"Frankfurt, a very ancient Town, not a very beautiful," says my Note, "stands on an alluvium which has been ground down from certain clay Hills on the left bank of Oder. It counted about 12,000 inhabitants in Friedrich's time; has now perhaps about 20,000; not half the bulk of its namesake on the Mayn; but with Three great Fairs annually, and much trade of the rough kind. On this left or west bank of Oder the country is arable, moderately grassy and umbrageous, the prospect round you not unpleasant; but eastward, over the River, nothing can be more in contrast. Oder is of swift current, of turbid color, as it rolls under Frankfurt Bridge, — Wooden Bridge, with Dam Suburb at the end; — a River treeless, desolate, as you look up and down; which has, evidently, often changed its course, since grinding down that alluvium

as site for Frankfurt; and which, though now holding mainly to northward, is still given to be erratic, and destructive on the eastern low grounds, — had not the Frankfurters built an 'Oder-Dam' on that side; a broad strong Earth-mound, running for many miles, and confining its floods. Beyond the Dam there are traces of an 'Old Oder (*Alte Oder*);' and, in fact, Oder, in primeval and in recent time, has gone along, many-streamed; indenting, quarrying, leaving lakelets, quagmires, miscellaneous sandy tumult, at a great rate, on that eastern shore. Making of it one of the unloveliest scenes of chaotic desolation anywhere to be met with; — fallen unlovelier than ever in our own more recent times.

"What we call the Heights of Kunersdorf is a broad Chain of Knolls; coming out, at right-angles, or as a kind of spur, from the eastern high grounds; direct towards Oder and Frankfurt. Mill-Hill (*Mühlberg*) is the root or easternmost part of this spur. From the Mühlberg, over Kunersdorf, to Oder-Dam, which is the whole length of the spur, or Chain of Knolls, will be little short of four miles; the breadth of the Chain is nowhere one mile, — which is its grand defect as a Camp: 'too narrow for manœuvring in.' Here, atop and on the three sides of this Block of Knolls, was fought the furious Battle of Kunersdorf [to be fought to-morrow], one of the most furious ever known. A Block of Knolls memorable ever since.

"To all appearance, it was once some big Island or chain of Islands in the Oder deluges: it is still cut with sudden hollows, — *Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow), *Tiefe Weg* (Deep Way), and westernmost of all, and most important for us here, *Hohle Grund* (Big Hollow, let us call it; '*Loudon's* Hollow' people subsequently called it); — and is everywhere strangely tumbled up into knolls blunt or sharp, the work of primeval Oder in his rages. In its highest knolls, — of which let readers note specially the Spitzberg, the Mühlberg, the Judenberg, — it rises nowhere to 150 feet; perhaps the general height of it may be about 100. On each side of it, especially on the north, the Country is of most intricate character: bushy, scraggy, with brooklets or muddy oozings wandering about, especially

with a thing called the *Hünerfliess* (Hen-Floss), which springs in the eastern woods, and has inconceivable difficulty to get into Oder, — if it get at all! This was a sore Floss to Friedrich to-morrow. Hen-Floss struggles, painfully meandering and oozing, along the northern side (sometimes close, sometimes not) of our Chain of Knolls: along the south side of it (in our time, through the middle of it) goes the Highway to Reppen ["From that Highway will his attack come!" thought the Russians, always till to-day]: on the north, to Leissow, to Trettin," where Friedrich is now on survey, "go various wheel-tracks, but no firm road. A most intricate unlovely Country. Withered bent-grasses, heath, perhaps gorse, and on both sides a great deal of straggling Forest-wood, reaching eastward, and especially southward, for many miles.

"For the rest," to our ill-luck in this place, "the Battle-field of Kunersdorf has had a peculiar fate in the world; that of being blown away by the winds! The then scene of things exists no longer; the descriptions in the Old Books are gone hopelessly irrecognizable. In our time, there is not anywhere a tract more purely of tumbled sand, than all this between Kunersdorf and Dam Vorstadt; and you judge, without aid of record or tradition, that it is greatly altered for the worse since Friedrich's time, — some rabbit-colony, or other the like insignificancy, eating out the roots, till all vegetation died, and the wind got hold and set it dancing; — and that, in 1759, when Russian human beings took it for a Camp, it must have been at least coherent, more or less; covered, held together by some film of scrubby vegetation; not blowing about in every wind as now! Kunersdorf stands with its northern end pushed into that *Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow); which must then have been a grassy place. Eastward of Kunersdorf the ground has still some skin of peat, and sticks together: but westward, all that three miles, it is a mere tumult of sand-hills, tumbled about in every direction (so diligent have the conies been, and then the winds); no gullet, or definite cut or hollow, now traceable anywhere, but only an endless imbroglio of twisted sand-heaps and sand-hollows, which continually alter in the wind-storms. Sand wholly, and — except the strong paved

Highway that now runs through it (to Reppen, Meseritz and the Polish Frontier, and is strongly paved till it get through Kunersdorf) — chaotic wholly; a scene of heaped barrenness and horror, not to be matched but in Sahara; the features of the Battle quite blown away, and indecipherable in our time.

"A hundred years ago, it would have some tattered skin, — of peat, of heather and dwarf whins, with the sand cropping out only here and there. So one has to figure it in Soltikof's day, — before the conies ruined it. Which was not till within the last sixty years, as appears. Kriele's Book (in 1801) still gives no hint of change: the *Kuhgrund*, which now has nothing but dry sand for the most industrious ruminant, is still a place of succulence and herbage in Kriele's time; 'Deep Way,' where 'at one point two carts could not pass,' was not yet blown out of existence, but has still 'a Well in it' for Kriele; *Hohle Grund* (since called Loudon's Hollow), with the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard beyond, seem tolerable enough places to Kriele. Probably not unlike what the surrounding Country still is. A Country of poor villages, and of wild ground, flat generally, and but tolerably green; with lakelets, bushes, scrubs, and intricate meandering little runlets and oozelets; and in general with more of Forest so called than now is: — this is Kunersdorf Chain of Knolls; Soltikof's Intrenched Camp at present; destined to become very famous in the world, after lying so long obscure under Oder and its rages."[1]

From the Knolls of Trettin, that Saturday afternoon, Friedrich takes view of the Russian Camp. All lying bright enough there; from Mühlberg to Judenberg, convenient to our glass; between us and the evening Sun. Batteries most abundant, difficulties great: Soltikof just ahead here, 72,000: Loudon at the Red Grange yonder, on their extreme left, with 18,000 more. An uncommonly strong position for 90,000 against 50,000. One thing strikes Friedrich: On front in this northern side, close by the base of the Russian Camp, runs — for the present away *from* Oder, but intending to join it elsewhere — a paltry little Brook, "Hen-Floss" so called, with at least

[1] *Tourist's Note* (Autumn, 1852).

two successive Mills on it (*Kleine Mühle, Grosse Mühle*); and on the northern shore of it, spilling itself out into a wet waste called *Elsbruch* (Alder Waste), which is especially notable to Friedrich. *Alder* Waste? Watery, scrubby; no passage there, thinks Friedrich; which his Peasant with the water-jug confirms. "Tell me, however," inquires Friedrich, with strictness, "From the Red Grange yonder, where General Loudon is, if you wished to get over to the *Hohle Grund*, or to the Judenberg, would you cross that Hen-Floss?" "It is not crossable, your Majesty; one has to go round quite westward by the Dam." "What, from Rothe Vorwerk to Big Hollow, no passage, say you; no crossing?" "None, your Majesty," insists the Peasant; — who is not aware that the Russians have made one of firm trestles and logs, and use it daily for highway there; an error of some interest to Friedrich within the next twenty-four hours!

Friedrich himself does not know this bit of ground: but there is with him, besides the Peasant, a Major Linden, whose Regiment used to lie in Frankfurt, of whom Friedrich makes minute questioning. Linden answers confidently; has been over all this tract a hundred times; "but knows it only as a hunter," says Tempelhof,[1] "not as a soldier," which he ought to have done. His answers are supposed to have misled Friedrich on various points, and done him essential damage.

Friedrich's view of the case, that evening, is by no means so despondent as might be imagined: he regards the thing as difficult, not as impossible, — and one of his anxieties is, that he be not balked of trying it straightway. Retiring to his hut in Bischofsee, he makes two Dispositions, of admirable clearness, brevity, and calculated for two contingencies:[2] That of the enemy retaining his now posture; and That of the enemy making off for Reppen; — which latter does not at all concern us, as matters turned! Of the former the course will unfold itself to us, in practice, shortly. At 2 A.M. Friedrich will be on foot again, at 3 on march again. — The last phenomenon, at Bischofsee this night, is some sudden glare of disastrous light rising over the woods: — "Russians burning Kuners-

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 186. [2] Given in Tempelhof, iii. 182, 183.

dorf!" as neighbors are sorry to hear. That is the finale of much Russian rearranging and tumbling, this day; that barbarous burning of Kunersdorf, before going to bed. To-morrow various other poor Villages got burnt by them, which they had better have left standing.

The Russians, on hearing that Friedrich was across at Göritz, and coming on them from the north side, not from Frankfurt by the Reppen Highway, were in great agitation. Not thrown into terror, but into manifold haste, knowing what hasty adversary there was. Endless readjustments they have to make; a day of tumultuous business with the Russians, this Saturday, 11th, when the news reached them. "They inverted their front [say all the Books but Friedrich's own]: Not coming by the Reppen Highway, then!" think they. And thereupon changed rear to front, as at Zorndorf, but more elaborately; — which I should not mention, were it not that hereby their late "right wing on the Mühlberg" has, in strict speech, become their "left," and there is ambiguity and discrepancy in some of the Books, should any poor reader take to studying them on this matter. Changed their front; which involves much interior changing; readjusting of batteries and the like. That of burning Kunersdorf was the barbaric winding up of all this: barbaric, and, in the military sense, absurd; poor Kunersdorf could have been burnt at any moment, if needful; and to the Russians the keeping of it standing was the profitable thing, as an impediment to Friedrich in his advance there. They have laid it flat and permeable; ashes all of it, — except the Church only, which is of stone; not so combustible, and may have uses withal. Has perhaps served as temporary lock-up, prison for the night, to some of those Frankfurt Deputations and their troublesome wailings; and may serve as temporary hospital to-morrow, who knows?

Readjustments in the Russian Camp were manifold: but these are as nothing, in the tumultuous business of the day. Carting of their baggage, every article of value, to that safe Wagenburg in the River; driving of cattle, — the very driving of cattle through Frankfurt, endless herds of them, gathered by the Cossacks from far and wide, "lasted for four-and-twenty

hours." Oxen in Frankfurt that day were at the rate of ten shillings per head. Often enough you were offered a full-grown young steer for a loaf of bread; nay the Cossacks, when there was absolutely no bidder, would slaughter down the animal, leave its carcass in the streets, and sell the hide for a *tympf*, — fivepence (very bad silver at present). Never before or since was seen in Frankfurt such a Saturday, for bellowing and braying, and raging and tumulting, all through the day and through the night; ushering in such a Sunday too!

Sunday about 3 in the morning, Friedrich is on march again, — Russians still in their place; and Disposition *First*, not *Second* at all, to be our rule of action! Friedrich, in Two Columns, marches off, eastward through the woods, as if for Reppen quite away from the Russians and their Mühlberg; but intending to circle round at the due point, and come down upon their right flank there (left flank, as he persists to call it), out of the woods, and clasp it in his arms in an impressive, unexpected way. In Two Columns; which are meant, as usual, to be the Two Lines of Battle: Seidlitz, with chosen Cavalry, is at the head of Column First, and will be Left Wing, were we on the ground; Eugen of Würtemberg, closing the rear of Column First, will, he, or Finck and he together, be Right Wing. That is the order of march; — order of *battle*, we shall find, had to alter itself somewhat, for reasons extremely valid!

Finck with his 12,000 is to keep his present ground; to have two good batteries got ready, each on its knoll ahead, which shall wait silent in the interim: Finck to ride out reconnoitring, with many General Officers, and to make motions and ostentations; in a word, to persuade the Russians that here is the Main Army coming on from the north. All which Finck does; avoiding, as his orders were, any firing, or serious commencement of business, till the King reappear out of the woods. The Russians give Finck and his General Officers a cannon salvo, here and there, without effect, and get no answer. "The King does not see his way, then, after all?" think the Russians. Their Cossacks go scouring about; on the southern side, "burn Schwetig and Reipzig," without the least advantage

to themselves: most of the Cavalry, and a regiment or two of excellent Austrian Grenadiers, are with Loudon, near the Red Grange, in front of the Russian extreme left; — but will have stept over into Big Hollow at a moment of crisis!

The King's march, through the Forest of Reppen, was nothing like so expeditious as had been expected. There are thickets, intricacies, runlets, boggy oozes; indifferent to one man well mounted, but vitally important to 30,000 with heavy cannon to bring on. Boggy oozings especially, — there is one dirty stream or floss (*Hünerfliess*, Hen-Floss) which wanders dismally through those recesses, issuing from the far south, with dirty daughters dismally wandering into it, and others that cannot get into it (being of the lake kind): these, in their weary, circling, recircling course towards Oder, — *Faule Laacke* (Foul Lake, *Lither-mere*, as it were), Foul Bridge, Swine's Nook (*Schweinebucht*), and many others, — occasion endless difficulty. Whether Major Linden was shot that day, or what became of him after, I do not know: but it was pity he had not studied the ground with a soldier's eye instead of a hunter's! Plumping suddenly, at last, upon Hen-Floss itself, Friedrich has to turn angularly; angularly, which occasions great delay: the heavy cannon (wall-guns brought from Cüstrin) have twelve horses each, and cannot turn among the trees, but have to be unyoked, reyoked, turned round by hand: — in short, it was eight in the morning before Friedrich arrived at the edge of the wood, on the Klosterberg, Walckberg, and other woody *Bergs* or knolls, within reach of Mühlberg, and behind the preliminary abatis there (abatis which was rather of service to him than otherwise); — and began privately building his batteries.

At eight o'clock he, with Column First, which is now becoming Line First (*centre* of Line First, if we reckon Finck as *right-wing*), is there; busy in that manner: Column Second, which was to have been Rear Line, is still a pretty way behind; and has many difficulties before it gets into Kunersdorf neighborhood, or can (having wriggled itself into a kind of *left-wing*) co-operate on the Russian Position from the south side. On

the north side, Finck has been ready these five hours. — Friedrich speeds the building of his batteries: "Silent, too; the Russians have not yet noticed us!" By degrees the Russians do notice something; shoot out Cossacks to reconnoitre. Cossacks in quantity; who are so insolent, and venture so very near, our gunners on the north battery give them a blast of satisfactory grape-shot; one and then another, four blasts in all, satisfactory to the gunner mind, — till the King's self, with a look, with a voice, came galloping: "Silence, will you!" The Russians took no offence; still considering Finck to be the main thing and Friedrich some scout party, — till at last,

Half-past eleven, everything being ready on the Walck Hill, Friedrich's batteries opened there, in a sudden and volcanic way. Volcanically answered by the Russians, as soon as possible; who have 72 guns on this Mühlberg, and are nothing loath. Upon whom Finck's battery is opening from the north, withal: Friedrich has 60 cannon hereabouts; on the Walckberg, on the *Little* Spitzberg (called *Seidlitz Hill* ever since); all playing diligently on the head and south shoulder of this Mühlberg: while Finck's battery opens on the north shoulder (could he but get near enough). Volcanic to a degree all these; nor are the Russians wanting, though they get more and more astonished: Tempelhof, who was in it, says he never, except at Torgau next Year, heard a louder cannonade. Loud exceedingly; and more or less appalling to the Russian imagination: but not destructive in proportion; the distance being too considerable, — "1,950 paces at the nearest," as Tempelhof has since ascertained by measuring. Friedrich's two batteries, however, as they took the Russians in the flank or by enfilade, did good execution. "The Russian guns were ill-pointed; the Russian batteries wrong-built; batteries so built as did not allow them sight of the Hollow they were meant to defend."[1]

After above half an hour of this, Friedrich orders storm of the Mühlberg: Forward on it, with what of enfilading it has had! Eight grenadier Battalions, a chosen vanguard appointed

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 186, 187.

for the work (names of Battalions all given, and deathless in the Prussian War-Annals), tramp forth on this service: cross the abatis, which the Russian grenadoes have mostly burnt; down into the Hollow. Steady as planets; "with a precision and coherency," says Tempelhof, "which even on the parade-ground would have deserved praises. Once well in the Hollow, they suffer nothing; though the blind Russian fire, going all over their heads, rages threefold:" suffered nothing in the Hollow; nor till they reached almost the brow of the Mühlberg, and were within a hundred steps of the Russian guns. These were the critical steps, these final ones; such torrents of grape-shot and musket-shot and sheer death bursting out, here at last, upon the Eight Battalions, as they come above ground. Who advanced, unwavering, all the faster, — speed one's only safety. They poured into the Russian gunners and musketry battalions one volley of choicest quality, which had a shaking effect; then, with level bayonets, plunge on the batteries: which are all empty before we can leap into them; artillery-men, musketeer battalions, all on wing; general whirlpool spreading. And so, in ten minutes, the Mühlberg and its guns are ours. Ever since Zorndorf, an idea had got abroad, says Tempelhof, that the Russians would die instead of yielding; but it proved far otherwise here. Down as far as Kunersdorf, which may be about a mile westward, the Russians are all in a whirl; at best hanging in tatters and clumps, their Officers struggling against the flight; "mixed groups you would see huddled together a hundred men deep." The Russian Left Wing is beaten: had we our cannon up here, our cavalry up here, the Russian Army were in a bad way!

This is a glorious beginning; completed, I think, as far almost as Kunersdorf by one o'clock: and could the iron continue to be struck while it is at white-heat as now, the result were as good as certain. That was Friedrich's calculation: but circumstances which he had not counted on, some which he could not count on, sadly retarded the matter. His Left Wing (Rear Line, which should now have been Left Wing) from southward, his Right Wing from northward, and Finck farther west, were now on the instant to have simultaneously

closed upon the beaten Russians, and crushed them altogether. The Right Wing, conquerors of the Mühlberg, are here: but neither Finck nor the Left can be simultaneous with them. Finck and his artillery are much retarded with the Flosses and poor single Bridges; and of the Left Wing there are only some Vanguard Regiments capable of helping ("who drove out the Russians from Kunersdorf Churchyard," as their first feat), — no Main Body yet for a long while. Such impediments, such intricacies of bog and bush! The entire Wing does at last get to the southeast of Kunersdorf, free of the wood; but finds (contrary to Linden with his hunter eye) an intricate meshwork of meres and straggling lakes, two of them in the burnt Village itself; no passing of these except on narrow isthmuses, which necessitate change of rank and re-change; and our Left Wing cannot, with all its industry, "march up," that is, arrive at the enemy in fighting line, without the painfulest delays.

And then the getting forward of our cannon! On the Mühlberg itself the seventy-two Russian guns, "owing to difference of calibre," or artillery-men know what, cannot be used by us: a few light guns, Tempelhof to one of them, a poor four in all, with perhaps 100 shot to each, did, by the King's order, hasten to the top of the Mühlberg; and never did Tempelhof see a finer chance for artillery than there. Soft sloping ground, with Russians simmering ahead of you, all the way down to Kunersdorf, a mile long: by horizontal pointing, you had such reboundings (*ricochets*); and carried beautiful execution! Tempelhof soon spent his hundred shots: but it was not at once that any of our sixty heavy guns could be got up thither. Twelve horses to each: fancy it, and what baffling delays here and elsewhere; — and how the Russian whirlpool was settling more and more, in the interim! And had, in part, settled; in part, got through to the rear, and been replaced by fresh troops!

Friedrich's activities, and suppressed and insuppressible impatiences in this interval, are also conceivable, though not on record for us. The swiftest of men; tied down, in this manner, with the blaze of perfect victory ahead, were the

moments *not* running out! Slower or faster, he thinks (I suppose), the victory is his; and that he must possess his soul till things do arrive. It was in one and more of those embargoed intervals that he wrote to Berlin[1] (which is waiting, as if for life or death, the issue of this scene, sixty miles distant): "Russians beaten; rejoice with me!" Four successive couriers, I believe, with messages to that effect; and at last a Fifth with dolefully contrary news! —

In proportion as the cannon and other necessaries gradually got in, the Fight flamed up from its embers more and more: and there ensued, — the Russians being now ranked again (fronting eastward now) "in many lines," and very fierce, — a second still deadlier bout; Friedrich furiously diligent on their front and right flank; Finck, from the Alder Waste, battering and charging (uphill, and under difficulties from those Flosses and single Bridges) on their left flank. This too, after long deadly efforts on the Prussian part, ended again clearly in their favor; their enemies broken a second time, and driven not only out of Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund, but some say almost to the foot of the Judenberg, — what can only be very partially true. Broken portions of the Russian left flank, — some of Finck's people, in their victorious wrath, may have chased these very far: but it is certain the general Russian mass rallied again a long way short of the Judenberg; — though, the ground being all obliterated by the rabbits and the winds, nobody can now know with exactitude where.

And indeed the Battle, from this point onwards, becomes blurred and confused to us, only its grosser features visible henceforth. Where the "Big Spitzberg" was (so terribly important soon), nobody can now tell me, except from maps. Loudon's motions too are obscure, though important. I believe his grenadiers had not yet been in the fire; but am certain they are now come out of Big Hollow; fresh for the rescue; and have taken front rank in this Second Rally that is made. Loudon's Cavalry Loudon himself has in hand, and waits with them in a fit place. He has 18,000 fresh men; and an eye like few others on a field of war. Loudon's 18,000 are fresh:

[1] Preuss, ii. 212 n.

of the Prussians that can by no means be said. I should judge it must be 3 of the afternoon. The day is windless, blazing; one of the hottest August days; and "nobody, for twelve hours past, could command a drink of water:" very fresh the poor Prussians cannot be! They have done two bouts of excellent fighting; tumbled the Russians well back, stormed many batteries; and taken in all 180 cannon.

At this stage, it appears, Finck and many Generals, Seidlitz among the others, were of opinion that, in present circumstances, with troops so tired, and the enemy nearly certain to draw off, if permitted, here had been enough for one day, and that there ought to be pause till to-morrow. Friedrich knew well the need of rest; but Friedrich, impatient of things half-done, especially of Russians half-beaten, would not listen to this proposal; which was reckoned upon him as a grave and tragic fault, all the rest of his life; though favorable judges, who were on the ground, Tempelhof for one,[1] are willing to prove that pausing here — at the point we had really got to, a little beyond the Kuhgrund, namely; and not a couple of miles westward, at the foot of the Jew Hill, where vague rumor puts us — was not feasible or reasonable. Friedrich considers with himself, "Our left wing has hardly yet been in fire!" calls out the entire left wing, foot and horse: these are to emerge from their meshwork of Lakes about Kunersdorf, and bear a hand along with us on the Russian front here, — especially to sweep away that raging Battery they have on the Big Spitzberg, and make us clear of it. The Big Spitzberg lies to south and ahead of the Russian right as now ranked; fatally covers their right flank, and half ruins the attack in front. Big Spitzberg is blown irrecognizable in our time; but it was then an all-important thing.

The left-wing Infantry thread their lake-labyrinth, the soonest possible; have to rank again on the hither side, under a tearing fire from that Spitzberg; can then at last, and do, storm onwards, upwards; but cannot, with their best efforts, take the Spitzberg: and have to fall back under its floods of

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 194.

tearing case-shot, and retire out of range. To Friedrich's blank disappointment: "Try it you, then, Seidlitz; you saved us at Zorndorf!" Seidlitz, though it is an impossible problem to storm batteries with horse, does charge in for the Russian flank, in spite of its covering battery: but the torrents of grape-shot are insufferable; the Seidlitz people, torn in gaps, recoil, whirl round, and do not rank again till beyond the Lakes of Kunersdorf. Seidlitz himself has got wounded, and has had to be carried away.

And, in brief, from this point onwards all goes aback with the Prussians more and more. Repeated attempts on that Spitzberg battery prove vain; to advance without it is impossible. Friedrich's exertions are passionate, almost desperate; rallying, animating, new-ordering; everywhere in the hottest of the fire. "Thrice he personally led on the main attack." He has had two horses shot down under him; mounting a third, this too gets a bullet in an artery of the neck, and is about falling, when two Adjutants save the King. In his waistcoat-pocket some small gold case (*étui*) has got smitten flat by a bullet, which would otherwise have ended matters. The people about him remonstrate on such exposure of a life beyond value; he answers curtly, "We must all of us try every method here, to win the Battle: I, like every other, must stand to my duty here!" These, and a second brief word or two farther on, are all of articulate that we hear from him this day.

Friedrich's wearied battalions here on the Heights, while the Spitzberg to left goes so ill, fight desperately; but cannot prevail farther; and in spite of Friedrich's vehement rallyings and urgings, gradually lose ground, — back at last to Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund again. The Loudon grenadiers, and masses of fresh Russians, are not to be broken, but advance and advance. Fancy the panting death-labors, and spasmodic toilings and bafflings, of those poor Prussians and their King! Nothing now succeeding; the death-agony now come; all hearts growing hopeless; only one heart still seeing hope. The Spitzberg is impossible; tried how often I know not. Finck, from the Alder Waste, with his Infantry, attacks, and

again attacks; without success: "Let the Cavalry go round, then, and try there. Seidlitz we have not; you Eugen of Würtemberg lead them!" Eugen leads them (cuirassiers, or we will forget what); round by the eastern end of the Mühlberg; then westward, along the Alder Waste; finally southward, against the Russian flank, himself foremost, and at the gallop for charging: — Eugen, "looking round, finds his men all gone," and has to gallop the other way, gets wounded to boot. Puttkammer, with Hussars, then tried it; Puttkammer was shot dead, and his Hussars too could do nothing.

Back, slowly back, go the Prussians generally, nothing now succeeds with them. Back to the Kuhgrund again; fairly over the steep brow there; the Russians serrying their ranks atop, rearranging their many guns. There, once more, rose frightful struggle; desperate attempt by the fordone Prussians to retake that Height. "Lasted fifteen minutes, line to line not fifty yards asunder;" such musketry, — our last cartridges withal. Ardent Prussian parties trying to storm up; few ever getting to the top, none ever standing there alive one minute. This was the death-agony of the Battle. Loudon, waiting behind the Spitzberg, dashes forward now, towards the Kuhgrund and our Left Flank. At sight of which a universal feeling shivers through the Prussian heart, "Hope ended, then!" — and their solid ranks rustle everywhere; and melt into one wild deluge, ebbing from the place as fast as it can.

It is towards six o'clock; the sweltering Sun is now fallen low and veiled; gray evening sinking over those wastes. "*N'y a-t-il donc pas un bougre de boulet qui puisse m'atteindre* (Is there not one b— of a ball that can reach me, then)?" exclaimed Friedrich, in his despair. Such a day he had never thought to see. The pillar of the State, the Prussian Army itself, gone to chaos in this manner. Friedrich still passionately struggles, exhorts, commands, entreats even with tears. "Children, don't forsake me, in this pinch (*Kinder, verlasset heute mich, euren König, euren Vater, nicht*)!"[1] — but all ears are deaf. On the Mühlberg one regiment still stood by their

[1] Kriele, p. 169

guns, covering the retreat. But the retreat is more and more a flight; "no Prussian Army was ever seen in such a state." At the Bridges of that Hen-Floss, there was such a crowding, all our guns got jammed; and had to be left, 165 of them of various calibre, and the whole of the Russian 180 that were once in our hands. Had the chase been vigorous, this Prussian Army had been heard of no more. But beyond the Mühlberg, there was little or no pursuit; through the wood the Army, all in chaos, but without molestation otherwise, made for its Oder Bridges by the way it had come.[1]

Friedrich was among the last to quit the ground. He seemed stupefied by the excess of his emotions; in no haste to go; uncertain whether he would go at all. His Adjutants were about him, and a small party of Ziethen Hussars under Captain Prittwitz. Wild swarms of Cossacks approached the place. "*Prittwitz, ich bin verloren* (Prittwitz, I am lost)!" remarked he. "*Nein, Ihro Majestät!*" answered Prittwitz with enthusiasm; charged fiercely, he and his few, into the swarms of Cossacks; cut them about, held them at bay, or sent them else-whither, while the Adjutants seized Friedrich's bridle, and galloped off with him. At Œtscher and the Bridges, Friedrich found of his late Army not quite 3,000 men. Even Wunsch is not there till next morning. Wunsch with his Party had, early in the afternoon, laid hold of Frankfurt, as ordered; made the garrison prisoners, blocked the Oder Bridge; poor Frankfurt tremulously thanking Heaven for him, and for such an omen. In spite of their Wagenburg and these Pontoon-Bridges, it appears, there would have been no retreat for the Russians except into Wunsch's cannon: Wagenburg way, latish in the afternoon, there was such a scramble of runaways and retreating baggage, all was jammed into impassability; scarcely could a single man get through. In case of defeat, the Russian Army would have had no

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 179–200; Retzow, ii. 80–115: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 589–598, *Bericht von der am* 12 *August*, 1759 *bey Kunersdorf vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Official); and *Ib.* 598–603, *Beschreibung der &c.* (by a Private Hand): lucidly accurate both.

chance but surrender or extermination.[1] At dark, however, Wunsch had summons, so truculent in style, he knew what it meant; and answering in words peremptorily, "No" with a like emphasis, privately got ready again, and at midnight disappeared. Got to Reitwein without accident.

Friedrich found at Œtscher nothing but huts full of poor wounded men, and their miseries and surgeries; — he took shelter, himself, in a hut "which had been plundered by Cossacks" (in the past days), but which had fewer wounded than others, and could be furnished with some bundles of dry straw. Kriele has a pretty Anecdote, with names and particulars, of two poor Lieutenants, who were lying on the floor, as he entered this hut. They had lain there for many hours; the Surgeons thinking them desperate; which Friedrich did not. "*Ach Kinder*, Alas, children, you are badly wounded, then?" "*Ja*, your Majesty: but how goes the Battle?" (Answer, evasive on this point): "Are you bandaged, though? Have you been let blood?" "*Nein, Euer Majestät, kein Teufel will uns verbinden* (Not a devil of them would bandage us)!" Upon which there is a Surgeon instantly brought; reprimanded for neglect: "Desperate, say you? These are young fellows; feel that hand, and that; no fever there: Nature in such cases does wonders!" Upon which the leech had to perform his function; and the poor young fellows were saved, — and did new fighting, and got new wounds, and had Pensions when the War ended.[2] This appears to have been Friedrich's first work in that hut at Œtscher. Here next is a Third Autograph to Finkenstein, written in that hut, probably the first of several Official things there: —

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 194: in Retzow (ii. 110) is some dubious traditionary stuff on the matter.

[2] Kriele, pp. 169, 170; and in all the Anecdote-Books.

The King to Graf von Finkenstein (at Berlin): Third Note.

Œtscher, "12th August," 1759.

"I attacked the Enemy this morning about eleven; we beat him back to the *Judenkirchhof* (Jew Churchyard," — a mistake, but now of no moment), "near Frankfurt. All my troops came into action, and have done wonders. I reassembled them three times; at length, I was myself nearly taken prisoner; and we had to quit the Field. My coat is riddled with bullets, two horses were killed under me; — my misfortune is, that I am still alive. Our loss is very considerable. Of an Army of 48,000 men, I have, at this moment while I write, not more than 3,000 together; and am no longer master of my forces. In Berlin you will do well to think of your safety. It is a great calamity; and I will not survive it: the consequences of this Battle will be worse than the Battle itself. I have no resources more; and, to confess the truth, I hold all for lost. I will not survive the destruction of my Country. Farewell forever (*Adieu pour jamais*). — F."[1]

Another thing, of the same tragic character, is that of handing over this Army to Finck's charge. Order there is to Finck of that tenor: and along with it the following notable Autograph, — a Friedrich taking leave both of Kingship and of life. The Autograph exists; but has no date, — date of the Order would probably be still *Œtscher, 12th August;* date of the Autograph, *Reitwein* (across the River), next day.

Friedrich to Lieut.-General Finck (at Œtscher or Reitwein).

"General Finck gets a difficult commission; the unlucky Army which I give up to him is no longer in condition to make head against the Russians. Haddick will now start for Berlin, perhaps Loudon too; if General Finck go after these, the Russians will fall on his rear; if he continue on the Oder, he gets Haddick on his flank (*so krigt er den Hadek diss Seit*): — however, I believe, should Loudon go for Berlin, he might attack Loudon, and try to beat him: this, if it succeeded,

[1] In orig. "*ce* 12," no other date (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 306).

would be a stand against misfortune, and hold matters up. Time gained is much, in these desperate circumstances. The news from Torgau and Dresden, Cöper my Secretary (*Cöper mein Segreter*," kind of lieutenant to Eichel [1]) "will send him. You (*Er*) must inform my Brother [Prince Henri] of everything; whom I have declared Generalissimo of the Army. To repair this bad luck altogether is not possible: but what my Brother shall command, must be done: — the Army swears to my Nephew [King henceforth].

"This is all the advice, in these unhappy circumstances, I am in a condition to give. Had I still had resources, I would have stayed by them (*so wehre ich darbei geblieben*).

"FRIEDRICH." [2]

All this done, the wearied Friedrich flung himself into his truss of dry straw; and was seen sound asleep there, a single sentry at the door, by some high Generals that ventured to look in. On the morrow he crossed to Reitwein; by to-morrow night, there had 23,000 of his fugitives come in to him; — but this is now to be Finck's affair, not his! That day, too (for the Paper seems to be misdated), he signed, and despatched to Schmettau, Commandant in Dresden, a Missive, which proved more fatal than either of the others; and brought, or helped to bring, very bitter fruits for him, before long: —

To Lieutenant-General von Schmettau (at Dresden).

"REITWEIN, 14th [probably 13th] August, 1759.

"You will perhaps have heard of the Check [*l'Echec*, Kunersdorf to wit!] I have met with from the Russian Army on the 13th [12th, if you have the Almanac at hand] of this month. Though at bottom our affairs in regard to the Enemy here are not desperate, I find I shall not now be able to make any detachment for your assistance. Should the Austrians attempt anything against Dresden, therefore, you will see if there are means of maintaining yourself; failing which, it will behoove you to try and obtain a favorable Capitulation, — to

[1] See Preuss, i. 349, iii. 442.

[2] Exact Copy, two exact copies, in *Preuss* (i. 450, and again, ii. 215).

wit, Liberty to withdraw, with the whole Garrison, Moneys, Magazines, Hospital and all that we have at Dresden, either to Berlin or else-whither, so as to join some Corps of my Troops.

"As a fit of illness [*maladie*, alas!] has come on me, — which I do not think will have dangerous results, — I have for the present left the command of my Troops to Lieutenant-General von Finck; whose Orders you are to execute as if coming to you directly from myself. On this I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy keeping. — F."[1]

At Berlin, on this 13th, — with the Five Couriers coming in successively (and *not* in the order of their despatch, but the fatal Fifth arriving some time *ahead* of the Fourth, who still spoke of progress and victory), — there was such a day as Sulzer (*ach mein lieber Sulzer!*) had never seen in the world. "'Above 50,000 human beings on the Palace Esplanade and streets about;' swaying hither and thither, in agony of expectation, in alternate paroxysm of joy and of terror and woe; often enough the opposite paroxysms simultaneous in the different groups, and men crushed down in despair met by men leaping into the air for very gladness:" Sulzer (whose sympathy is of very æsthetic type) "would not, for any consideration, have missed such a scene."[2] The "scene" is much obliged to you, *mein Lieber!* —

Practically we find, in Rödenbeck, or straggling elsewhere, this Note: "On the day after Kunersdorf, Queen and Court fly to Magdeburg: this is their second flight. Their first was on Haddick's Visit, October, 1757; but after Rossbach they soon returned, and Berlin and the Court were then extremely gay: different gentlemen, French and others of every Nation, fallen prisoners, made the Queen's soirées the finest in the world for splendor and variety, at that time."[3]

One other Note we save, for the sake of poor Major Kleist, "Poet of the Spring," as he was then called. A valiant,

[1] Preuss, ii. *Urkundenbuch*, p. 43.

[2] *Briefe der Schweitzer Bodmer, Sulzer, Gessner; aus Gleim's literärischen Nachlasse: herausgegeben von Wilhelm Korte* (Zürich, 1804), pp. 316–319.

[3] Rödenbeck, i. 390; &c. &c.

punctual Soldier, and with a turn for Literature as well; who wrote really pleasant fine things, new at that time and rapturously welcome, though too much in the sentimental vein for the times which have followed. Major Kleist, — there is a General Kleist, a Colonel Kleist of the Green Hussars (called *Grüne* Kleist, a terrible cutting fellow): — this is not Grüne Kleist; this is the Poet of *The Spring;* whose fate at Kunersdorf made a tragic impression in all intelligent circles of Teutschland. Here is Kriele's Note (abridged): —

"Christian Ewald von Kleist, 'Poet of the Spring' [a Pommern gentleman, now in his forty-fourth year], was of Finck's Division; had come on, after those Eight Battalions took the first Russian battery [that is, Mühlberg]; and had been assisting, with zeal, at the taking of three other batteries, regardless of twelve contusions, which he gradually got. At the third battery, he was farther badly hurt on the left arm and the right. Took his Colonel's place nevertheless, whom he now saw fall; led the regiment *muthig* forward on the fourth battery. A case-shot smashed his right leg to pieces; he fell from his horse [hour not given, shall we say 3 P.M.]; sank, exclaiming: '*Kinder,* My children, don't forsake your King!' and fainted there. Was carried to rear and leftward; laid down on some dry spot in the Elsbruch, not far from the Kuhgrund, and a Surgeon brought. The Surgeon, while examining, was torn away by case-shot: Kleist lay bleeding without help. A friend of his, Pfau [who told Kriele], one of Finck's Generals, came riding that way: Kleist called to him; asked how the Battle went; uncommonly glad to hear we are still progressive. Pfau undertook, and tried his utmost, for a carriage to Kleist; did send one of Finck's own carriages; but after such delays that the Prussians were now yielding: poor Kleist's had become Russian ground, and the carriage could not get in.

"Kleist lay helpless; no luck worse than his. In the evening, Cossacks came round him; stript him stark-naked; threw him, face foremost, into the nearest swampy place, and went their way. One of these devils had something so absurd and Teniers-like in the face of him, that Kleist, in his pains, could

not help laughing at remembrance of it. In the night some Russian Hussars, human and not Cossack, found Kleist in this situation; took him to a dry place; put a cloak over him, kindled a watch-fire for themselves, and gave him water and bread. Towards morning they hastened away, throwing an 8-*groschen stück* [ninepenny piece, shilling, say half-crown] on his cloak, — with human farewell. But Cossacks again came; again stript him naked and bare. Towards noon of the 13th, Kleist contrived to attract some Russian Cavalry troop passing that way, and got speech of the Captain (one Fackelberg, a German); who at once set about helping him; — and had him actually sent into Frankfurt, in a carriage, that evening. To the House of a Professor Nikolai; where was plenty of surgery and watchful affection. After near thirty hours of such a lair, his wounds seemed still curable; there was hope for ten days. In the tenth night (22d–23d August), the shivered pieces of bone disunited themselves; cut an artery, — which, after many trials, could not be tied. August 24th, at two in the morning, he died. — Great sorrow. August 26th, there was soldier's funeral; poor Kleist's coffin borne by twelve Russian grenadiers; very many Russian Officers attending, who had come from the Camp for that end; one Russian Staff-Officer of them unbuckling his own sword to lay on the bier, as there was want of one. King Friedrich had Kleist's Portrait hung in the Garnison Kirche. Freemason Lodge, in 1788, set up a monument to him,"[1] — which still stands on the Frankfurt pavement, and is now in sadly ruinous state.

The Prussian loss, in this Battle, was, besides all the cannon and field-equipages: 6,000 killed, 13,000 wounded (of which latter, 2,000 badly, who fell to the Russians as prisoners); in all, about 19,000 men. Nor was the Russian loss much lighter; of Russians and Austrians together, near 18,000, as Tempelhof counts: "which will not surprise your Majesty," reports Soltikof to his Czarina; "who are aware that the King of Prussia sells his defeats at a dear rate." And privately Soltikof was heard to say, "Let me fight but another such Victory, and I

[1] Kriele, pp. 39–43.

may go to Petersburg with the news of it myself, with the staff in my hand." The joy at Petersburg, striving not to be braggart or immodest, was solemn, steady and superlative: a great feat indeed for Russia, this Victory over such a King, — though a kind of grudge, that it was due to Loudon, dwelt, in spite of Loudon's politic silence on that point, unpleasantly in the background. The chase they had shamefully neglected. It is said, certain Russian Officers, who had charge of that business stept into a peasant's cottage to consult on it; contrived somehow to find tolerable liquor there; and sat drinking instead.[1]

CHAPTER V.

SAXONY WITHOUT DEFENCE: SCHMETTAU SURRENDERS DRESDEN.

FRIEDRICH's despair did not last quite four days. On the fourth day, — day after leaving Reitwein, — there is this little Document, which still exists, of more comfortable tenor: "My dear Major-General von Wunsch, — Your Letter of the 16th to Lieutenant-General von Finck punctually arrived here: and for the future, as I am now recovered from my illness, you have to address your Reports directly to Myself. — F."[2] Finding that, except Tottleben warily reconnoitring with a few Cossacks, no Russians showed themselves at Reitwein; that the Russians were encamping and intrenching on the Wine-Hills south of Frankfurt, not meaning anything immediate, — he took heart again; ranked his 23,000; sent for General Kleist from Pommern with his Anti-Swedish handful (leave the Swedes alone, as usual in time of crisis); considered that artilleries and furnishings could come to him from Berlin,

[1] Preuss, ii. 217.

[2] "Madlitz," on the road to Fürstenwalde, "17th August:" in Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse; eine historische Portrait-Skizze* (kind of *Lecture*, so let us call it, if again citing it; Lecture delivered, on Friedrich's Birthday, to Majesty and Staff-Officers as Audience, Berlin, 24th January, 1855), p. 18.

which is but 60 miles; that there still lay possibility ahead, and that, though only a miracle could save him, he would try it to the very last.

A great relief, this of coming to oneself again! "Till death, then; — rage on, ye elements and black savageries!" Friedrich's humor is not despondent, now or afterwards; though at this time it is very sad, very angry, and, as it were, scorning even to hope: but he is at all times of beautifully practical turn; and has, in his very despair, a sobriety of eyesight, and a fixed steadiness of holding to his purpose, which are of rare quality. His utterances to D'Argens, about this time and onward, — brief hints, spontaneous, almost unconscious, — give curious testimony of his glooms and moody humors. Of which the reader shall see something. For the present, he is in deep indignation with his poor Troops, among other miseries. "Actual running away!" he will have it to be; and takes no account of thirst, hunger, heat, utter weariness and physical impossibility! This lasts for some weeks. But in general there is nothing of this injustice to those about him. In general, nothing even of gloom is manifested; on the contrary, cheerfulness, brisk hope, a strangely continual succession of hopes (mostly illusory); — though, within, there is traceable very great sorrow, weariness and misery. A fixed darkness, as of Erebus, is grown habitual to him; but is strictly shut up, little of it shown to others, or even, in a sense, to himself. He is as a traveller overtaken by the Night and its tempests and rain-deluges, but refusing to pause; who is wetted to the bone, and does not care farther for rain. A traveller grown familiar with the howling solitudes; aware that the Storm-winds do not pity, that Darkness is the dead Earth's Shadow: — a most lone soul of a man; but continually toiling forward, as if the brightest goal and haven were near and in view.

Once more the world was certain of Friedrich's ruin; — Friedrich himself we have seen certain of it, for some few desperate hours: — but the world and he, as had been repeatedly

the world's case, were both disappointed. Intrinsically there could be little doubt but Friedrich's enemies might now have ruined him, had they been diligent about it. Now again, and now more than ever, they have the winning-post in sight. At small distance is the goal and purpose of all these four years' battlings and marchings, and ten years' subterranean plottings and intriguings. He himself says deliberately, "They had only to give him the finishing stroke (*coup-de-grâce*)."[1] But they never gave him that stroke; could not do it, though heartily desirous. Which was, and is, matter of surprise to an observant public.

The cause of failure may be considered to have been, in good part, Daun and his cunctations. Daun's zeal was unquestionable; ardent and continual is Daun's desire to succeed: but to try it at his own risk was beyond his power. He expected always to succeed by help of others: and to show them an example, and go vigorously to work himself, was what he never could resolve on. Could play only Fabius Cunctator, it would seem; and never was that part less wanted than now! Under such a Chief Figure, the "incoherency of action," instead of diminishing, as Friedrich had feared, rose daily towards its maximum; and latterly became extreme. The old Lernean Hydra had many heads; but they belonged all to one body. The many heads of this Anti-Friedrich Hydra had withal each its own body, and separate set of notions and advantages. Friedrich was at least a unity; his whole strength going one way, and at all moments, under his own sole command. The value of this circumstance is incalculable; this is the saving-clause of Pitt and his England (Pitt also a despotic sovereign, though a temporary one); this, second only to Friedrich's great gifts from Nature, and the noble use he makes of them, is above all others the circumstance that saved him in such a duel with the Hydras.

On the back of Kunersdorf, accordingly, there was not only no finishing stroke upon Friedrich, but for two months no stroke or serious attempt whatever in those neighborhoods where Friedrich is. There are four Armies hereabouts: The

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 20

Grand Russian, hanging by Frankfurt; Friedrich at Fürstenwalde (whitherward he marched from Reitwein August 16th), at Fürstenwalde or farther south, guarding Berlin; — then, unhurt yet by battle of any kind, there are the Grand Daunish or Mark-Lissa Army, and Prince Henri's of Schmöttseifen. Of which latter Two the hitchings and manœuvrings from time to time become vivid, and never altogether cease; but in no case come to anything. Above two months' scientific flourishing of weapons, strategic counter-dancing; but no stroke struck, or result achieved, except on Daun's part irreparable waste of time: — all readers would feel it inhuman to be burdened with any notice of such things. One march of Prince Henri's, which was of a famous and decisive character, we will attend to, when it comes, that is, were the end of September at hand; the rest must be imagined as a general strategic dance in those frontier parts, — Silesia to rearward on one side, the Lausitz and Frankfurt on the other, — and must go on, silently for most part, in the background of the reader's fancy. Indeed, Saxony is the scene of action; Friedrich, Henri, Soltikof, Daun, comparatively inactive for the next six weeks and more.

Some days before Kunersdorf, Daun personally, with I will forget how many thousands, had made a move to northward from Mark-Lissa, 60 miles or so, through Sagan Country; and lies about Priebus, waiting there ever since. Priebus is some 40 miles north of Görlitz, about 60 west of Glogau, south of Frankfurt 80. This is where the Master-Smith, having various irons in the fire, may be handiest for clutching them out, and forging at them, as they become successively hot. Daun, as Master-Smith, has at least three objects in view. The *first* is, as always, Reconquest of Silesia: this is obstructed by Prince Henri, who sits, watchful on the threshold, at Schmöttseifen yonder. The *second* is, as last year, Capture of Dresden: which is much the more feasible at present, — there being, except the Garrisons, no Prussian force whatever in Saxony; and a Reichs Army now actually there at last, after its long haggling about its Magazines; and above all, a Friedrich with his hands full elsewhere. To keep Friedrich's

hands full, — in other words, to keep the Russians sticking to him, — that is the *third* object: or indeed we may call it the first, second and third; for Daun is well aware that unless Soltikof can manage to keep Friedrich busy, Silesia, Saxony and all else becomes impossible.

Ever since the fortunate junction of Loudon with Soltikof, Daun has sat, and still sits, expectant; elaborately calculative, gathering Magazines in different parts, planting outparties, this way, that way, with an eye to these three objects, all or each, — especially to the third object, which he discerns to be all *and* each. Daun was elaborately calculative with these views: but to try any military action, upon Prince Henri for example, or bestir himself otherwise than in driving provender forward, and marching detachments hither and thither to the potentially fit and fittest posts, was not in Daun's way, — so much the worse for Daun, in his present course of enterprise.

Prince Henri had lain quiet at Schmöttseifen, waiting his Brother's adventure; did not hear the least tidings of him till six days after Kunersdorf, and then only by rumor; hideous, and, though still dubious, too much of it probable! On the very day of Kunersdorf, Henri had begun effecting some improvements on his right flank, — always a sharply strategic, most expert creature, — and made a great many motions, which would be unintelligible here.[1] Henri feels now that upon him lies a world of duties; and foremost of all, the instant duty of endeavoring to open communication with his Brother. Many marches, in consequence; much intricate marching and manœuvring between Daun and him: of which, when we come to Henri's great March (of 25th September), there may be again some hint.

For the present, let readers take their Map, and endeavor to fix the following dates and localities in their mind. Here, in summary, are the King's various Marches, and Two successive Encampments, two only, during those Six Weeks of forced inaction, while he is obliged to stand watching the Russians,

[1] Detailed, every fibre of them (as is the soul-confusing custom there), in Tempelhof, iii 228 et seq.

and to witness so many complicacies and disasters in the distance; which he struggles much and fruitlessly to hinder or help: —

Encampment 1st (Fürstenwalde, August 18th–30th). Friedrich left Reitwein *August 16th;* 17th, he is at Madlitz [Note to Wunsch written there, which we read]; 18th, to Fürstenwalde, and encamp. Fürstenwalde is on the Spree, straight between Frankfurt and Berlin; 25 miles from the former, 35 from the latter. Here for near a fortnight. At first, much in alarm about the Russians and Berlin; but gradually ascertaining that the Russians intend nothing.

"In effect, all this while Soltikof lay at Lossow, 10 miles south of Frankfurt, with his right on Oder; totally motionless, inactive, except listening, often rather gloomily, to Daun's and Montalembert's suasive eloquences and advices, — and once, August 22d, in the little Town of Guben, holding Conference with Daun [of which by and by]. In consequence of which, *August 28th,* Soltikof and his Russians and Austrians got under way again; southward, but only a few marches: first to Müllrose, then to Lieberose: — whom, the instant he heard of their movements, Friedrich, August 30th, hastened to follow; but had not to follow very far. Whereupon ensues

"*Encampment Second* (Waldau, till September 15th). *August 30th,* Friedrich, we say, rose from Fürstenwalde; hastened to follow this Russian movement, and keep within wind of it: up the valley of the Spree; first to Müllrose neighborhood [where the Russians, loitering some time, spoiled the canal-locks of the Friedrich-Wilhelm Canal, if nothing more], — thence to Lieberose neighborhood; Waldau, the King's new place of encampment, — Waldau, with Spree Forest to rear of it: silent both parties till September 15th, when Soltikof did fairly march, not towards Berlin, but quite in the opposite direction."

By the middle of September, when the Russians did get on foot, and moved eastward; especially on and after September 25th, when Henri made his famous March westward; then it will behoove us to return to Friedrich and these localities. For the present we must turn to Saxony, where, and not here,

the scene of action is. Take, farther, only the following bits of Note, which will now be readable. First, these Utterances to D'Argens; direct glimpses into the heavy-laden, indeed hag-ridden and nearly desperate inner man of Friedrich, during the first three weeks after his defeat at Kunersdorf: —

The King to Marquis D'Argens (at Berlin): Six Notes.

1°. "*Madlitz* [road from Reitwein to Fürstenwalde], 16*th August*, 1759. We have been unfortunate, my dear Marquis; but not by my fault. The victory was ours, and would even have been a complete one, when our infantry lost patience, and at the wrong moment abandoned the field of battle. The enemy to-day is on march to Müllrose, to unite with Haddick [not to Müllrose for ten days yet; Haddick had already got united with *them*]. The Russian infantry is almost totally destroyed. Of my own wrecks, all that I have been able to assemble amounts to 32,000 men; with these I am pushing on to throw myself across the enemy's road, and either perish or save the Capital. That is not what you [you Berliners] will call a deficiency of resolution.

"For the event I cannot answer. If I had more lives than one, I would sacrifice them all to my Country. But if this stroke fail, I think I am clear-scores with her, and that it will be permissible to look a little to myself. There are limits to everything. I support my misfortune; courage not abated by it: but I am well resolved, after this stroke, if it fail, to open an outgate for myself [that small glass tube which never quits me], and no longer be the sport of any chance."

2°. *Fürstenwalde*, 20*th August*. . . . "Remain at Berlin, or retire to Potsdam; in a little while there will come some catastrophe: it is not fit that you suffer by it. If things take a good turn, you can be back to Berlin [from Potsdam] in four hours. If ill-luck still pursue us, go to Hanover or to Zelle, where you can provide for your safety.

"I protest to you, that in this late Action I did what was humanly possible to conquer; but my people" — Oh, your Majesty!

3°. *Fürstenwalde, 21st August.* . . . "The enemy is intrenching himself near Frankfurt; a sign he intends no attempt. If you will do me the pleasure to come out hither, you can in all safety. Bring your bed with you; bring my Cook Noël; and I will have you a little chamber ready. You will be my consolation and my hope." —

This day, — let readers mark the circumstance, — Friedrich, in better spirits, detaches Wunsch with some poor 6,000, to try if he can be of help in Saxony; where the Reichs Army, now arrived in force, and with nothing whatever in the field against them, is taking all the Northward Garrison-Towns, and otherwise proceeding at a high rate. Too possibly with an eye towards Dresden itself! Wunsch sets out August 21st.[1] And we shall hear of him in those Saxon Countries before long.

4°. *Fürstenwalde, 22d August.* "Yesterday I wrote to you to come; but to-day I forbid it. Daun is at Kotbus; he is marching on Lüben and Berlin [nothing like so rash!]. — Fly these unhappy Countries! — This news obliges me again to attack the Russians between here and Frankfurt. You may imagine if this is a desperate resolution. It is the sole hope that remains to me, of not being cut off from Berlin on the one side or the other. I will give the discouraged troops some brandy" — alas! — "but I promise myself nothing of success. My one consolation is, that I shall die sword in hand."

5°. *Same place and day* (after a Letter *from* D'Argens). "You make the panegyric, *mon cher*, of an Army that does not deserve any. The soldiers had good limbs to run with, none to attack the enemy. [Alas, your Majesty; after fifteen hours of such marching and fighting!]

"For certain I will fight; but don't flatter yourself about the event. A happy chance alone can help us. Go, in God's name, to Tangermünde [since the Royal Family went, D'Argens and many Berliners are thinking of flight], to Tangermünde, where you will be well; and wait there how Destiny shall have disposed of us. I will go to reconnoitre the enemy to-morrow. Next day, if there is anything to do, we will try it.

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 211.

But if the enemy still holds to the Wine-Hills of Frankfurt, I shall never dare to attack him.

"No, the torment of Tantalus, the pains of Prometheus, the doom of Sisyphus, were nothing like what I suffer for the last ten days [from Kunersdorf till now, when destruction has to be warded off again, and the force wanting]. Death is sweet in comparison to such a life. Have compassion on me and it; and believe that I still keep to myself a great many evil things, not wishing to afflict or disquiet anybody with them; and that I would not counsel you to fly these unlucky Countries, if I had any ray of hope. Adieu, *mon cher.*"

Four days after, *August 25th*, from this same Fürstenwalde, the Russians still continuing stagnant, Friedrich despatches to Schmettau, Commandant of Dresden (by some industrious hand, for the roads are all blocked), a Second Letter, "That Dresden is of the highest moment; that in case of Siege there, relief [Wunsch, namely, and perhaps more that may follow] *is* on the road; and that Schmettau must defend himself to the utmost." Let us hope this Second Missive may counteract the too despondent First, which we read above, should that have produced discouragement in Schmettau![1] — D'Argens does run to Wolfenbüttel; stays there till September 9th. Nothing more from Friedrich till 4th September, when matters are well cooled again.

6°. *Waldau, 4th September.* "I think Berlin is now in safety; you may return thither. The Barbarians [Russians] are in the Lausitz; I keep by the side of them, between them and Berlin, so that there is nothing to fear for the Capital. The imminency of danger is past; but there will still be many bad moments to get through, before reaching the end of the Campaign. These, however, only regard myself; never mind these. My martyrdom will last two months yet; then the snows and the ices will end it."[2]

Thus at Fürstenwalde, then at Waldau, keeping guard, forlorn but resolute, against the intrusive Russian-Austrian del-

[1] Second Letter is given in *Schmettau's Leben*, pp. 436, 437.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 78, 82, 83, 85, 86.

uges, Friedrich stands painfully vigilant and expectant, — still for about a fortnight more. With bad news coming to him latterly, as we shall hear. He is in those old moorland Wusterhausen Countries, once so well known under far other circumstances. Thirty years ago, in fine afternoons, we used to gallop with poor Duhan de Jandun, after school-tasks done, towards Mittenwalde, Fürstenwalde and the furzy environs, far and wide; at home, our Sister and Mother waiting with many troubles and many loves, and Papa sleeping, Pan-like, under the shadow of his big tree: — Thirty years ago, ah me, gone like a dream is all that; and there is solitude and desolation and the Russian-Austrian death-deluges instead! These, I suppose, were Friedrich's occasional remembrances; silent always, in this locality and time. The Sorrows of *Werter*, of the *Giaour*, of the Dyspeptic Tailor in multifarious forms, are recorded in a copious heart-rending manner, and have had their meed of weeping from a sympathetic Public: but there are still a good few Sorrows which lie wrapt in silence, and have never applied there for an idle tear! — Let us look now into Daun's side of things.

Daun, after Negotiation, has an Interview with Soltikof (at Guben, August 22d). — "Daun, who had moved to Priebus, with a view to be nearer Soltikof, had scarcely got his tent pitched there (August 13th), when a breathless horseman rode in, with a Note from Loudon, dated the night before: 'King of Prussia beaten, to the very bone, beyond mistake this time, — utterly ruined, if one may judge!' What a vision of the Promised Land! Delighted Daun moves forward, one march, to Triebel on the morrow; to be one march nearer the scene of glory, and endeavor to forge this biggest of the hot irons to advantage.

"At Triebel Soltikof's own account, elucidated by oral messengers, eye-witnesses, and, in short, complete conspectus of this ever memorable Victory, await the delighted Daun. Who despatches messengers, one and another; Lacy, the first, not succeeding quite: To congratulate with enthusiasm the most illustrious of Generals; who has beaten King Friedrich as

none else ever did or could; beaten to the edge of extinction; — especially to urge him upon trampling out this nearly extinct King, before he gleam up again. Soltikof understands the congratulations very well; but as to that of trampling out, snorts an indignant negative: 'Nay, you, why don't you try it? Surely it is more your business than my Imperial Mistress's or mine. We have wrenched two victories from him this season. Kay and Kunersdorf have killed near the half of us: go you in, and wrench something!' This is Soltikof's logic; which no messenger of Daun's, Lacy or another, aided by never such melodies and suasions from Montalembert and Loudon, who are permanently diligent that way, can shake.

"And truly it is irrefragable. How can Daun, if himself merely speculative, calculative, hope that Soltikof will continue acting? Men who have come to help you in a heavy job of work need example. If you wish me to weep, be grieved yourself first of all. Soltikof angrily wipes his countenance at this point, and insists on a few tears from Daun. Without metaphor, Soltikof has shot away all his present ammunition, his staff of bread is quite precarious in these parts; and Soltikof thinks always, 'Is it my business, then, or is it yours?'

"Soltikof has intrenched himself on the Wine-Hills at Lossow, comfortably out of Friedrich's way, and contiguous to Oder and the provision-routes; sits there, angrily deaf to the voice of the charmer; nothing to be charmed out of him, but gusts of indignation, instead of consent. A proud, high-going, indignant kind of man, with a will of his own. And sees well enough what is what, in all this symphony of the Lacys, the Montalemberts and surrounding adorers. Montalembert, who is here this season, our French best man (unprofitable Swedes must put up with an inferior hand), is extremely persuasive, tries all the arts of French rhetoric, but effects nothing. 'To let the Austrians come in for the finishing stroke, — Excellence, it will be to let them gain, in History, a glory which is of your earning. Daun and Austria, not Soltikof and Russia, will be said to have extinguished this pestilent King; whom

History will have to remember!'[1] 'With all my heart,' answers Soltikof; 'I make the Austrians and History perfectly welcome! Monsieur, my ammunition is in Posen; my bread is fallen scarce; in Frankfurt can you find me one horse more?' Indignant Soltikof is not to be taken by chaff; growls now and then, if you stir him to the bottom: 'Why should we, who are volunteer assistants, take all the burden of the work? I will fall back to Posen, and home to Poland and East Preussen, if this last much longer.'

"Austria has a good deal disgusted these Soltikofs and Russian Chief Officers; — who are not so stupid as Austria supposes. Austria's steady wish is, 'Let them do their function of cat's-paw for us; we are here to eat the chestnuts; not, if we can help it, to burn our own poor fingers for them!' After every Campaign hitherto, Austria has been in use to raise eager accusations at Petersburg; and get the Apraxins, Fermors into trouble: this is not the way to conciliate Russian General Officers. Austria, taught probably by Daun, now tries the other tack: heaps Soltikof with eulogies, flatteries, magnificent presents. All which Soltikof accepts, but with a full sense of what they mean. An unmanageable Soltikof; his answer always, — 'Your turn now to fight a victory! I will go my ways to Posen again, if you don't.' And, in these current weeks, in Soltikof's audience-room, if anybody were curious about it, we could present a very lively solicitation going on, with answers very gruff and negatory. No suasion of Montalembert, Lacy, and Daun Embassies, backed by diamond-hilted swords, and splendor of gifts from Vienna itself, able to prevail on the barbarous people.

"Daun at length resolves to go in person; solicits an Interview with the distinguished Russian Conqueror; gets it, meets Soltikof at Guben, half-way house between Frankfurt and Triebel; select suite attending both Excellencies (August 22d); and exerts whatever rhetoric is in him on the barbarous man.

[1] Choiseul's Letter (not *Duc* de Choiseul, but *Comte*, now Minister at Vienna) to Montalembert, "Vienna, 16th August;" and Montalembert's Answer, "Lieberhausen [means *Lieberose*], 31st August, 1759:" in Montalembert, *Correspondance*, ii. 58–65.

The barbarous man is stiff as brass; but Daun comes into all his conditions: 'Saxony, Silesia, — Excellenz, we have them both within clutch; such our exquisite angling and manœuvring, in concert with your immortal victory, which truly gives the life-breath to everything. Oh, suffer us to clutch them: keep that King away from us; and see if they are not ours, Saxony first, Silesia next! Provisions of meal? I will myself undertake to furnish bread for you [though I have to cart it from Bohemia all the way, and am myself terribly off; but fixed to do the impossible]; ration of bread shall fail no Russian man, while you escort us as protective friend. Towards Saxony first, where the Reichs Army is, and not a Prussian in the field; the very Garrisons mostly gone by this time. Dresden is to be besieged, within a week; Dresden itself is ours, if only *you* please! Come into the Lausitz with us, Magazines are there, loaves in abundance: Saxony done, Dresden ours, cannot we turn to Silesia together; besiege Glogau together (I am myself about trying Neisse, by Harsch again); capture Glogau as well as Neisse; and crown the successfulest campaign that ever was? Oh, Excellenz — !'"

In a word, Excellenz, strictly fixing that condition of the loaves, consents. Will get ready to leave those Frankfurt Wine-Hills in about a week. "But the loaves, you recollect: no Bread, no Russian!" Daun returns to Triebel a victorious man, — though with an onerous condition incumbent. Tempelhof, minutely computing, finds that to cart from Bohemia such a cipher of human rations daily into these parts, will surpass all the vehiculatory power of Daun.[1]

The "Reichs Army" so called has entered Saxony, under fine Omens; does some Feats of Sieging (August 7th–23d), — *with an Eye on Dresden as the crowning one.*

The Reichs Army, though it had been so tumbled about, in Spring, with such havoc on its magazines and preparations, could not wait to refit itself, except superficially; and showed

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 225.

face over the Mountains almost earlier than usual. The chance was so unique: a Saxony left to its mere Garrisons, — as it continued to be, for near two months this Year. On such golden opportunity the Reichs Army — first, in light mischievous precursor parties, who roamed as far as Halle or even as Halberstadt; then the Army itself, well or ill appointed, under Generalissimo the Prince von Zweibrück, — did come on, winding through Thüringen towards the Northwestern Towns; various Austrian Auxiliary-Corps making appearance on the Dresden side. Eight Austrian regiments, as a permanency, are in the Reichs Army itself. Commander, or part Commander, of the eight is (what alone I find noteworthy in them) "Herr General Thomas von Blonquet:" Irish by nation, says a foot-note;[1] — sure enough some adventurous "Thomas *Plunket*," visible this once, soldiering, in those circumstances; never heard of by a sympathetic reader before or after. It was while the King was hunting the Haddick-Loudon people in Sagan Country in such vehement fashion, that Zweibrück came trumpeting into Saxony, — King, Prince Henri and everybody, well occupied otherwise, far away!

The Reichs Army has a camp at Naumburg (Rossbach neighborhood): and has light troops out in Halle neighborhood; which have seized Halle; are very severe upon Halle, and other places thereabouts, till chased away. August 7th, the Reichs Army begirt Leipzig; summoned the weak garrison there. It is a Town capable of ruin, but not of defence: "Free-withdrawal," proposes the Reichs Army, — and upon these terms gets hold of Leipzig, for the time being. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg; in a fortnight or less, all the Prussian posts in those parts fall to the Reichs Army. Its marchings and siegings, among those Northwestern places, not one of them capable of standing above a few days' siege, are worth no mention, except to Parish History: enough that, by little after the middle of August, Zweibrück had got all these places, "Free-withdrawal" the terms for all; and that, except it be the following feature in their Siege of Torgau, feature mainly Biographic and belonging to a certain Colonel Wolfersdorf

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 831 n.

concerned, there is not one of those Sieges now worth a moment's attention from almost any mortal. This is the Torgau feature, — feature of human nature, soldiering under difficulties : —

Colonel von Wolfersdorf beautifully defends himself in Torgau (August 9th–14th). Two days after Leipzig was had, there appeared at Torgau a Body of Pandours, 2,000 and more; who attempted some kind of scalade on Torgau and its small Garrison (of 700 or so), — where are a Magazine, a Hospital and other properties: not capable, by any garrison, of standing regular siege; but important to defend till you have proper terms offered. The multitudinous Pandours, if I remember, made a rush into the Suburbs, in their usual vociferous way; but were met by the 700 silent Prussians, — silent except through their fire-arms and field-pieces, — in so eloquent a style as soon convinced the Pandour mind, and sent it travelling again. And in the evening of the same day (August 9th), Colonel Wolfersdorf arrives, as new Commandant, and with reinforcements, small though considerable in the circumstances.

Wolfersdorf, one dimly gathers, had marched from Wittenberg on this errand; the whole force in Torgau is now of about 3,000, still with only field-cannon, but with a Captain over them; — who, as is evident, sets himself in a very earnest manner to do his utmost in defence of the place. Next morning Reichs General Kleefeld ("Cloverfield"), with 6 or 8,000 Pandour and Regular, summons Wolfersdorf: "Surrender instantly; or — !" "We will expect you!" answers Wolfersdorf. Whereupon, same morning (August 10th), general storm; storm No. 1: beautifully handled by Wolfersdorf; who takes it in rear (to its astonishment), as well as in front; and sends it off in haste. On the morrow, Saturday, a second followed; and on Sunday a third; both likewise beautifully handled. This third storm, readers see, was "Sunday, August 12th:" a very busy stormful day at Torgau here, — and also, for some others of us, during the heats of Kunersdorf, over the horizon far away! Wolfersdorf tumbles back all storms; furthermore

makes mischievous sallies: a destructive, skilled person; altogether prompt, fertile in expedients; and evidently is not to be managed by Kleefeld. So that Prince von Stolberg, Second to supreme Zweibrück himself, has to take it in hand. And,

Monday, 13*th*, at break of day, Stolberg arrives with a train of battering guns and 6,000 new people; summons Wolfersdorf: "No," as before. Storms him, a fourth time; likewise "No," as before: attacks, thereupon, his Elbe Bridge, and his Redoubt across the River; finds a Wolfersdorf party rush destructively into his rear there. And has to withdraw, and try battering from behind the Elbe Dam. Continues this, violently for about two hours; till again Wolfersdorf, whose poor field-pieces, the only artillery he has, "cannot reach so far with leaden balls" (the iron balls are done, and the powder itself is almost done), manages, by a flank attack, to quench this also. Which produces entire silence, and considerable private reflection, on the part of indignant Stolberg. Stolberg offers him the favorablest terms devisable: "Withdraw freely, with all your honors, all your properties; only withdraw!" Which Wolfersdorf, his powder and ball being in such a state of ebb, and no relief possible, agrees to; with stipulations very strict as to every particular.[1]

Colonel von Wolfersdorf withdraws, also beautifully (August 15th). Accordingly, Wednesday, August 15th, at eight in the morning, Wolfersdorf by the Elbe Gate moves out; across Elbe Bridge, and the Redoubt which is on the farther shore yonder. Near this Redoubt, Stolberg and many of his General Officers are waiting to see him go. He goes in state; flags flying, music playing. Battalion Hessen-Cassel, followed by all our Packages, Hospital convalescents, King's Artillery, and whatever is the King's or ours, marches first. Next comes, as rear-guard to all this, Battalion Grollmann; — along with which is Wolfersdorf himself, knowing Grollmann for a ticklish article (Saxons mainly); followed on the heel by Battalion Hofmann, and lastly by Battalion Salmuth, trusty Prussians both of these.

[1] In *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iii. 350) the Capitulation, "August 14th," given *in extenso*.

Battalion Hessen-Cassel and the Baggages are through the Redoubt, Prince of Stolberg handsomely saluting as saluted. But now, on Battalion Grollmann's coming up, Stolberg's Adjutant cries out with a loud voice of proclamation, many Officers repeating and enforcing: "Whoever is a brave Saxon, whoever is true to his Kaiser, or was of the Reichs Army, let him step out: Durchlaucht will give him protection!" At sound of which Grollmann quivers as if struck by electricity; and instantly begins dissolving; — dissolves, in effect, nearly all, and is in the act of vanishing like a dream! Wolfersdorf is a prompt man; and needs to be so. Wolfersdorf, in Olympian rage, instantly stops short; draws pistol: "I will shoot dead every man that quits rank!" vociferates he; and does, with his pistol, make instant example of one; inviting every true Prussian to do the like: "Jagers, Hussars, a ducat for every traitor you shoot down!" continues Wolfersdorf (and punctually paid it afterwards): unable to prevent an almost total dissolution of Grollmann. For some minutes, there is a scene indescribable: storm of vociferation, menace, musket-shot, pistol-shot; Grollmann disappearing on every side, — "behind the Redoubt, under the Bridge, into Elbe Boats, under the cloaks of the Croats;" — in spite of Wolfersdorf's Olympian rages and efforts.

At sight of the shooting, Prince Stolberg, a hot man, had said indignantly, "Herr, that will be dangerous for you (*das wird nicht gut gehn*)!" Wolfersdorf not regarding him a whit; regarding only Grollmann, and his own hot business of coercing it at a ducat per head. Grollmann gone, and Battalion Hofmann in due sequence come up, Wolfersdorf — who has sent an Adjutant, with order, "Hessen-Cassel, *halt*" — gives Battalion Hofmann these three words of command: "Whole Battalion, halt! — Front! — Make ready!" (with due simultaneous click of every firelock, on utterance of that last); — and turning to Prince Stolberg, with a brow, with a tone of voice: "Durchlaucht, Article 9 of the Capitulation is express on this point; '*All desertion strictly prohibited; no deserter to be received either on the Imperial or on the Prussian side!*' [Durchlaucht silently gives, we suppose, some faint sniff.]

Since your Durchlaucht does not keep the Capitulation, neither will I regard it farther. I will now take you and your Suite prisoners, return into the Town, and again begin defending myself. Be so good as ride directly into that Redoubt, or I will present, and give fire!"

A dangerous moment for the Durchlaucht of Stolberg; Battalion Salmuth actually taking possession of the wall again; Hofmann here with its poised firelock on the cock, "ready" for that fourth word, as above indicated. A General Lusinsky of Stolberg's train, master of those Croats, and an Austrian of figure, remarks very seriously: "Every point of the Capitulation must be kept!" Upon which Durchlaucht has to renounce and repent; eagerly assists in recovering Grollmann, restores it (little the worse, little the *fewer*); will give Wolfersdorf "*command* of the Austrian Escort you are to have," and every satisfaction and assurance; — wishful only to get rid of Wolfersdorf. Who thereupon marches to Wittenberg, with colors flying again, and a name mentionable ever since.[1]

This Wolfersdorf was himself a Pirna Saxon; serving Polish Majesty, as Major, in that Pirna time; perhaps no admirer of "Feldmarschall Brühl" and Company? — at any rate, he took Prussian service, as then offered him; and this is his style of keeping it. A decidedly clever soldier, and comes out, henceforth, more and more as such, — unhappily not for long. Was taken at Maxen, he too, as will be seen. Rose, in after times, to be Lieutenant-General, and a man famous in the Prussian military circles; but given always, they say, to take the straight line (or shortest distance between self and object), in regard to military matters, to recruiting and the like, and thus getting himself into trouble with the Civil Officials.

Wolfersdorf, at Wittenberg or farther on, had a flattering word from the King; applauding his effective procedures at Torgau; and ordering him, should Wittenberg fall (as it did, August 23d), to join Wunsch, who is coming with a small Party to try and help in those destitute localities. Wunsch

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 201–204; Seyfarth, ii. 562 n., and *Beylagen*, ii. 587; *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 283.

the King had detached (21st August), as we heard already. Finck the King finds, farther, that he can detach (from Waldau Country, September 7th);[1] Russians being so languid, and Saxony fallen into such a perilous predicament.

"Few days after Kunersdorf," says a Note, which should be inserted here, "there had fallen out a small Naval matter, which will be consolatory to Friedrich, and go to the other side of the account, when he hears of it: Kunersdorf was Sunday, August 12th; this was Saturday and Sunday following. Besides their Grand Brest Fleet, with new Flat-bottoms, and world-famous land-preparations going on at Vannes, for Invasion of proud Albion, all which are at present under Hawke's strict keeping, the French have, ever since Spring last, a fine subsidiary Fleet at Toulon, of very exultant hopes at one time; which now come to finis.

"*Sea-Fight* (*properly Sea-Hunt of* 200 *miles*), *in the Cadiz Waters, August* 18*th*–19*th*. The fine Toulon Fleet, which expected at one time, Pitt's ships being so scattered over the world, to be 'mistress of the Mediterranean,' has found itself, on the contrary (such were Pitt's resources and promptitudes); cooped in harbor all Summer; Boscawen watching it in the usual strict way. No egress possible; till, in the sultry weather (8th July–4th August), Boscawen's need of fresh provisions, fresh water and of making some repairs, took him to Gibraltar, and gave the Toulon Fleet a transient opportunity, which it made use of.

"August 17th, at 8 in the evening, Boscawen, at Gibraltar (some of his ships still in deshabille or under repair), was hastily apprised by one of his Frigates, That the Toulon Fleet had sailed; been seen visibly at Ceuta Point so many hours ago. 'Meaning,' as Boscawen guesses, 'to be through the Straits this very night!' By power of despatch, the deshabille ships were rapidly got buttoned together (in about two hours); and by 10 P.M. all were under sail. And soon were in hot chase; the game being now in view, — going at its utmost through the Straits, as anticipated. At 7 next morning (*Sat-*

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 211, 237.

urday, August 18th) Boscawen got clutch of the Toulon Fleet; still well east of Cadiz, somewhere in the Trafalgar waters, I should guess. Here Boscawen fought and chased the Toulon Fleet for 24 hours coming; drove it finally ashore, at Lagos on the coast of Portugal, with five of its big ships burnt or taken, its crews and other ships flying by land and water, its poor Admiral mortally wounded; and the Toulon Fleet a ruined article. The wind had been capricious, here fresh, there calm; now favoring the hunters, now the hunted; both Fleets had dropped in two. De la Clue, the French Admiral, complained bitterly how his Captains lagged, or shore off and forsook him. Boscawen himself, who for his own share had gone at it eagle-like, was heard grumbling, about want of speed in some people; and said: 'It is well; but it might have been better!'[1]

"De la Clue — fallen long ago from all notions of 'dominating the Mediterranean' — had modestly intended to get through, on any terms, into the Ocean; might then, if possible, have joined the Grand 'Invasion Squadron,' now lying at Brest, till Vannes and the furnishings are ready, or have tried to be troublesome in the rear of Hawke, who is blockading all that. A modest outlook in comparison; — and this is what it also has come to. As for the Grand Invasion Squadron, Admiral Conflans, commanding it, still holds up his head in Brest Harbor, and talks big. Makes little of Rodney's havoc on the Flat-bottoms at Havre, 'Will soon have Flat-bottoms again: and you shall see!' — if only Hawke, and wind and weather and Fortune, will permit."

Austrian Reichs Army does its crowning Feat (August 26th–September 4th): *Diary of what is called the "Siege" of Dresden.*

Since the first weeks of August there have been Austrian detachments, Wehla's Corps, Brentano's Corps, entering Saxony from the northeast or Daun-ward side, and posting themselves in the strong points looking towards Dresden; waiting

[1] Beatson, ii. 313–319; ib. iii. 237–238, De la Clue, the French Admiral's Despatch; — Boscawen's Despatch, &c., in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 434.

there till the Reichs Army should capture its Leipzigs, Torgaus, Wittenbergs, and roll forward from northwest. To all which it is easy to fancy what an impetus was given by Kunersdorf and August 12th; the business, after that, going on double-quick, and pointing to immediate practical industry on Dresden. The Reichs Army hastens to settle its northwestern Towns, puts due garrison in each, leaves a 10 or 12,000 movable for general protection, in those parts; and, August 23d, marches for Dresden. There are only some 15,000 left of it now; almost half the Reichs Army drunk up in that manner; were not Daun now speeding forth his Maguire with a fresh 12,000; who is to command the Wehlas and Brentanos as well. And, in effect, to be Austrian Chief, and as regards practical matters, Manager of this important Enterprise, — all-important to Daun just now. Schmettau in Dresden sees clearly what mischief is at hand.

To Daun this Siege of Dresden is the alpha to whatever omegas there may be: he and his Soltikof are to sit waiting this; and can attempt nothing but eating of provender, till this be achieved. As the Siege was really important, though not quite the alpha to all omegas, and has in it curious points and physiognomic traits, we will invite readers to some transient inspection of it, — the rather as there exist ample contemporary Narratives, *Diariums* and authentic records, to render that possible and easy.[1]

"Ever since the rumor of Kunersdorf," says one Diarium, compiled out of many, "in the last two weeks of August, Schmettau's need of vigilance and diligence has been on the increase, his outlooks becoming grimmer and grimmer. He has a poorish Garrison for number (3,700 in all[2]), and not of the best quality; deserters a good few of them: willing enough for strokes; fighting fellows all, and of adventurous turn, but uncertain as to loyalty in a case of pinch. He has endless stores

[1] In *Tempelhof* (iii. 210–216–222) complete and careful Narrative; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iii. 371–377) express "*Day-Book*" by some Eye-witness in Dresden.

[2] Schmettau's *Leben* (by his Son), p. 408.

in the place; for one item, almost a million sterling of ready money. Poor Schmettau, if he knew it, has suddenly become the Leonidas of this campaign, Dresden its Thermopylæ; and" —But readers can conceive the situation.

"*August 20th*, Schmettau quits the Neustadt, or northern part of Dresden, which lies beyond the River: unimportant that, and indefensible with garrison not adequate; Schmettau will strengthen the River-bank, blow up the Stone Bridge if necessary, and restrict himself to Dresden Proper. The Court is here; Schmettau does not hope that the Court can avert a Siege from him; but he fails not to try, in that way too, and may at least gain time.

"*August 25th*, He has a Mine put under the main arch of the Bridge: 'mine ill-made, uncertain of effect,' reports the Officer whom he sent to inspect it. But it was never tried, the mere rumor of it kept off attacks on that side. Same day, August 25th, Schmettau receives that unfortunate Royal Missive[1] written in the dark days of Reitwein, morrow of Kunersdorf (14th or 13th August)," which we read above. "That there is another Letter on the road for him, indicating 'Relief shall be tried,' is unknown to Schmettau, and fatally continues unknown. While Schmettau is reading this (August 25th), General Wunsch has been on the road four days: Wunsch and Wolfersdorf with about 8,000, at their quickest pace, and in a fine winged frame of mind withal, are speeding on: will cross Elbe at Meissen to-morrow night, — did Schmettau only know. People say he did, in the way of rumor, understand that Kunersdorf had not been the fatal thing it was thought; and that efforts would be made by a King like his. In his place one might have, at least, shot out a spy or two? But he did not, then or afterwards.

"Already, ever since the arrival of Wehla and Brentano in those parts, he has been laboring under many uncertainties; too many for a Leonidas! Hanging between Yes and No, even about that of quitting the Neustadt, for example: carrying over portions of his goods, but never heartily the whole; unable to resolve; now lifting visibly the Bridge pavement, then

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 208; Schmettau's *Leben* (p. 421) has "August 27th."

again visibly restoring it; — and, I think, though the contrary is asserted, he had at last to leave in the Neustadt a great deal of stores, horse-provender and other, not needful to him at present, or impossible to carry, when dubiety got ended. He has put a mine under the Bridge; but knows it will not go off.

"Schmettau has been in many wars, but this is a case that tries his soldier qualities as none other has ever done. A case of endless intricacy, — if he be quite equal to it; which perhaps he was not altogether. Nobody ever doubted Schmettau's high qualities as a man and captain; but here are requisite the very highest, and these Schmettau has not. The result was very tragical; I suppose, a pain to Friedrich all his life after; and certainly to Schmettau all his. This is Saturday night, 25th August: before Tuesday week (September 4th) there will have sad things arrived, irremediable to Schmettau. Had Schmettau decided to defend himself, Dresden had not been taken. What a pity Schmettau had not been spared this Missive, calculated to produce mere doubt! Whether he could not, and should not, after a ten days of inquiry and new discernment, have been able to read the King's true meaning, as well as the King's momentary humor, in this fatal Document, there is no deciding. Sure enough, he did not read the King's true meaning in it, but only the King's momentary humor; did not frankly set about defending himself to the death, — or 'seeing' in that way 'whether he could not defend himself,' — with a good capitulation lying in the rear, after he had.

"*Sunday, August 26th*, Trumpet at the gates. Messenger from Zweibrück is introduced blindfold; brings formal Summons to Schmettau. Summons duly truculent: 'Resistance vain; the more you resist, the worse it will be, — and there is a worst [that of being delivered to the Croats, and massacred every man], of which why should I speak? Especially if in anything you fail of your duty to the Kur-Prinz [Electoral Prince and Heir-Apparent, poor crook-backed young Gentleman, who has an excellent sprightly Wife, a friend of Friedrich's and daughter of the late Kaiser Karl VII., whom we used so beautifully], imagine what your fate will be!' — To

which Schmettau answers: 'Can Durchlaucht think us ignorant of the common rules of behavior to Persons of that Rank? For the rest, Durchlaucht knows what our duties here are, and would despise us if we did *not* do them;' — and, in short, our answer again is, in polite forms, 'Pooh, pooh; you may go your way!' Upon which the Messenger is blindfolded again; and Schmettau sets himself in hot earnest to clearing out his goods from the Neustadt; building with huge intertwisted cross-beams and stone and earth-masses a Battery at his own end of the Bridge, batteries on each side of it, below and above; — locks the Gates; and is passionately busy all Sunday, — though divine service goes on as usual.

"Hardly were the Prussian guns got away, when Croat people in quantity came in, and began building a Battery at their end of the Bridge, the main defence-work being old Prussian meal-barrels, handily filled with earth. 'If you fire one cannon-ball across on us,' said Schmettau, 'I will bombard the Neustadt into flame in few minutes [I have only to aim at our Hay Magazine yonder]: be warned!' Nor did they once fire from that side; Electoral Highness withal and Royal Palace being quite contiguous behind the Prussian Bridge-Battery. Electoral Highness and Household are politely treated, make polite answer to everything; intend going down into the '*Apotheke*' (Kitchen suite), or vaulted part of the Palace, and will lodge there when the cannonade begins.

"This same *Sunday, August 26th,* Maguire arrived; and set instantly to building his bridge at Pillnitz, a little way above Dresden: at Uebigau, a little below Dresden, the Reichsfolk have another. Reichsfolk, Zweibrücken in person, come all in on Wednesday; post themselves there, to north and west of the City. What is more important, the siege-guns, a superb stock, are steadily floating, through the Pirna regions, hitherward; get to hand on Friday next, the fifth day hence.[1] Korbitz (half-way out to Kesselsdorf) is Durchlaucht's head-quarter: — Chief General is Durchlaucht, conspicuously he, at least in theory, and shall have all the glory; though Maguire, glancing on these cannon, were it nothing more, has probably a good

[1] Tempelhof, p. 210.

deal to say. Maguire too, I observe, takes post on that north or Kesselsdorf side; contiguous for the Head General. Wehla and Brentano post themselves on the south or up-stream side; it is they that hand in the siege-guns: batteries are already everywhere marked out, 13 cannon-batteries and 5 howitzer. In short, from the morrow of that truculent Summons, Monday morning to Thursday, there is hot stir of multifarious preparation on Schmettau's part; and continual pouring in of the hostile force, who are also preparing at the utmost. Thursday, the Siege, if it can be called a Siege, begins. Gradually, and as follows: —

"*Thursday Morning* (August 30th), Schmettau, who is, night and day, 'palisading the River,' and much else, — discloses (that is, Break of Day discloses on his part) to the Dresden public a huge Gallows, black, huge, of impressive aspect; labelled 'For Plunderers, Mutineers and their Helpers.'[1] The Austrian heavy guns are not yet in battery; but multitudes of loose Croat people go swarming about everywhere, and there is plentiful firing from such artilleries as they have. This same Thursday morning, two or three battalions of them rush into the Pirna Suburb; attack the Prussian Guard-parties there. Schmettau instantly despatches Captain Kollas and a Trumpet: — 'Durchlaucht, have the goodness to recall these Croat Parties; otherwise the Suburb goes into flame! And directly on arrival of this Messenger, may it please Durchlaucht. For we have computed the time; and will not wait beyond what is reasonable for his return!' Zweibrück is mere indignation and astonishment; 'will burn Halle,' burn Quedlinburg, Berlin itself, and utterly ruin the King of Prussia's Dominion in general: — the rejoinder to which is, burning of Pirna Suburb, as predicted; seventy houses of it, this evening, at six o'clock.

"Onward from which time there is on both sides, especially on Schmettau's, diligent artillery practice; cannonade kept up wherever Schmettau can see the enemy busy; enemy responding with what artillery he has: — not much damage done, I should think, though a great deal of noise; and for one day (Saturday, September 1st), our Diarist notes, 'Not safe to walk

[1] *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 373.

the streets this day.' But, in effect, the Siege, as they call it, — which fell dead on the fifth day, and was never well alive, — consists mainly of menace and counter-menace, in the way of bargain-making and negotiation; — and, so far as I can gather, that superb Park of Austrian Artillery, though built into batteries, and talked about in a bullying manner, was not fired from at all.

"Schmettau affects towards the enemy (and towards himself, I dare say) an air of iron firmness; but internally has no such feeling, — 'Calls a Council of War,' and the like. Council of War, on sight of that King's Missive, confirms him with one voice: 'Surely, surely, Excellenz; no defence possible!' Which is a prophecy and a fulfilment, both in one. Why Schmettau did not shoot forth a spy or two, to ascertain for him What, or whether Nothing whatever, was passing outside Dresden? I never understand! Beyond his own Walls, the world is a vacancy and blank to Schmettau, and he seems content it should be so.

"*Sunday, September 2d.* Though Schmettau's cannonade was very loud, and had been so all night, divine service was held as usual, streets safe again, — Austrians, I suppose, not firing with cannon. About 4 P.M., after a great deal of powder spent, General Maguire, stepping out on Elbe Bridge, blows or beats Appeal, three times; 'wishes a moment's conversation with his Excellency.' Granted at once; witnesses attending on both sides. 'Defence is impossible; in the name of humanity, consider!' urges Maguire. 'Defence to the last man of us is certain,' answers Schmettau, from the teeth outwards; — but, in the end, engages to put on paper, in case he, by extremity of ill-luck, have at any time to accept terms, what his terms will inflexibly be. Upon which there is 'Armistice till To-morrow:' and Maguire, I doubt not, reports joyfully on this feeling of the enemy's pulse. Zweibrück and Maguire are very well aware of what is passing in these neighborhoods (General Wunsch back at Wittenberg by forced marches; blew it open in an hour); and are growing highly anxious that Dresden on any terms were theirs.

"*Monday, September 3d,* The death-day of the Siege; an

uncommonly busy day, — though Armistice lasted perfect till 3 P.M., and soon came back more perfect than ever. A Siege not killed by cannon, but by medical industry. Let us note with brevity the successive symptoms and appliances. About seven in the morning Maguire had his Messenger in Dresden, 'Your Excellency's Paper ready?' 'Nearly ready,' answers Schmettau; 'we will send it by a Messenger of our own.' And about eleven of the day Maguire does get it; — the same Captain Kollas (whose name we recollect) handing it in; and statue-like waiting Answer. 'Pshaw, this will never do,' ejaculates Maguire; 'terms irrationally high!' Captain Kollas 'knows nothing of what is *in* the Paper; and is charged only to bring a Written Answer from Excellenz.' Excellenz, before writing, 'will have to consult with Durchlaucht;' can, however, as if confidentially and from feelings of friendship, can assure you, Sir, on my honor, That the Garrison will be delivered to the Croats, and every man of it put to the sword. 'The Garrison will expect that (*wird Das erwarten*),' said Kollas, statue-like; and withdrew, with the proper bow.[1] Something interesting to us in these Military diplomatic passages, with their square-elbowed fashions, and politeness stiff as iron!

"Not till three of the afternoon does the Written Answer reach Schmettau: 'Such Terms never could be accepted.' — 'Good,' answers Schmettau: 'To our last breath no others will be offered.' And commences cannonading again, not very violently, but with the order, 'Go on, then, night and day!'

"About 10 at night, General Guasco, a truculent kind of man, whom I have met with up and down, but not admitted to memory, beats Appeal on the Bridge: 'Inform the Commandant that there will now straightway 13 batteries of cannon, and 5 ditto of howitzers open on him, unless he bethinks himself!' Which dreadful message is taken to Schmettau. 'Wish the gentleman good-evening,' orders Schmettau; 'and say we will answer with 100 guns.' Upon which Guasco vanishes; — but returns in not many minutes, milder in tone; requests 'a sight of that Written Paper of Terms again.'

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 211.

'There it still is,' answers Schmettau, 'not altered, nor ever shall be.' And there is Armistice again: — and the Siege, as turns out, has fired its last shot; and is painfully expiring in paroxysms of negotiation, which continue a good many hours. Schmettau strives to understand clearly that his terms (of the King's own suggesting, as Schmettau flatters himself) are accepted: nor does Durchlaucht take upon him to refuse in any point; but he is strangely slow to sign, still hoping to mend matters.

"Much hithering and thithering there was, till 4 next morning (Durchlaucht has important news from Torgau, at that moment); till 11 next day; till 4 in the afternoon and later, — Guasco and others coming with message after message, hasty and conciliatory: 'Durchlaucht at such a distance, his signature not yet come; but be patient; all is right, upon my honor!' Very great hurry evident on the part of Guasco and Company; but nothing suspected by Schmettau. Till, dusk or darkness threatening now to supervene, Maguire and Schmettau with respective suites have a Conference on the Bridge, — 'rain falling very heavy.' Durchlaucht's signature, Maguire is astonished to say, has not yet come; but Maguire pledges his honor 'that all shall be kept without chicane;' and adds (what to some of us seemed not superfluous afterwards), 'I am incapable of acting falsely or with chicane.' In fact, till 9 in the evening there was no signature by Durchlaucht; but about 6, on such pledge by Maguire of his hand and his honor, the Siege entirely gave up the ghost; and Dresden belonged to Austria. Tuesday Evening, 4th September, 1759; Sun just setting, could anybody see him for the rain.

"Schmettau had been over-hasty; what need had Schmettau of haste? The terms had not yet got signature, perfection of settlement on every point; nor were they at all well kept, when they did! Considerable flurry, temporary blindness, needless hurry, and neglect of symptoms and precautions, must be imputed to poor Schmettau; whose troubles began from this moment, and went on increasing. The Austrians are already besetting Elbe Bridge, rooting up the herring-bone

balks; and approaching our Block-house, — sooner than was expected. But that is nothing. On opening the Pirna Gate, to share it with the Austrians, Friedrich's Spy (sooner had not been possible to the man) was waiting; who handed Schmettau that Second Letter of Friedrich's, 'Courage; there is relief on the road!' Poor Schmettau!"

What Captain Kollas and the Prussian Garrison thought of all this, *they* were perhaps shy of saying, and we at such distance are not informed, — except by one symptom: that of Colonel Hoffman, Schmettau's Second, whose indignation does become tragically evident. Hoffman, a rugged Prussian veteran, is indignant at the Capitulation itself; doubly and trebly indignant to find the Austrians on Elbe Bridge, busy raising our Balks and Battery: "How is this, Sir?" inquires he of Captain Sydow, who is on guard at the Prussian end; "How dared you make this change, without acquainting the Second in Command? Order out your men, and come along with me to clear the Bridge again!" Sydow hesitates, haggles; indignant Hoffman, growing loud as thunder, pulls out a pistol, fatal-looking to disobedient Sydow; who calls to his men, or whose men spring out uncalled; and shoot Hoffman down, — send two balls through him, so that he died at 8 that night. With noise enough, then and afterwards. Was drunk, said Schmettau's people. Friedrich answered, on report of it: "I think as Hoffman did. If he was 'drunk,' it is pity the Governor and all the Garrison had not been so, to have come to the same judgment as he."[1] Friedrich's unbearable feelings, of grief and indignation, in regard to all this Dresden matter, — which are not expressed except coldly in business form, — can be fancied by all readers. One of the most tragical bits of ill-luck that ever befell him. A very sore stroke, in his present condition; a signal loss and affront. And most of all, unbearable to think how narrowly it has missed being a signal triumph; — missed actually by a single hair's-breadth, which is as good as by a mile, or by a thousand miles!

[1] P. S. in Autograph of Letter to Schmettau, "Waldau, 11th September 1759" (Preuss, ii.: *Urkundenbuch*, p 45)

Soon after 9 o'clock that evening, Durchlaucht in person came rolling through our battery and the herring-bone balks, to visit Electoral Highness, — which was not quite the legal time either. Durchlaucht had not been half an hour with Electoral Highness, when a breathless Courier came in: "General Wunsch within ten miles [took Torgau in no time, as Durchlaucht well knows, for a week past]; and will be here before we sleep!" Durchlaucht plunged out, over the herring-bone balks again (which many carpenters are busy lifting); and the Electoral Highnesses, in like manner, hurry off to Töplitz that same night, about an hour after. What a Tuesday Night! Poor Hoffman is dead at 8 o'clock; the Saxon Royalties, since 11, are galloping for Pirna, for Töplitz; Durchlaucht of Zweibrück we saw hurry off an hour before them, — Capitulation signature not yet dry, and terms of it beginning to be broken; and Wunsch reported to be within ten miles!

The Wunsch report is perfectly correct. Wunsch is at Grossenhayn this evening; all in a fiery mood of swiftness, his people and he; — and indeed it is, by chance, one of Wolfersdorf's impetuosities that has sent the news so fast. Wunsch had been as swift with Torgau as he was with Wittenberg: he blew out the poor Reichs Garrison there by instant storm, and packed it off to Leipzig, under charge of "an Officer and Trumpet:" — he had, greatly against his will, to rest two days there for a few indispensable cannon from Magdeburg. Cannon once come, Wunsch, burning for deliverance of Dresden, had again started at his swiftest, "Monday, 3d September [death-day of the Siege], very early."

"He is under 8,000; but he is determined to do it; — and would have done it, think judges, half thinks Zweibrück himself: such a fire in that Wunsch and his Corps as is very dangerous indeed. At 4 this morning, Zweibrück heard of his being on march: 'numbers uncertain' — (numbers seemingly not the important point, — blows any number of *us* about our business!) — and since that moment Zweibrück has driven the capitulation at such a pace; though the flurried Schmettau suspected nothing.

"Afternoon of *Tuesday, 4th,* Wunsch, approaching Grossenhayn, had detached Wolfersdorf with 100 light horse rightwards to Grödel, a boating Village on Elbe shore, To seek news of Dresden; also to see if boats are procurable for carrying our artillery up thither. At Grödel, Wolfersdorf finds no boats that will avail: but certain boat-people, new from Dresden, report that no capitulation had been published when they left, but that it was understood to be going on. New spur to Wolfersdorf and Wunsch. Wolfersdorf hears farther in this Village, That there are some thirty Austrian horse in Grossenhayn:—'Possible these may escape General Wunsch!' thinks Wolfersdorf; and decides to have them. Takes thirty men of his own; orders the other seventy to hold rightward, gather what intelligence is going, and follow more leisurely; and breaks off for the Grossenhayn-Dresden Highway, to intercept those fellows.

"Getting to the highway, Wolfersdorf does see the fellows; sees also, — with what degree of horror I do not know, — that there are at least 100 of them against his 30! Horror will do nothing for Wolfersdorf, nor are his other 70 now within reach. Putting a bold face on the matter, he commands, Stentor-like, as if it were all a fact: 'Grenadiers, *march;* Dragoons, to right forwards, *wheel;* Hussars, *forward:* MARCH!'—and does terrifically dash forward with the thirty Hussars, or last item of the invoice; leaving the others to follow. The Austrians draw bridle with amazement; fire off their carbines; take to their heels, and do not stop for more. Wolfersdorf captures 68 of them, for behoof of Grossenhayn; and sends the remaining 32 galloping home.[1] Who bring the above news to Durchlaucht of Zweibrück: '12,000 of them, may it please your Durchlaucht; such the accounts we had!'—Fancy poor Schmettau's feelings!

"On the morrow Dresden was roused from its sleep by loud firing and battle, audible on the north side of the River: 'before daybreak, and all day.' It is Wunsch impetuously busy in the woody countries there. Durchlaucht had shot out Generals and Divisions, Brentano, Wehla, this General and

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 214.

then that, to intercept Wunsch: these the fiery Wunsch — almost as if they had been combustible material coming to quench fire — repels and dashes back, in a wonderful manner, General after General of them. And is lord of the field all day: — but cannot hear the least word from Dresden; which is a surprising circumstance.

"In the afternoon Wunsch summons Maguire in the Neustadt: 'Will answer you in two hours,' said Maguire. Wunsch thereupon is for attacking their two Pontoon Elbe-Bridges; still resolute for Dresden, — and orders Wolfersdorf on one of them, the Uebigau Bridge, who finds the enemy lifting it at any rate, and makes them do it faster. But night is now sinking; from Schmettau not a word or sign. 'Silence over there, all day; not a single cannon to or from,' say Wunsch and Wolfersdorf to one another. 'Schmettau must have capitulated!' conclude they, and withdraw in the night-time, still thunderous if molested; bivouac at Grossenhayn, after twenty-four hours of continual march and battle, not time even for a snatch of food.[1]

"Resting at Grossenhayn, express reaches Wunsch from his Commandant at Torgau: 'Kleefeld is come on me from Leipzig with 14,000; I cannot long hold out, unless relieved.' Wunsch takes the road again; two marches, each of twenty miles. Reaches Torgau late; takes post in the ruins of the North Suburb, finds he must fight Kleefeld. Refreshes his men 'with a keg of wine per Company,' surely a judicious step; and sends to Wolfersdorf, who has the rear-guard, 'Be here with me to-morrow at 10.' Wolfersdorf starts at 4, is here at 10: and Wunsch, having scanned Kleefeld and his Position [a Position strong *if* you are dexterous to manœuvre in it; capable of being ruinous if you are not, — part of the Position of a bigger *Battle of Torgau*, which is coming], — flies at Kleefeld and his 14,000 like a cat-o'-mountain; takes him on the left flank: — Kleefeld and such overplus of thousands are standing a little to west-and-south of Torgau, with the *Entefang* [a desolate big reedy mere, or *Place of Ducks*,

[1] *Bericht von der Action des General-Majors von Wunsch, bey Reichenberg, den 5 September*, 1759· in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 606–608.

still offering the idle Torgauer a melancholy sport there] as a protection to their right; but with no evolution-talent, or none in comparison to Wunsch's; — and accordingly are cut to pieces by Wunsch, and blown to the winds, as their fellows have all been." [1]

Wunsch, absolute Fate forbidding, could not save Dresden: but he is here lord of the Northern regions again, — nothing but Leipzig now in the enemy's hand; — and can await Finck, who is on march with a stronger party to begin business here. It is reckoned, there are few more brilliant little bits of Soldiering than this of Wunsch's. All the more, as his men, for most part, were not Prussian, but miscellaneous Foreign spirits of uncertain fealty: roving fellows, of a fighting turn, attracted by Friedrich's fame, and under a Captain who had the art of keeping them in tune. Wunsch has been soldiering, in a diligent though dim miscellaneous way, these five-and-twenty years; fought in the old Turk Wars, under disastrous Seckendorf, — Wunsch a poor young Würtemberg ensign, visibly busy there (1737–1739), as was this same Schmettau, in the character of staff-officer, far enough apart from Wunsch at that time! — fought afterwards, in the Bavarian service, in the Dutch, at Roucoux, at Lauffeld, again under disastrous people. Could never, under such, find anything but subaltern work all this while; was glad to serve, under the eye of Friedrich, as Colonel of a Free Corps; which he has done with much diligence and growing distinction: till now, at the long last, his chance does come; and he shows himself as a real General. Possibly a high career lying ahead; — a man that may be very valuable to Friedrich, who has now so few such left? Fate had again decided otherwise for Wunsch; in what way will be seen before this Campaign ends: "an infernal Campaign," according to Friedrich, "*cette Campagne infernale.*"

Finck, whom Friedrich had just detached from Waldau (September 6th) with a new 8 or 6,000, to command in chief

[1] *Hofbericht von der am 8 September, 1759, bey Torgau, vorgefallenen Action:* in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 609, 610. Tempelhof, iii. 219–222.

in those parts, and, along with Wunsch, put Dresden out of risk, as it were, — Finck does at least join Wunsch, as we shall mention in a little. And these Two, with such Wolfersdorfs and people under them, did prove capable of making front against Reichsfolk in great overplus of number. Nor are farther *sieges* of those Northern Garrisons, but recaptures of them, the news one hears from Saxony henceforth; — only that Dresden is fatally gone. Irrecoverably, as turned out, and in that unbearable manner. Here is the concluding scene: —

Dresden, Saturday, September 8th; Exit Schmettau. "A thousand times over, Schmettau must have asked himself, 'Why was I in such a hurry? Without cause for it I, only Maguire having cause!' — The Capitulation had been ended in a huddle, without signature: an unwise Capitulation; and it was scandalously ill kept. Schmettau was not to have marched till Monday, 10th, — six clear days for packing and preparing; — but, practically, he has to make three serve him; and to go half-packed, or not packed at all. Endless chicanes do arise, 'upon my honor!' — not even the 800 wagons are ready for us; 'Can't your baggages go in boats, then?' 'No, nor shall!' answers Schmettau, with blazing eyes, and heart ready to burst; a Schmettau living all this while as in Purgatory, or worse. Such bullyings from truculent Guasco, who is now without muzzle. Capitulation, most imperfect in itself, is avowedly infringed: King's Artillery, — which we had haggled for, and ended by 'hoping for,' to Maguire that rainy evening: why were we in such a hurry, too, and blind to Maguire's hurry! — King's Artillery, according to Durchlaucht of Zweibrück, when he actually signed within the walls, is '*Nicht accordirt* (Not granted), except the Field part.' King's regimental furnishings, all and sundry, were '*accordirt*, and without visitation,' — but on second thoughts, the Austrian Officials are of opinion there must really be visitation, must be inspection. 'May not some of them belong to Polish Majesty?' In which sad process of inspection there was incredible waste, Schmettau protesting; and above half of the new uniforms were lost to us. Our 80 pontoons, which

were expressly bargained for, are brazenly denied us: '20 of them are Saxon,' cry the Austrians: 'who knows if they are not almost all Saxon,' — upon my honor! At this rate, only wait a day or two, and fewer wagons than 800 will be needed! thinks Schmettau; and consents to 18 river-boats; Boats in part, then; and let us march at once. Accordingly,

"*Saturday, 8th,* at 5 in the morning, Schmettau, with goods and people, does at last file out: across Elbe Bridge through the Neustadt; Prussians five deep; a double rank of Austrians, ranged on each side, in 'espalier' they call it, — espalier with gaps in it every here and there, to what purpose is soon evident. The march was so disposed (likewise for a purpose) that, all along, there were one or two Companies of Prussian Foot; and then in the interval, carriages, cannon, cavalry and hussars. Schmettau's carriage is with the rear-guard, Madam Schmettau's well in the van: — in two other carriages are two Prussian War-and-Domain Ministers.[1] 'Managers of Saxon Finance,' these Two; — who will have to manage elsewhere than in Dresden henceforth. Zinnow, Borck, they sit veritably there, with their multiform Account Papers: of whom I know absolutely nothing, — except (if anybody cared) that Zinnow, who 'died of apoplexy in June following,' is probably of pursy red-nosed type; and that Borck, for certain, has a very fine face and figure; delicacy, cheerful dignity, perfect gentlemanhood in short, written on every feature of him; as painted by Pesne, and engraved by Schmidt, for my accidental behoof.[2] Curious to think of that elaborate court-coat and flowing periwig, with this specific Borck, 'old as the Devil' (whom I have had much trouble to identify), forming visible part of this dismal Procession: the bright eye of Borck not smiling as usual, but clouded, though impassive! But that of Borck or his Limners is not the point.

"The Prussians have been divided into small sections, with a mass of baggage-wagons and cavalry between every two.

[1] *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 376.

[2] *Fredericus Wilhelmus Borck* (*Pesne pinxit*, 1732; *Schmidt, sculptor Regis, sculpsit, Berolini*, 1764): an excellent Print and Portrait.

And no sooner is the mass got in movement, than there rises from the Austrian part, and continues all the way, loud invitation, 'Whosoever is a brave Saxon, a brave Austrian, Reichsman, come to us! Gaps in the espalier, don't you see!' And Schmettau, in the rear, with baggage and cavalry intervening, — nobody can reach Schmettau. Here is a way of keeping your bargain! The Prussian Officers struggle stoutly: but are bellowed at, struck at, menaced by bayonet and bullet, — none of them shot, I think, but a good several of them cut and wounded; — the Austrian Officers themselves in passionate points behaving shamefully, 'Yes, shoot them down, the (were it nothing else) heretic dogs;' and being throughout evidently in a hot shivery frame of mind, forgetful of the laws. Seldom was such a Procession; spite, rage and lawless revenge blazing out more and more. On the whole, there deserted, through those gaps of the espalier, about half of the whole Garrison. On Madam Schmettau's hammercloth there sat, in the Schmettau livery, a hard-featured man, recognizable by keen eyes as lately a Nailer, of the Nailer Guild here; who had been a spy for Schmettau, and brought many persons into trouble: him they tear down, and trample hither and thither, — at last, into some Guard-house near by."[1]

Schmettau's protest against all this is vehement, solemnly circumstantial: but, except in regard to the trampled Nailer (Zweibrück on that point "heartily sorry for the insult to your Excellency's livery; and here the man is, with a thousand apologies"), Schmettau got no redress. Nor had Friedrich any, now or henceforth. Friedrich did at once, more to testify his disgust than for any benefit, order Schmettau: "Halt at Wittenberg, not at Magdeburg as was pretended to be bargained. Dismiss your Escort of Austrians there; bid them home at once, and out of your sight." Schmettau himself he ordered to Berlin, to idle waiting. Never again employed Schmettau: for sixteen years that they lived together, never saw his face more.

[1] The Schmettau *Diarium* in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iii. 364–376 (corrected chiefly from *Tempelhof*): Protest, and Correspondence in consequence, is in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 611–621; in *Helden-Geschichte*, &c. &c.

Schmettau's ill-fortune was much pitied, as surely it deserved to be, by all men. About Friedrich's severity there was, and still occasionally is, controversy held. Into which we shall not enter for Yes or for No. "You are like the rest of them!" writes Friedrich to him; "when the moment comes for showing firmness, you fail in it."[1] Friedrich expects of others what all Soldiers profess, — and what is in fact the soul of all nobleness in their trade, — but what only Friedrich himself, and a select few, are in the habit of actually performing. Tried by the standard of common practice, Schmettau is clearly absolvable; a broken veteran, deserving almost tears. But that is not the standard which it will be safe for a King of men to go by. Friedrich, I should say, would be ordered by his Office, if Nature herself did not order him, to pitch his ideal very high; and to be rather Rhadamanthine in judging about it. Friedrich was never accused of over-generosity to the unfortunate among his Captains.

After the War, Schmettau, his conduct still a theme of argument, was reduced to the Invalid List: age now sixty-seven, but health and heart still very fresh, as he pleaded; complaining that he could not live on his retiring Pension of £300 a year. "Be thankful you have not had your head struck off by sentence of Court-Martial," answered Friedrich. Schmettau, after some farther troubles from Court quarters, retired to Brandenburg, and there lived silent, poor but honorable, for his remaining fifteen years. Madam Schmettau came out very beautiful in those bad circumstances: cheery, thrifty, full of loyal patience; a constant sunshine to her poor man, whom she had preceded out of Dresden in the way we saw. Schmettau was very quiet, still studious of War matters;[2] "sent the King" once, — in 1772, while Polish Prussia, and How it could be fortified, were the interesting subject, — "a *Journal*," which he had elaborated for himself, "*of the Marches of Karl Twelfth in West Preussen;*" which was well received: "Apparently the King not angry with me farther?" thought Schmettau.

[1] "Waldau, 10th September, 1759:" in Preuss, ii. *Urkunden*. p. 44.

[2] See *Leben* (by his Son, "Captain Schmettau;" a modest intelligent Book). pp. 440–447.

A completely retired old man; studious, social, — the best men of the Army still his friends and familiars: — nor, in his own mind, any mutiny against his Chief; this also has its beauty in a human life, my friend. So long as Madam Schmettau lived, it was well; after her death, not well, dark rather, and growing darker: and in about three years Schmettau followed (27th October, 1775), whither that good soul had gone. The elder Brother — who was a distinguished Academician, as well as Feldmarschall and Negotiator — had died at Berlin, in Voltaire's time, 1751. Each of those Schmettaus had a Son, in the Prussian Army, who wrote Books, or each a short Book, still worth reading.[1] But we must return.

On the very morrow, September 5th, Daun heard of the glorious success at Dresden; had not expected it till about the 10th at soonest. From Triebel he sends the news at gallop to Lieberose and Soltikof: "Rejoice with us, Excellenz: did not I predict it? Silesia and Saxony both are ours; fruits chiefly of your noble successes. Oh, continue them a very little!" "Umph!" answers Soltikof, not with much enthusiasm: "Send us meal steadily; and gain you, Excellenz's self, some noble success!" Friedrich did not hear of it for almost a week later; not till Monday, 10th, — as a certain small Anecdote would of itself indicate.

Sunday Evening, 9th September, General Finck, with his new 6,000, hastening on to join Wunsch for relief of Dresden, had got to Grossenhayn; and was putting up his tents, when the Outposts brought him in an Austrian Officer, who had come with a Trumpeter inquiring for the General. The Austrian Officer "is in quest of proper lodgings for General Schmettau and Garrison [fancy Finck's sudden stare!]; — last night they lodged at Gross-Döbritz, tolerably to their mind: but the question for the Escort is, Where to lodge this night, if your Excellency could advise me?" "Herr, I will advise you to go back to Gross-Döbritz on the instant," answers Finck grimly; "I shall be obliged to make you and your Trumpet prisoners,

[1] *Bavarian War of* 1778, by the Feldmarschall's Son; and this *Leben* we have just been citing, by the Lieutenant-General's.

otherwise!" Exit Austrian Officer. That same evening, too, Captain Kollas, carrying Schmettau's sad news to the King, calls on Finck in passing; gives dismal details of the Capitulation and the Austrian way of keeping it; filling Finck's mind with sorrowful indignation.[1]

Finck — let us add here, though in date it belongs a little elsewhere — pushes on, not the less, to join Wunsch at Torgau; joins Wunsch, straightway recaptures Leipzig, garrison prisoners (September 13th): recaptures all those northwestern garrisons, — multitudinous Reichsfolk trying, once, to fight him, in an amazingly loud, but otherwise helpless way ("*Action of Korbitz*" they call it); cannonading far and wide all day, and manœuvring about, here bitten in upon, there trying to bite, over many leagues of Country; principally under Haddick's leading;[2] who saw good to draw off Dresden-ward next day, and leave Finck master in those regions. To Daun's sad astonishment, — in a moment of crisis, — as we shall hear farther on! So that Saxony is not yet conquered to Daun; Saxony, no, nor indeed will be: — but Dresden is. Friedrich never could recover Dresden; though he hoped, and at intervals tried hard, for a long while to come.

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCE HENRI MAKES A MARCH OF FIFTY HOURS; THE RUSSIANS CANNOT FIND LODGING IN SILESIA.

THE eyes of all had been bent on Dresden latterly; and there had occurred a great deal of detaching thitherward, and of marching there and thence, as we have partly seen. And the end is, Dresden, and to appearance Saxony along with it,

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 237.

[2] *Hofbericht von der am* 21 *September bey Korbitz* (in Meissen Country, south of Elbe; Krögis too is a Village in this wide-spread "Action") *vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 621–630). Tempelhof, iii. 248, 258.

is Daun's. Has not Daun good reason now to be proud of the cunctatory method? Never did his game stand better; and all has been gained at other people's expense. Daun has not played one trump card; it is those obliging Russians that have played all the trumps, and reduced the Enemy to nothing. Only continue that wise course, — and cart meal, with your whole strength, for the Russians! —

Safe behind the pools of Lieberose, Friedrich between them and Berlin, lie those dear Russians; extending, Daun and they, like an impassable military dike, with spurs of Outposts and cunningly devised Detachments, far and wide, — from beyond Bober or utmost Crossen on the east, to Hoyerswerda in Elbe Country on the west; — dike of eighty miles long, and in some eastern parts of almost eighty broad; so elaborate is Daun's detaching quality, in cases of moment. "The King's broken Army on one side of us," calculates Daun; "Prince Henri's on the other; incommunicative they; reduced to isolation, powerless either or both of them against such odds. They shall wait there, please Heaven, till Saxony be quite finished. Zweibrück, and our Detachments and Maguires, let them finish Saxony, while Soltikof keeps the King busy. Saxony finished, how will either Prince or King attempt to recover it! After which, Silesia for us; — and we shall then be near our Magazines withal, and this severe stress of carting will abate or cease." In fact, these seem sound calculations: Friedrich is 24,000; Henri 38,000; the military dike is, of Austrians 75,000, of Russians and Austrians together 120,000. Daun may fairly calculate on succeeding beautifully this Year: Saxony his altogether; and in Silesia some Glogau or strong Town taken, and Russians and Austrians wintering together in that Country.

If only Daun do not *too* much spare his trump cards! But there is such a thing as excess on that side too: and perhaps it is even the more ruinous kind, — and is certainly the more despised by good judges, though the multitude of bad may notice it less. Daun is unwearied in his vigilances, in his infinite cartings of provision for himself and Soltikof, — long chains of Magazines, big and little, at Guben, at Görlitz, at

Bautzen, Zittau, Friedland; and does, aided by French Montalembert, all that man can to keep those dear stupid Russians in tune.

Daun's problem of carting provisions, and guarding his multifarious posts, and sources of meal and defence, is not without its difficulties. Especially with a Prince Henri opposite; who has a superlative manœuvring talent of his own, and an industry not inferior to Daun's in that way. Accordingly, ever since August 11th–13th, when Daun moved northward to Triebel, and Henri shot out detachments parallel to him, "to secure the Bober and our right flank, and try to regain communication with the King," — still more, ever since August 22d, when Daun undertook that onerous cartage of meal for Soltikof as well as self, the manœuvring and mutual fencing and parrying, between Henri and him, has been getting livelier and livelier. Fain would Daun secure his numerous Roads and Magazines; assiduously does Henri threaten him in these points, and try all means to regain communication with his Brother. Daun has Magazines and interests everywhere; Henri is everywhere diligent to act on them.

Daun in person, ever since Kunersdorf time, has been at Triebel; Henri moved to Sagan after him, but has left a lieutenant at Schmöttseifen, as Daun has at Mark-Lissa: — here are still new planets, and secondary ditto, with revolving moons. In short, it is two interpenetrating solar systems, gyrating, osculating and colliding, over a space of several thousand square miles, — with an intricacy, with an embroiled abstruseness Ptolemean or more! Which indeed the soldier who would know his business — (and not knowing it, is not he of all solecisms in this world the most flagrant?) — ought to study, out of Tempelhof and the Books; but which, except in its results, no other reader could endure. The result we will make a point of gathering: carefully riddled down, there are withal in the details five or six little passages which have some shadow of interest to us; these let us note, and carefully omit the rest: —

Of Fouquet at Landshut. "Fouquet was twice attacked at Landshut; but made a lucky figure both times. Attack first was by Deville: attack second by Harsch. Early in July, not long after Friedrich had left for Schmöttseifen, rash Deville (a rash creature, and then again a laggard, swift where he should be slow, and *vice versâ*) again made trial on Landshut and Fouquet; but was beautifully dealt with; taken in rear, in flank, or I forget how taken, but sent galloping through the Passes again, with a loss of many Prisoners, most of his furnitures, and all his presence of mind: whom Daun thereupon summoned out of those parts, 'Hitherward to Mark-Lissa with your Corps; leave Fouquet alone!'[1]

"After which, Fouquet, things being altogether quiet round him, was summoned, with most part of his force, to Schmöttseifen; left General Goltz (a man we have met before) to guard Landshut; and was in fair hopes of proving helpful to Prince Henri, — when Harsch [Harsch by himself this time, not Harsch and Deville as usual] thought here was his opportunity; and came with a great apparatus, as if to swallow Landshut whole. So that Fouquet had to hurry off reinforcements thither; and at length to go himself, leaving Stutterheim in his stead at Schmöttseifen. Goltz, however, with his small handful, stood well to his work. And there fell out sharp fencings at Landshut: — especially one violent attack on our outposts; the Austrians quite triumphant; till 'a couple of cannon open on them from the next Hill,' — till some violent Werner or other charge in upon them with Prussian Hussars; — a desperate tussle, that special one of Werner's; not only sabres flashing furiously on both sides, but butts of pistols and blows on the face:[2] till, in short, Harsch finds he can make nothing of it, and has taken himself away, before Fouquet come." This Goltz, here playing Anti-Harsch, is the Goltz who, with Winterfeld, Schmettau and others, was in that melancholy Zittau march, of the Prince of Prussia's, in 1757: it was Goltz by whom the King sent his finishing com-

[1] *Hofbericht von den Unternehmungen des Fouquetschen Corps, im Julius* 1759: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 582–586.

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 238: 31st August.

pliment, "You deserve, all of you, to be tried by Court-Martial, and to lose your heads!" Goltz is mainly concerned with Fouquet and Silesia, in late times; and we shall hear of him once again. Fouquet did not return to Schmöttseifen; nor was molested again in Landshut this year, though he soon had to detach, for the King's use, part of his Landshut force, and had other Silesian business which fell to him.

Fortress of Peitz. The poor Fortress of Peitz was taken again; — do readers remember it, "on the day of Zorndorf," last year? "This year, a fortnight after Kunersdorf, the same old Half-pay Gentleman with his Five-and-forty Invalids have again been set adrift, 'with the honors of war,' poor old creatures; lest by possibility they afflict the dear Russians and our meal-carts up yonder.[1] I will forget who took Peitz: perhaps Haddick, of whom we have lately heard so much? He was captor of Berlin in 1757, did the Inroad on Berlin that year, — and produced Rossbach shortly after. Peitz, if he did Peitz, was Haddick's last success in the world. Haddick has been most industrious, 'guarding the Russian flank,' — standing between the King and it, during that Soltikof march to Müllrose, to Lieberose; but that once done, and the King settled at Waldau, Haddick was ordered to Saxony, against Wunsch and Finck: — and readers know already what he made of these Two in the 'Action at Korbitz, September 21st,' — and shall hear soon what befell Haddick himself in consequence."

Colonel Hordt is captured. "It was in that final marching of Soltikof to Lieberose that a distinguished Ex-Swede, Colonel Hordt, of the Free Corps *Hordt,* was taken prisoner. At Trebatsch; hanging on Soltikof's right flank on that occasion. It was not Haddick, it was a swarm of Cossacks who laid Hordt fast; his horse having gone to the girths in a bog.[2] Hordt, an Ex-Swede of distinction, — a Royalist Exile, on whose head the Swedes have set a price (had gone into 'Brahe's

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 231 : 27th August.

[2] *Mémoires du Comte de Hordt* (à Berlin, 1789), ii. 53–58 (not dated or intelligible there): in Tempelhof (iii. 235, 236) clear account, "Trebatsch, September 4th."

Plot,' years since, Plot on behalf of the poor Swedish King, which cost Brahe his life), — Hordt now might have fared ill, had not Friedrich been emphatic, 'Touch a hair of him, retaliation follows on the instant!' He was carried to Petersburg; 'lay twenty-six months and three days' in solitary durance there; and we may hear a word from him again."

Ziethen almost captured. "Prince Henri, in the last days of August, marched to Sagan in person;[1] Ziethen along with him; multifariously manœuvring 'to regain communication with the King.' Of course, with no want of counter-manœuvring, of vigilant outposts, cunningly devised detachments and assiduous small measures on the part of Daun. Who, one day, had determined on a more considerable thing; that of cutting out Ziethen from the Sagan neighborhood. And would have done it, they say, — had not he been too cunctatory. September 2d, Ziethen, who is posted in the little town of Sorau, had very nearly been cut off. In Sorau, westward, Daun-ward, of Sagan a short day's march: there sat Ziethen, conscious of nothing particular, — with Daun secretly marching on him; Daun in person, from the west, and two others from the north and from the south, who are to be simultaneous on Sorau and the Ziethener. A well-laid scheme; likely to have finished Ziethen satisfactorily, who sat there aware of nothing. But it all miswent: Daun, on the road, noticed some trifling phenomenon (Prussian party of horse, or the like), which convinced his cautious mind that all was found out; that probably a whole Prussian Army, instead of a Ziethen only, was waiting at Sorau; upon which Daun turned home again, sorry that he could not turn the other two as well. The other two were stronger than Ziethen, could they have come upon him by surprise; or have caught him before he got through a certain Pass, or bit of bad ground, with his baggage. But Ziethen, by some accident, or by his own patrols, got notice; loaded his baggage instantly; and was through the Pass, or half through it, and in a condition to give stroke for stroke with interest, when his enemies came up. Nothing could be done upon Ziethen; who marched on, he and all his properties, safe to

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 231: 29th August.

Sagan that night, — owing to Daun's over-caution, and to Ziethen's own activity and luck." [1]

All this was prior to the loss of Dresden. During the crisis of that, when everybody was bestirring himself, Prince Henri made extraordinary exertions: "Much depends on me; all on me!" sighed Henri. A cautious little man; but *not* incapable of risking, in the crisis of a game for life and death. Friedrich and he are wedged asunder by that dike of Russians and Austrians, which goes from Bober river eastward, post after post, to Hoyerswerda westward, eighty miles along the Lausitz-Brandenburg Frontier, rooting itself through the Lausitz into Bohemia, and the sources of its meal. Friedrich and he cannot communicate except by spies ("the first *Jäger*," or regular express "from the King, arrived September 13th" [2]): but both are of one mind; both are on one problem, "What is to be done with that impassable dike?" — and co-operate sympathetically without communicating. What follows bears date *after* the loss of Dresden, but while Henri still knew only of the siege, — that *Jäger* of the 13th first brought him news of the loss.

"A day or two after Ziethen's adventure, Henri quits Sagan, to move southward for a stroke at the Bohemian-Lausitz magazines; a stroke, and series of strokes. *September 8th*, Ziethen and (in Fouquet's absence at Landshut) Stutterheim are pushed forward into the Zittau Country; first of all upon Friedland, — the Zittau Friedland, for there are Friedlands many! *September 9th*, Stutterheim summons Friedland, gets it; gets the bit of magazine there; and next day hastens on to Zittau. Is refused surrender of Zittau; learns, however, that the magazine has been mostly set on wheels again, and is a stage forward on the road to Bohemia; whitherward Stutterheim, quitting Zittau as too tedious, hastens after it, and next day catches it, or the *un*burnt remains of it. A successful Stutterheim. Nor is Ziethen idle in the mean while; Ziethen and others; whom no Deville or Austrian Party thinks itself strong enough to meddle with, Prince Henri being so near.

"Here is a pretty tempest in the heart of our Bohemian meal-conduit! Continue that, and what becomes of Soltikof

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 233. [2] Ib iii. 207.

and me? Daun is off from Triebel Country to this dangerous scene; indignantly cashiers Deville, 'Why did not you attack these Ziethen people? Had not you 10,000, Sir?' Cashiers poor Deville for not attacking; — does not himself attack: but carts away the important Görlitz magazine, to Bautzen, which is the still more important one; sits down on the lid of that (according to wont); shoots out O'Donnell (an Irish gentleman, Deville's successor), and takes every precaution. Prince Henri, in presence of O'Donnell, coalesces again; walks into Görlitz; encamps there, on the Landskron and other Heights (Moys Hill one of them, poor Winterfeld's Hill!), — and watches a little how matters will turn, and whether Daun, severely vigilant from Bautzen, seated on the lid of his magazine, will not perhaps rise."

First and last, Daun in this business has tried several things; but there was pretty much always, and emphatically there now is, only one thing that could be effectual: To attack Prince Henri, and abolish him from those countries; — as surely might have been possible, with twice his strength at your disposal? — This, though sometimes he seemed to be thinking of such a thing, Daun never would try: for which the subsequent *Facts*, and all good judges, were and are inexorably severe on Daun. Certain it is, no rashness could have better spilt Daun's game than did this extreme caution.

Daun, Soltikof and Company again have a Colloquy (Bautzen, September 15th); *after which Everybody starts on his special Course of Action.*

Soltikof's disgust at this new movement of Daun's was great and indignant. "Instead of going at the King, and getting some victory for himself, he has gone to Bautzen, and sat down on his meal-bags! Meal? Is it to be a mere fighting for meal? I will march to-morrow for Poland, for Preussen, and find plenty of meal!" And would have gone, they say, had not Mercury, in the shape of Montalembert with his most zealous rhetoric, intervened; and prevailed with difficulty. "One hour of personal interview with Excellency Daun," urges

Montalembert; "one more!" "No," answers Soltikof. — "Alas, then, send your messenger!" To which last expedient Soltikof does assent, and despatches Romanzof on the errand.

September 15th, at Bautzen, at an early hour, there is meeting accordingly; not Romanzof, Soltikof's messenger, alone, but Zweibrück in person, Daun in person; and most earnest council is held. "A noble Russian gentleman sees how my hands are bound," pleads Daun. "Will not Excellency Soltikof, who disdains idleness, go himself upon Silesia, upon Glogau for instance, and grant me a few days?" "No," answers Romanzof; "Excellency Soltikof by himself will not. Let Austria furnish Siege-Artillery; daily meal I need not speak of; 10,000 fresh Auxiliaries beyond those we have: on these terms Excellency Soltikof will perhaps try it; on lower terms, positively not." "Well then, yes!" answers Daun, not without qualms of mind. Daun has a horror at weakening himself to that extent; but what can he do? "General Campitelli, with the 10,000, let him march this night, then; join with General Loudon where you please to order: Excellency Soltikof shall see that in every point I conform."[1] — An important meeting to us, this at Bautzen; and breaks up the dead-lock into three or more divergent courses of activity; which it will now behoove us to follow, with the best brevity attainable. "Bautzen, Saturday, 15th September, early in the morning," that is the date of the important Colloquy. And precisely eight-and-forty hours before, "on Thursday, 13th, about 10 A.M.," in the western Environs of Quebec, there has fallen out an Event, quite otherwise important in the History of Mankind! Of which readers shall have some notice at a time more convenient. —

Romanzof returning with such answer, Soltikof straightway gathers himself, September 15th–16th, and gets on march. To Friedrich's joy; who hopes it may be homeward; waits two days at Waldau, for the Yes or No. On the second day, alas, it is No: "Going for Silesia, I perceive; thither, by a wide sweep northward, which they think will be safer!" Upon which Friedrich also rises; follows, with another kind

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 247–249.

of speed than Soltikof's; and, by one of his swift clutchings, lays hold of Sagan, which he, if Soltikof has not, sees to be a key-point in this operation. Easy for Soltikof to have seized this key-point, key of the real road to Glogau; easy for Loudon and the new 10,000 to have rendezvoused there: but nobody has thought of doing it. A few Croats were in the place, who could make no debate.

From Sagan Friedrich and Henri are at length in free communication; Sagan to the Landskron at Görlitz is some fifty miles of country, now fallen vacant. From Henri, from Fouquet (the dangers of Landshut being over), Friedrich is getting what reinforcement they can spare (September 20th–24th); will then push forward again, industriously sticking to the flanks of Soltikof, thrusting out stumbling-blocks, making his march very uncomfortable.

Strange to say, from Sagan, while waiting two days for these reinforcements, there starts suddenly to view, suddenly for Friedrich and us, an incipient Negotiation about Peace! Actual Proposal that way (or as good as actual, so Voltaire thinks it), on the part of Choiseul and France; but as yet in Voltaire's name only, by a sure though a backstairs channel, of his discovering. Of which, and of the much farther corresponding that did actually follow on it, we purpose to say something elsewhere, at a better time. Meanwhile Voltaire's announcement of it to the King has just come in, through a fair and high Hand: how Friedrich receives it, what Friedrich's inner feeling is, and has been for a fortnight past — Here are some private utterances of his, throwing a straggle of light on those points: —

Four Letters of Friedrich's (10th–24th September).

No. 1. *To Prince Ferdinand* (at Berlin). Poor little Ferdinand, the King's Brother, fallen into bad health, has retired from the Wars, and gone to Berlin; much an object of anxiety to the King, who diligently corresponds with the dear little man, — giving earnest medical advices, and getting Berlin news in return.

"WALDAU, 10th September, 1759.

"Since my last Letter, Dresden has capitulated, — the very day while Wunsch was beating Maguire at The Barns [north side of Dresden, September 5th, day *after* the capitulation]. Wunsch went back to Torgau, which St. André, with 14,000 Reichs-people under him, was for retaking; him too Wunsch beat, took all his tents, kettles, haversacks and utensils, 300 prisoners, six cannon and some standards. Finck is uniting with Wunsch; they will march on the Prince of Zweibrück, and retake Dresden [hopes always, for a year and more, to have Dresden back very soon]. I trust before long to get all these people gathered round Dresden, and our own Country rid of them: that, I take it, will be the end of the Campaign.

"Many compliments to the Prince of Würtemberg [wounded at Kunersdorf], and to all our wounded Generals: I hope Seidlitz is now out of danger: that bleeding fit (*ébullition de sang*) will cure him of the cramp in his jaw, and of his colics; and as he is in bed, he won't take cold. I hope the viper-broth will do you infinite good; be assiduous in patching your constitution, while there is yet some fine weather left: I dread the winter for you; take a great deal of care against cold. I have still a couple of cruel months ahead of me before ending this Campaign. Within that time, there will be, God knows what upshot."[1] — This is "September 10th:" the day of Captain Kollas's arrival with his bad Dresden news; Daun and Soltikof profoundly quiet for three days more.

No. 2. *To the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha* (at Gotha). Voltaire has enclosed his Peace-Proposal to that Serene Lady, always a friend of Friedrich's and his; to whom Friedrich, directly on receipt of it, makes answer: —

"SAGAN, 22d September, 1759.

"MADAM, — I receive on all occasions proofs of your goodness, to which I am as sensible as a chivalrous man can be. Certainly it is not through your hands, Madam, that my Cor-

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 544.

respondence with V. [with Voltaire, if one durst write it in full] ought to be made to pass! Nevertheless, in present circumstances, I will presume to beg that you would forward to him the Answer here enclosed, on which I put no Address. The difficulty of transmitting Letters has made me choose my Brother," Ferdinand, at Berlin, "to have this conveyed to your hand.

"If I gave bridle to my feelings, now would be the moment for developing them; but in these critical times I judge it better not; and will restrict myself to simple assurances of—" F.

No. 3. *To Voltaire*, at the Délices (so her Serene Highness will address it). Here is part of the Enclosure to "V." Friedrich is all for Peace; but keeps on his guard with such an Ambassador, and writes in a proud, light, only half-believing style:—

"Sagan, 22d September, 1759.

"The Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha sends me your Letter. I never received your packet of the 29th: communications all interrupted here; with much trouble I get this passed on to you, if it is happy enough to pass.

"My position is not so desperate as my enemies give out. I expect to finish my Campaign tolerably; my courage is not sunk:—it appears, however, there is talk of Peace. All I can say of positive on this article is, That I have honor for ten; and that, whatever misfortune befall me, I feel myself incapable of doing anything to wound, the least in the world, this principle,—which is so sensitive and delicate for one who thinks like a gentleman (*pense en preux chevalier*); and so little regarded by rascally politicians, who think like tradesmen.

"I know nothing of what you have been telling me about [your backstairs channels, your Duc de Choiseul and his humors]: but for making Peace there are two conditions which I never will depart from: 1°. To make it conjointly with my faithful Allies [Hessen and England; I have no other]; 2°. To make it honorable and glorious. Observe you,

I have still honor remaining; I will preserve that, at the price of my blood.

"If your people want Peace, let them propose nothing to me which contradicts the delicacy of my sentiments. I am in the convulsions of military operations; I do as the gamblers who are in ill-luck, and obstinately set themselves against Fortune. I have forced her to return to me, more than once, like a fickle mistress, when she had run away. My opponents are such foolish people, in the end I bid fair to catch some advantage over them: but, happen whatsoever his Sacred Majesty Chance may please, I don't disturb myself about it. Up to this point, I have a clear conscience in regard to the misfortunes that have come to me. As to you, the Battle of Minden, that of Cadiz" (Boscawen *versus* De la Clue; Toulon Fleet running out, and caught by the English, as we saw), these things perhaps, "and the loss of Canada, are arguments capable of restoring reason to the French, who had got confused by the Austrian hellebore.

"This is my way of thinking. You do not find me made of rose-water: but Henri Quatre, Louis Quatorze, — my present enemies even, whom I could cite [Maria Theresa, twenty years ago, when your Belleisle set out to cut her in Four], — were of no softer temper either. Had I been born a private man, I would yield everything for the love of Peace; but one has to take the tone of one's position. This is all I can tell you at present. In three or four weeks the ways of correspondence will be freer. — F."[1]

No. 4. *To Prince Ferdinand.* Two days later: has got on foot again, — end of his first march upon Soltikof again: —

"BAUNAU, 24th September, 1759.

"Thank you for the news you send of the wounded Officers," Würtemberg, Seidlitz and the others. "You may well suppose that in the pass things are at, I am not without cares, inquietudes, anxieties; it is the frightfulest crisis I have had in my life. This is the moment for dying unless one conquer.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 60. 61.

Daun and my Brother Henri are marching side by side [not exactly!]. It is possible enough all these Armies may assemble hereabouts, and that a general Battle may decide our fortune and the Peace. Take care of your health, dear Brother. — F."[1]

Baunau is on Silesian ground, as indeed Sagan itself is; at Baunau Friedrich already, just on arriving, has done a fine move on Soltikof, and surprisingly flung the toll-gate in Soltikof's face. As we shall see by and by; — and likewise that Prince Henri, who emerges to-morrow morning (September 25th), has not been "marching side by side with Daun," but at a pretty distance from that gentleman! —

Soltikof is a man of his word; otherwise one suspects he already saw his Siege of Glogau to be impossible. Russians are not very skilful at the War-minuet: fancy what it will be dancing to such a partner! Friedrich, finding they are for Glogau, whisks across the Oder, gets there before them: "No Glogau for you!" They stand agape for some time; then think, "Well then, Breslau!" Friedrich again whisks across from them, farther up, and is again ahead of them when they cross: "No Breslau either!" In effect, it is hopeless; and we may leave the two manœuvring in those waste parts, astride of Oder, or on the eastern bank of it, till a fitter opportunity; and attend to Henri, who is now the article in risk.

Zweibrück's report of himself, on that day of the general Colloquy, was not in the way of complaint, like that of the Russians, though there did remain difficulties. "Dresden gloriously ours; Maguire Governor there, and everything secure; upon my honor. But in the northwest part, those Fincks and Wunsches, Excellenz?" — And the actual truth is, Wunsch has taken Leipzig, day before yesterday (September 13th), as Daun sorrowfully knows, by news come in overnight. And six days hence (September 21st), Finck and Wunsch together will do their "*Action of Korbitz*," and be

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 545.

sending Haddick a bad road! These things Zweibrück knows only in part; but past experience gives him ominous presentiment, as it may well do; and he thinks decidedly: "Excellenz, more Austrian troops are indispensable there; in fact, your Excellenz's self, were that possible; which one feels it is not, in the presence of these Russians!"

Russians and Reichsfolk, these are a pair of thumbscrews on both thumbs of Daun; screwing the cunctation out of him; painfully intimating: "Get rid of this Prince Henri; you must, you must!" And, in the course of the next eight days Daun has actually girt himself to this great enterprise. Goaded on, I could guess, by the "Action of Korbitz" (done on Friday, thirty hours ago); the news of which, and that Haddick, instead of extinguishing Finck, is retreating from him upon Dresden, — what a piece of news! thinks Daun: "You, Zweibrück, Haddick, Maguire and Company, you are 36,000 in Saxony; Finck has not 12,000 in the field: How is this?" — and indignantly dismisses Haddick altogether: "Go, Sir, and attend to your health!"[1] News poignantly astonishing to Daun, as would seem; — like an ox-goad in the lazy rear of Daun. Certain it is, Daun had marched out to Görlitz in collected form; and, on Saturday afternoon, *September* 22*d*, is personally on the Heights (not Moys Hill, I should judge, but other points of vision), taking earnest survey of Prince Henri's position on the Landskron there. "To-morrow morning we attack that Camp," thinks Daun; "storm Prince Henri and it: be rid of him, at any price!"[2]

"To-morrow morning," yes: — but this afternoon, and earlier, Prince Henri has formed a great resolution, his plans all laid, everything in readiness; and it is not here you will find Prince Henri to-morrow. This is his famous March of Fifty Hours, this that we are now come to; which deserves all our attention, — and all Daun's much more! Prince Henri was habitually a man cautious in War; not aggressive, like his Brother, but defensive, frugal of risks, and averse to the

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 276, 258–261.

[2] Ib. iii. 253–256 (for the March now ensuing): iii. 228–234, 241–247 (for Henri's anterior movements).

lion-springs usual with some people; though capable of them, too, in the hour of need. Military men are full of wonder at the bold scheme he now fell upon; and at his style of executing it. Hardly was Daun gone home to his meditations on the storm of the Landskron to-morrow, and tattoo beaten in Prince Henri's Camp there, when, at 8 that Saturday evening, issuing softly, with a minimum of noise, in the proper marching columns, baggage-columns, Henri altogether quitted this Camp; and vanished like a dream. Into the Night; men and goods, every item: — who shall say whitherward? Leaving only a few light people to keep up the watch-fires and sentry-cries, for behoof of Daun! Let readers here, who are in the secret, watch him a little from afar.

Straight northward goes Prince Henri, down Neisse Valley, 20 miles or so, to Rothenburg; in columns several-fold, with much delicate arranging, which was punctually followed: and in the course of to-morrow Prince Henri is bivouacked, for a short rest of three hours, — hidden in unknown space, 20 miles from Daun, when Daun comes marching up to storm him on the Landskron! Gone veritably; but whitherward Daun cannot form the least guess. Daun can only keep his men under arms there, all day; while his scouts gallop far and wide, — bringing in this false guess and the other; and at length returning with the eminently false one, misled by some of Henri's baggage-columns, which have to go many routes, That the Prince is on march for Glogau: — "Gone northeast; that way went his wagons; these we saw with our eyes." "Northeast? Yes, to Glogau possibly enough," thinks Daun: "Or may not he, cunning as he is and full of feints, intend a stroke on Bautzen, in my absence?" — and hastens thither again, and sits down on the Magazine-lid, glad to find nothing wrong there.

This is all that Daun hears of Henri for the next four days. Plenty of bad news from Saxony in these four days: the Finck-Haddick Action of Korbitz, a dismal certainty before one started, — and Haddick on his road to some Watering Place by this time! But no trace of Henri farther; since that of the wagons wending northeast. "Gone to Glogau, to his

Brother: no use in pushing him, or trying to molest him there!" thinks Daun; and waits, in stagnant humor, chewing the cud of bitter enough thoughts, till confirmation of that guess arrive: — as it never will in this world! Read an important Note: —

"To northward of Bautzen forty miles, and to westward forty miles, the country is all Daun's; only towards Glogau, with the Russians and Friedrich thereabouts, does it become disputable, or offer Prince Henri any chance. Nevertheless it is not to Glogau, it is far the reverse, that the nimble Henri has gone. Resting himself at Rothenburg 'three hours' (speed is of all things the vitalest), Prince Henri starts again, *Sunday* afternoon, straight westward this time. Marches, with his best swiftness, with his best arrangements, through many sleeping Villages, to Klitten, not a wakeful one: a march of 18 miles from Rothenburg; — direct for the Saxon side of things, instead of the Silesian, as Daun had made sure.

"At Klitten, *Monday* morning, bivouac again, for a few hours, — 'has no Camp, only waits three hours,' is Archenholtz's phrase: but I suppose the meaning is, Waits till the several Columns, by their calculated routes, have all got together; and till the latest in arriving has had 'three hours' of rest, — the earliest having perhaps gone on march again, in the interim? There are 20 miles farther, still straight west, to Hoyerswerda, where the outmost Austrian Division is: 'Forward towards that; let us astonish General Wehla and his 3,000, and our March is over!' All this too Prince Henri manages; never anything more consummate, more astonishing to Wehla and his Master.

"Wehla and Brentano, readers perhaps remember them busy, from the Pirna side, at the late Siege of Dresden. Siege gloriously done, Wehla was ordered to Hoyerswerda, on the northwest frontier; Brentano to a different point in that neighborhood; where Brentano escaped ruin, and shall not be mentioned; but Wehla suddenly found it, and will require a word. Wehla, of all people on the War-theatre, had been the least expecting disturbance. He is on the remotest western flank; to westward of him nothing but Torgau and the Finck-Wunsch people,

from whom is small likelihood of danger: from the eastern what danger can there be? A Letter of Daun's, some days ago, had expressly informed him that, to all appearance, there was none.

"And now suddenly, on the Tuesday morning, What is this? Prussians reported to be visible in the Woods! 'Impossible!' answered Wehla; — did get ready, however, what he could; Croat Regiments, pieces of Artillery behind the Elster River and on good points; laboring more and more diligently, as the news proved true. But all his efforts were to no purpose. General Lentulus with his Prussians (the mute Swiss Lentulus, whom we sometimes meet), who has the Vanguard this day, comes streaming out of the woods across the obstacles; cannonades Wehla both in front and rear; entirely swallows Wehla and Corps: 600 killed; the General himself, with 28 Field-Officers, and of subalterns and privates 1,785, falling prisoners to us; and the remainder scattered on the winds, galloping each his own road towards covert and a new form of life. Wehla is eaten, in this manner, Tuesday, September 25th: — metaphorically speaking, the March of Fifty Hours ends in a comfortable *two*fold meal (military-cannibal, as well as of common culinary meat), and in well-deserved rest." [1]

The turning-point of the Campaign is reckoned to be this March of Henri's; one of the most extraordinary on record. Prince Henri had a very fast March *into* these Silesian-Lausitz Countries, early in July,[2] and another very fast, from Bautzen, to intersect with Schmöttseifen, in the end of July: but these were as nothing compared with the present. Tempelhof, the excellent solid man, — but who puts all things, big and little, on the same level of detail, and has unparalleled methods of arranging (what he reckons to be "arranging"), and no vestige of index, — is distressingly obscure on this grand Incident; but at length, on compulsion, does yield clear account.[3] In Archenholtz it is not *dated* at all; who merely says as follows: "Most extraordinary march ever made; went through 50 miles of Country wholly in the Enemy's possession; lasted

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 255, 256; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*; &c.

[2] Seyfarth, ii. 545.

[3] Tempelhof, iii. 253–258.

56 hours, in which long period there was no camp pitched, and only twice a rest of three hours allowed the troops. During the other fifty hours the march, day and night, continually proceeded. Ended (*no* date) in surprise of General Wehla at Hoyerswerda, cutting up 600 of his soldiers, and taking 1,800 prisoners. Kalkreuth, since so famous," in the Anti-Napoleon Wars, "was the Prince's Adjutant."[1]

This is probably Prince Henri's cleverest feat, — though he did a great many of clever; and his Brother used to say, glancing towards him, "There is but one of us that never committed a mistake." A highly ingenious dexterous little man in affairs of War, sharp as needles, vehement but cautious; though of abstruse temper, thin-skinned, capricious, and giving his Brother a great deal of trouble with his jealousies and shrewish whims. By this last consummate little operation he has astonished Daun as much as anybody ever did; shorn his elaborate tissue of cunctations into ruin and collapse at one stroke; and in effect, as turns out, wrecked his campaign for this Year.

Daun finds there is now no hope of Saxony, unless he himself at once proceed thither. At once thither; — and leave Glogau and the Russians to their luck, — which in such case, what is it like to be? Probably, to Daun's own view, ominous enough; but he has no alternative. To this pass has the March of Fifty Hours brought us. There is such a thing as being too cunctatory, is not there, your Excellency? Every mortal, and more especially every Feldmarschall, ought to strike the iron while it is hot. The remainder of this Campaign, we will hope, can be made intelligible in a more summary manner.

Friedrich manages (September 24th–October 24th) *to get the Russians sent Home; and Himself falls lamed with Gout.*

Friedrich's manœuvres against Soltikof, — every reader is prepared to hear that Soltikof was rendered futile by them;

[1] Archenholtz, i. 426.

and none but military readers could take delight in the details. Two beautiful short-cuts he made upon Soltikof; pulled him up both times in mid career, as with hard check-bit. The first time was at Zöbelwitz: September 24th, Friedrich cut across from Sagan, which is string to bow of the Russian march; posted himself on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, of Baunau, Milkau (at Baunau Friedrich will write a *Letter* this night, if readers bethink themselves; Milkau is a place he may remember for rain-deluges, in the First Silesian War[1]): "Let the Russians, if they now dare, try the Pass of Neustädtel here!" A fortunate hour, when he got upon this ground. Quartermaster-General Stoffel, our old Cüstrin acquaintance, is found marking out a Camp with a view to that Pass of Neustädtel;[2] is greatly astonished to find the Prussian Army emerge on him there; and at once vanishes, with his Hussar-Cossack retinues. "September 24th," it is while Prince Henri was on the last moiety of his March of Fifty Hours. This severe twitch flung Soltikof quite out from Glogau, — was like to fling him home altogether, had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence; — did fling him across the Oder. Where, again thanks to Montalembert, he was circling on with an eye to Breslau, when Friedrich, by the diameter, suddenly laid bridges, crossed at Köben, and again brought Soltikof to halt, as by turnpike suddenly shut: "Must pay first; must beat us first!"

These things had raised Friedrich's spirits not a little. Getting on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, he was heard to exclaim, "This is a lucky day; worth more to me than a battle with victory."[3] Astonishing how he blazed out again, quite into his old pride and effulgence, after this, says Retzow. Had been so meek, so humbled, and even condescended to ask advice or opinion from some about him. Especially "from two Captains," says the Opposition Retzow, whose heads were nearly turned by this sunburst from on high. Captain Marquart and another, — I believe, he did employ them about Routes and marking of Camps, which Retzow calls consulting: a King fallen tragically scarce of persons to consult; all his

[1] Suprà, p. 323; ib. vol. vii. p. 311.

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 293; Retzow, ii. 163.

[3] Retzow, ii 163.

Winterfelds, Schwerins, Keiths and Council of Peers now vanished, and nothing but some intelligent-looking Captain Marquart, or the like, to consult: — of which Retzow, in his splenetic Opposition humor, does not see the tragedy, but rather the comedy: how the poor Captains found their favor to be temporary, conditional, and had to collapse again. One of them wrote an "*Essay* on the *Coup-d'œil Militaire*," over which Retzow pretends to weep. This was Friedrich's marginal Note upon the MS., when submitted to his gracious perusal: "You (*Er*) will do better to acquire the Art of marking Camps than to write upon the Military Stroke of Eye." Beautifully written too, says Retzow; but what, in the eyes of this King, is beautiful writing, to knowing your business well? No friend he to writing, unless you have got something really special, and urgent to be written.

Friedrich crossed the Oder twice. Took Soltikof on both sides of the Oder, cut him out of this fond expectation, then of that; led him, we perceive, a bad life. Latterly the scene was on the right bank; Sophienthal, Köben, Herrnstadt and other poor places, — on that big eastern elbow, where Oder takes his final bend, or farewell of Poland. Ground, naturally, of some interest to Friedrich: ground to us unknown; but known to Friedrich as the ground where Karl XII. gave Schulenburg his beating,[1] which produced the "beautiful retreat" of Schulenburg. The old Feldmarschall Schulenburg whom we used to hear of once, — whose Nephew, a pipeclayed little gentleman, was well known to Friedrich and us.

For the rest, I do not think he feels this out-manœuvring of the Russians very hard work. Already, from Zöbelwitz Country, 25th September, day of Henri at Hoyerswerda, Friedrich had written to Fouquet: "With 21,000 your beaten and maltreated Servant has hindered an Army of 50,000 from attacking him, and compelled them to retire on Neusatz!" Evidently much risen in hope; and Henri's fine news not yet come to hand. By degrees, Soltikof, rendered futile, got very angry;

[1] "Near Guhrau" (while chasing August the Strong and him out of Poland), "12th October, 1704:" vague account of it, dateless, and as good as placeless, in Voltaire (*Charles Douze*, liv. iii.), *Œuvres*, xxx. 142–145.

especially when Daun had to go for Saxony. "Meal was becoming impossible, at any rate," whimpers Daun: "O Excellency, do but consider, with the nobleness natural to you! Our Court will cheerfully furnish money, instead of meal." — "Money? My people cannot eat money!" growled Soltikof, getting more and more angry; threatening daily to march for Posen and his own meal-stores. What a time of it has Montalembert, has the melancholy Loudon, with temper so hot!

At Sophienthal, October 10th, Friedrich falls ill of gout; — absolutely lamed; for three weeks cannot stir from his room. Happily the outer problem is becoming easier and easier; almost bringing its own solution. At Sophienthal the lame Friedrich takes to writing about *Charles XII. and his Military Character*, — not a very illuminative Piece, on the first perusal, but I intend to read it again;[1] — which at least helps him to pass the time. Soltikof, more and more straitened, meal itself running low, gets angrier and angrier. His treatment of the Country, Montalembert rather encouraging, is described as "horrible." One day he takes the whim, whim or little more, of seizing Herrnstadt; a small Town, between the Two Armies, where the Prussians have a Free Battalion. The Prussian Battalion resists; drives Soltikof's people back. "Never mind," think they: "a place of no importance to us; and Excellency Soltikof has ridden else-whither." By ill-luck, in the afternoon, Excellency Soltikof happened to mention the place again. Hearing that the Prussians still have it, Soltikof mounts into a rage; summons the place, with answer still No; thereupon orders instant bombardment of it, fiery storms of grenadoes for it; and has the satisfaction of utterly burning poor Herrnstadt; the Prussian Free-Corps still continuing obstinate. It was Soltikof's last act in those parts, and betokens a sulphurous state of humor.

Next morning (October 24th), he took the road for Posen, and marched bodily home.[2] Home verily, in spite of Mon-

[1] *Réflexions sur les talens militaires et sur le caractère de Charles XII.* (*Œuvres de Frédéric* vii. 69–88).

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 299, 291–300 (general account, abundantly minute).

talembert and all men. "And for me, what orders has Excellency?" Loudon had anxiously inquired, on the eve of that event. "None whatever!" answered Excellency: "Do your own pleasure; go whithersoever seems good to you." And Loudon had to take a wide sweep round, by Kalish, through the western parts of Poland; and get home to the Troppau-Teschen Country as he best could.

By Kalish, by Czenstochow, Cracow, poor Loudon had to go: a dismal march of 300 miles or more, — waited on latterly by Fouquet, with Werner, Goltz and others, on the Silesian Border; whom Friedrich had ordered thither for such end. Whom Loudon skilfully avoided to fight; having already, by desertion and by hardships, lost half his men on the road. Glad enough to get home and under roof, with his 20,000 gone to 10,000; and to make bargain with Fouquet: "Truce, then, through Winter; neither of us to meddle with the other, unless after a fortnight's warning given."[1] *November 1st*, a month before this, the King, carried on a litter by his soldiers, had quitted Sophienthal; and, crossing the River by Köben, got to Glogau.[2] The greater part of his force, 13,000 under Hülsen, he had immediately sent on for Saxony; he himself intending to wait recovery in Glogau, with this Silesian wing of the business happily brought to finis for the present.

On the Saxon side, too, affairs are in such a course that the King can be patient at Glogau till he get well. Everything is prosperous in Saxony since that March on Hoyerswerda; Henri, with his Fincks and Wunsches, beautifully posted in the Meissen-Torgau region; no dislodging of him, let Daun, with his big mass of forces, try as he may. Daun, through the month of October, is in various Camps, in Schilda last of all: Henri successively in two; in Strehla for some ten days; then in Torgau for about three weeks, carefully intrenched,[3] — where traces of him will turn up (not too opportunely) next year. Daun, from whatever Camp, goes laboring on this side

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 328–331. [2] Rödenbeck, i. 396.

[3] Tempelhof, iii. 276, 281, 284 (Henri in Strehla, October 4th–17th; thence to Torgau: 22d October, Daun "quits his Camp of Belgern" for that of Schilda, which was his last in those parts).

and on that; on every side the deft Henri is as sharp as needles; nothing to be made of him by the cunning movements and contrivances of Daun. Very fine manœuvring it was, especially on Henri's part; a charm to the soldier mind; — given minutely in Tempelhof, and capable of being followed (if you have Maps and Patience) into the last details. Instructive really to the soldier; — but must be, almost all, omitted here. One beautiful slap to Duke d'Ahremberg (a poor old friend of Daun's and ours) we will remember: "Action of Pretsch" they call it; defeat, almost capture of poor D'Ahremberg; who had been sent to dislodge the Prince, by threatening his supplies, and had wheeled, accordingly, eastward, wide away; but, to his astonishment, found, after a march or two, Three select Prussian Corps emerging on him, by front, by rear, by flank, with Horse-artillery (quasi-miraculous) bursting out on hill-tops, too, — and, in short, nothing for it but to retreat, or indeed to run, in a considerably ruinous style: poor D'Ahremberg![1] On the whole, Daun is reduced to a panting condition; and knows not what to do. His plans were intrinsically bad, says Tempelhof; without beating Henri in battle, which he cannot bring himself to attempt, he, in all probability, will, were it only for difficulties of the commissariat kind, have to fall back Dresden-ward, and altogether take himself away.[2]

After this sad slap at Pretsch, Daun paused for consideration; took to palisading himself to an extraordinary degree, slashing the Schilda Forests almost into ruin for this end; and otherwise sat absolutely quiet. Little to be done but take care of oneself. Daun knows withal of Hülsen's impending advent with the Silesian 13,000; — November 2d, Hülsen is actually at Muskau, and his 13,000 magnified by rumor to 20,000. Hearing of which, Daun takes the road (November 4th); quits his gloriously palisaded Camp of Schilda; feels that retreat on Dresden, or even home to Bohemia altogether, is the one course left.

[1] Seyfarth (*Beylagen*, ii. 634–637), "*Hofbericht von der am* 29 *October*, 1759, *bey Meuro* [chiefly *bey Pretsch*] *vorgefallenen Action;*" ib. ii. 543 n.

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 287–289.

And now, the important Bautzen Colloquy of *Saturday, September 15th,* having here brought its three or more Courses of Activity to a pause, — we will glance at the far more important *Thursday, 13th,* other side the Ocean: —

Above Quebec, Night of September 12th–13th, In profound silence, on the stream of the St. Lawrence far away, a notable adventure is going on. Wolfe, from two points well above Quebec ("As a last shift, we will try that way"), with about 5,000 men, is silently descending in boats; with purpose to climb the Heights somewhere on this side the City, and be in upon it, if Fate will. An enterprise of almost sublime nature; very great, if it can succeed. The cliffs all beset to his left hand, Montcalm in person guarding Quebec with his main strength.

Wolfe silently descends; mind made up; thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters, under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people, he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's *Elegy*, lately come out to those parts; of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration to an enthusiastic degree: "Ah, these are tones of the Eternal Melodies, are not they? A man might thank Heaven had he such a gift; almost as *we* might for succeeding here, Gentlemen!"[1] Next morning (Thursday, 13th September, 1759), Wolfe, with his 5,000, is found to have scrambled up by some woody Neck in the heights, which was not quite precipitous; has trailed one cannon with him, the seamen busy bringing up another; and by 10 of the clock stands ranked (really somewhat in the Friedrich way, though on a small scale); ready at all points for Montcalm, but refusing to be over-ready.

Montcalm, on first hearing of him, had made haste: "*Oui, je les vois où ils ne doivent pas être; je vais les écraser* (to smash

[1] Professor Robison, then a Naval Junior, in the boat along with Wolfe, afterwards a well-known Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh, was often heard, by persons whom I have heard again, to repeat this Anecdote. See Playfair, *Biographical Account of Professor Robison,* — in *Transactions* of Royal Society of Edinburgh, vii. 495 et seq.

them)!" said he, by way of keeping his people in heart. And marches up, beautifully skilful, neglecting none of his advantages. Has numerous Canadian sharpshooters, preliminary Indians in the bushes, with a provoking fire: "Steady!" orders Wolfe; "from you not one shot till they are within thirty yards." And Montcalm, volleying and advancing, can get no response, more than from Druidic stones; till *at* thirty yards the stones become vocal, — and continue so at a dreadful rate; and, in a space of seventeen minutes, have blown Montcalm's regulars, and the gallant Montcalm himself, and their second in command, and their third, into ruin and destruction. In about seven minutes more the agony was done; "English falling on with the bayonet, Highlanders with the claymore;" fierce pursuit, rout total: — and Quebec and Canada as good as finished. The thing is yet well known to every Englishman;[1] and how Wolfe himself died in it, his beautiful death.

Truly a bit of right soldierhood, this Wolfe. Manages his small resources in a consummate manner; invents, contrives, attempts and re-attempts, irrepressible by difficulty or discouragement. How could a Friedrich himself have managed this Quebec in a more artistic way? The small Battle itself, 5,000 to a side, and such odds of Savagery and Canadians, reminds you of one of Friedrich's: wise arrangements; exact foresight, preparation corresponding; caution with audacity; inflexible discipline, silent till its time come, and then blazing out as we see. The prettiest soldiering I have heard of among the English for several generations. Amherst, Commander-in-chief, is diligently noosing, and tying up, the French military settlements, Niagara, Ticonderoga; Canada all round: but this is the heart or windpipe of it; keep this firm, and, in the circumstances, Canada is yours.

[1] The military details of it seem to be very ill known (witness Colonel Beatson's otherwise rather careful Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*, written quite lately, which we are soon to cite farther); and they would well deserve describing in the *Seyfarth-Beylagen*, or even in the *Tempelhof* way, — could an English Officer, on the spot as this Colonel was, be found to do it! — Details are in Beatson (quite another "Beatson"), *Naval and Military History*, ii. 300–308; in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, the Despatches and particulars: see also Walpole, *George the Second*, iii. 217–222.

Colonel Beatson, in his recent Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*, — which, especially on the military side, is distressingly ignorant and shallow, though *not* intentionally incorrect anywhere, — gives Extracts from a Letter of Montcalm's ("Quebec, 24th August, 1759"), which is highly worth reading, had we room. It predicts to a hair's-breadth, not only the way "M. Wolfe, if he understands his trade, will take to beat and ruin me if we meet in fight;" but also, — with a sagacity singular to look at, in the years 1775–1777, and perhaps still more in the years 1860–1863, — what will be the consequences to those unruly English, Colonial and other. "If he beat me here, France has lost America utterly," thinks Montcalm: "Yes; — and one's only consolation is, In ten years farther, America will be in revolt against England!" Montcalm's style of writing is not exemplary; but his power of faithful observation, his sagacity, and talent of prophecy are so considerable, we are tempted to give the *ipsissima verba* of his long Letter in regard to those two points, — the rather as it seems to have fallen much out of sight in our day: —

Montcalm to a Cousin in France.

"CAMP BEFORE QUEBEC, 24th August, 1759.

"MONSIEUR ET CHER COUSIN, — Here I am, for more than three months past, at handgrips with M. Wolfe; who ceases not day or night to bombard Quebec, with a fury which is almost unexampled in the Siege of a Place one intends to retain after taking it." . . . Will never take it in that way, however, by attacking from the River or south shore; only ruins us, but does not enrich himself. Not an inch nearer his object than he was three months ago; and in one month more the equinoctial storms will blow his Fleet and him away. — Quebec, then, and the preservation of the Colony, you think, must be as good as safe? "Alas, the fact is far otherwise. The capture of Quebec depends on what we call a stroke-of-hand — [But let us take to the Original now, for Prediction First]: —

"La prise de Quebec dépend d'un coup de main. Les Anglais sont maîtres de la rivière: ils n'ont qu'à effectuer une descente

sur la rive où cette Ville, sans fortifications et sans défense, est située. Les voilà en état de me présenter la bataille; que je ne pourrais plus refuser, et que je ne devrais pas gagner. M. Wolfe, en effet, s'il entend son métier, n'a qu'à essuyer le premier feu, venir ensuite à grands pas sur mon armée, faire à bout portant sa décharge; mes Canadiens, sans discipline, sourds à la voix du tambour et des instrumens militaires, dérangés par cette escarre, ne sauront plus reprendre leurs rangs. Ils sont d'ailleurs sans baionettes pour répondre à celles de l'ennemi: il ne leur reste qu'à fuir, — et me voilà battu sans ressource. [This is a curiously exact Prediction! I won't survive, however; defeat here, in this stage of our affairs, means loss of America altogether:] il est des situations où il ne reste plus à un Général que de périr avec honneur. . . . Mes sentimens sont français, et ils le seront jusque dans le tombeau, si dans le tombeau on est encore quelque chose.

"Je me consolerai du moins de ma défaite, et de la perte de la Colonie, par l'intime persuasion où je suis [Prediction Second, which is still more curious], que cette défaite vaudra, un jour, à ma Patrie plus qu'une victoire; et que le vainqueur, en s'agrandissant, trouvera un tombeau dans son agrandissement même.

"Ce que j'avance ici, mon cher Cousin, vous paraîtra un paradoxe: mais un moment de réflexion politique, un coup d'œil sur la situation des choses en Amérique, et la vérité de mon opinion brillera dans tout son jour. [Nobody will obey, unless necessity compel him: *voilà les hommes; gêne* of any kind a nuisance to them; and of all men in the world *les Anglais* are the most impatient of obeying anybody.] Mais si ce sont-là les Anglais de l'Europe, c'est encore plus les Anglais d'Amérique. Une grande partie de ces Colons sont les enfans de ces hommes qui s'expatrièrent dans ces temps de trouble où l'ancienne Angleterre, en proie aux divisions, était attaquée dans ses privilèges et droits; et allèrent chercher en Amérique une terre où ils pûssent vivre et mourir libres et presque indépendants: — et ces enfans n'ont pas dégénéré des sentimens républicains de leurs pères. D'autres sont des

hommes ennemis de tout frein, de tout assujétissement, que le gouvernement y a transportés pour leurs crimes. D'autres, enfin, sont un ramas de différentes nations de l'Europe, qui tiennent très-peu à l'ancienne Angleterre par le cœur et le sentiment; tous, en général, ne ce soucient guères du Roi ni du Parlement d'Angleterre.

"Je les connais bien, — non sur des rapports étrangers, mais sur des correspondances et des informations secrètes, que j'ai moi-même menagées; et dont, un jour, si Dieu me prête vie, je pourrai faire usage à l'avantage de ma Patrie. Pour surcroît de bonheur pour eux, tous ces Colons sont parvenues, dans un état très-florissant; ils sont nombreux et riches: — ils recueillent dans le sein de leur patrie toutes les nécessités de la vie. L'ancienne Angleterre a été assez sotte, et assez dupe, pour leur laisser établir chez eux les arts, les métiers, les manufactures: — c'est à dire, qu'elle leur a laissé briser la chaine de besoins qui les liait, qui les attachait à elle, et qui les fait dépendants. Aussi toutes ces Colonies Anglaises auraient-elles depuis longtemps secoué le joug, chaque province aurait formé une petite république indépendante, si la crainte de voir les Français à leur porte n'avait été un frein qui les avait retenu. Maîtres pour maîtres, ils ont préféré leurs compatriotes aux étrangers; prenant cependant pour maxime de n'obéir que le moins qu'ils pourraient. Mais que le Canada vînt à être conquis, et que les Canadiens et ces Colons ne fussent plus qu'une seul peuple, — et la première occasion où l'ancienne Angleterre semblerait toucher à leurs intérêts, croyez-vous, mon cher Cousin, que ces Colons obéiront? Et qu'auraient-ils à craindre en se révoltant? . . . Je suis si sûr de ce que j'écris, que je ne donnerais pas dix ans après la conquête du Canada pour en voir l'accomplissement.

"Voilà ce que, comme Français, me console aujourd'hui du danger imminent, que court ma Patrie, de voir cette Colonie perdue pour elle."[1]

[1] In Beatson, Lieutenant-Colonel R.E., *The Plains of Abraham; Notes original and selected* (Gibraltar, Garrison Library Press, 1858), pp. 38 et seq.: Extract from "*Lettres de M. le Marquis de Montcalm à MM. De Berryer et De la Molé:* 1757-1759 (Londres, 1777)," — which is not in the British-Museum

Montcalm had been in the Belleisle *Retreat from Prag* (December, 1742); in the terrible *Exilles* Business (July, 1747), where the Chevalier de Belleisle and 4 or 5,000 lost their lives in about an hour. Captain Cook was at Quebec, Master in the Royal Navy; "sounding the River, and putting down buoys." Bougainville, another famous Navigator, was Aide-de-Camp of Montcalm. There have been far-sounding Epics built together on less basis than lies ready here, in this *Capture of Quebec;* — which itself, as the Decision that America is to be English and not French, is surely an Epoch in World-History! Montcalm was 48 when he perished; Wolfe 33. Montcalm's skull is in the Ursulines Convent at Quebec, — shown to the idly curious to this day.[1]

It was on October 17th, — while Friedrich lay at Sophienthal, lamed of gout, and Soltikof had privately fixed for home (went that day week), — that this glorious bit of news reached England. It was only three days after that other, bad and almost hopeless news, from the same quarter; news of poor

Library, on applying; and seems to be a forgotten Book. (*Note of First Edition*, 1865.)

"A Copy is in the *Boston Athenæum Library*, New-England: it is a Pamphlet rather than a Book; contains Two Letters to Berryer *Ministre de la Marine*, besides this to Molé the Cousin: Publisher is the noted J. Almon, — in French and English." (From *Boston Sunday Courier*, of 19th April, 1868, where this Letter is reproduced.)

In the Temple Library, London, I have since found a Copy: and, on strict survey, am obliged to pronounce the whole Pamphlet *a Forgery*, — especially the Two Letters to "Berryer *Minister of Marine;*" who was not yet Minister of anything, nor thought of as likely to be, for many months after the date of these Letters addressed to him as such! Internal evidence too, were such at all wanted, is abundant in these *Berryer* Letters; which are of gross and almost stupid structure in comparison to the *Molé* one. As this latter has already got into various Books, and been argued of in Parliaments and high places (Lord Shelburne asserting it to be spurious, Lord Mansfield to be genuine: *Report of Parliamentary Debates* in *Gentleman's Magazine* for *November* and for *December*, 1777, pp. 515, 560), — it may be allowed to continue here in the *condemned* state. Forger, probably, some Ex-Canadian, or other American *Royalist*, anxious to do the Insurgent Party and their British Apologists an ill turn, in that critical year; — had shot off his Pamphlet to voracious Almon; who prints without preface or criticism, and even without correcting the press. (*Note of July*, 1868.)

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Beatson, pp. 28, 15.

Wolfe's Repulse, on the other or eastern side of Quebec, July 31st, known to us already, not known in England till October 14th. Heightened by such contrast, the news filled all men with a strange mixture of emotions. "The incidents of Dramatic Fiction," says one who was sharer in it, "could not have been conducted with more address to lead an audience from despondency to sudden exultation, than Accident had here prepared to excite the passions of a whole People. They despaired; they triumphed; and they wept, — for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, grief, curiosity, astonishment, were painted in every countenance: the more they inquired, the higher their admiration rose. Not an incident but was heroic and affecting."[1] America ours; but the noble Wolfe now not!

What Pitt himself said of these things, we do not much hear. On the meeting of his Parliament, about a month hence, his Speech, somebody having risen to congratulate and eulogize him, is still recognizably of royal quality, if we evoke it from the Walpole Notes. Very modest, very noble, true; and with fine pieties and magnanimities delicately audible in it: "Not a week all Summer but has been a crisis, in which I have not known whether I should not be torn to pieces, instead of being commended, as now by the Honorable Member. The hand of Divine Providence; the more a man is versed in business, the more he everywhere traces that! . . . Success has given us unanimity, not unanimity success. For my own poor share, I could not have dared as I have done, except in these times. Other Ministers have hoped as well, but have not been so circumstanced to dare so much. . . . I think the stone almost rolled to the top of the hill; but let us have a care; it may rebound, and hideously drag us down with it again."[2]

The essential truth, moreover, is, Pitt has become King of England; so lucky has poor England, in its hour of crisis, again been. And the difference between an England guided by some kind of Friedrich (temporary Friedrich, absolute, though of insecure tenure), and by a Newcastle and the Clack

[1] Walpole, iii. 219. [2] Ib. iii. 225; Thackeray, i. 446.

of Tongues, is very great! But for Pitt, there had been no Wolfe, no Amherst; Duke Ferdinand had been the Royal Highness of Cumberland, — and all things going round him in St. Vitus, at their old rate. This man is a King, for the time being, — King really of the Friedrich type; — and rules, Friedrich himself not more despotically, where need is. Pitt's War-Offices, Admiralties, were not of themselves quick-going entities; but Pitt made them go. Slow-paced Lords in Office have remonstrated, on more than one occasion: "Impossible, Sir; these things cannot be got ready at the time you order!" "My Lord, they indispensably must," Pitt would answer (a man always reverent of coming facts, knowing how inexorable they are); and if the Negative continued obstinate in argument, he has been known to add: "My Lord, to the King's service, it is a fixed necessity of time. Unless the time is kept, I will impeach your Lordship!" Your Lordship's head will come to lie at your Lordship's feet! Figure a poor Duke of Newcastle, listening to such a thing; — and knowing that Pitt will do it; and that he can, such is his favor with universal England; — and trembling and obeying. War-requisites for land and for sea are got ready with a Prussian punctuality, — at what multiple of the Prussian expense, is a smaller question for Pitt.

It is about eighteen months ago that Pownal, Governor of New England, a kind of half-military person, not without sound sense, though sadly intricate of utterance, — of whom Pitt, just entering on Office, has, I suppose, asked an opinion on America, as men do of Learned Counsel on an impending Lawsuit of magnitude, — had answered, in his long-winded, intertwisted, nearly inextricable way, to the effect, "Sir, I incline to fear, on the whole, that the Action will *not* lie, — that, on the whole, the French will eat America from us in spite of our teeth."[1] January 15th, 1758, that is the Pownal Opinion-of-Counsel; — and on September 13th, 1759, this is what we have practically come to. And on September 7th, 1760, within

[1] In *Thackeray*, ii. 421–452, Pownal's intricate *Report* (his "*Discourse*," or whatever he calls it, "*on the Defence of the Inland Frontiers*," his &c. &c.), of date "15th January, 1758."

twelve months more, — Amherst, descending the Rapids from Ticonderoga side, and two other little Armies, ascending from Quebec and Louisburg, to meet him at Montreal, have proved punctual almost to an hour; and are in condition to extinguish, by triple pressure (or what we call noosing), the French Governor-General in Montreal, a Monsieur de Vaudreuil, and his Montreal and his Canada altogether; and send the French bodily home out of those Continents.[1] Which may dispense us from speaking farther on the subject.

From the Madras region, too, from India and outrageous Lally, the news are good. Early in Spring last, poor Lally, — a man of endless talent and courage, but of dreadfully emphatic loose tongue, in fact of a blazing ungoverned Irish turn of mind, — had instantly, on sight of some small Succors from Pitt, to raise his siege of Madras, retire to Pondicherry; and, in fact, go plunging and tumbling downhill, he and his India with him, at an ever-faster rate, till they also had got to the Abyss. "My policy is in these five words, *No Englishman in this Peninsula*," wrote he, a year ago, on landing in India; and now it is to be No *Frenchman*, and there is one word in the five to be altered! — Of poor Lally, zealous and furious overmuch, and nearly the most unfortunate and worst-used "man of genius" I ever read of, whose lion-like struggles against French Official people, and against Pitt's Captains and their sea-fights and siegings, would deserve a volume to themselves, we have said, and can here say, as good as nothing, — except that they all ended, for Lally and French India, in total surrender, 16th January, 1761; and that Lally, some years afterwards, for toils undergone and for services done, got, when accounts came to be liquidated, death on the scaffold. Dates I give below.[2] "Gained Fontenoy for us," said many persons;

[1] Capitulation between Amherst and Vaudreuil ("Montreal, 8th September, 1760"), in 55 Articles: in *Beatson*, iii. 274–283.

[2] 28th April, 1758, Lands at Pondicherry; instantly proceeds upon Fort St. David. 2d June, 1758, Takes it: meant to have gone now on Madras; but finds he has no money; — goes extorting money from Black Potentates about, Rajah of Travancore, &c., in a violent and extraordinary style; and can get little. Nevertheless, 14th December, 1758, Lays Siege to Madras.

16th February, 1759, Is obliged to quit trenches at Madras, and retire dis-

— undoubtedly gained various things for us, fought for us Berserkir-like on all occasions; hoped, in the end, to be Maréchal de France, and undertook a Championship of India, which issues in this way! America and India, it is written, are both to be Pitt's. Let both, if possible, remain silent to us henceforth.

As to the Invasion-of-England Scheme, Pitt says he does not expect the French will invade us; but if they do, he is ready.[1]

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH REAPPEARS ON THE FIELD, AND IN SEVEN DAYS AFTER COMES THE CATASTROPHE OF MAXEN.

November 6th–8th, Daun had gone to Meissen Country: fairly ebbing homeward; Henri following, with Hülsen joined, — not vehemently attacking the rhinoceros, but judiciously pricking him forward. Daun goes at his slowest step: in many divisions, covering a wide circuit; sticking to all the strong posts, till his own time for quitting them: slow, sullenly cautious; like a man descending dangerous precipices back foremost, and will not be hurried. So it had lasted about a week; Daun for the last four days sitting restive, obstinate, but Henri pricking into him more and more, till the rhinoceros

mally upon Pondicherry, — to mere indigence, mutiny ("ten mutinies"), Official conspiracy, and chaos come again.

22d January, 1760, Makes outrush on Wandewash, and the English posted there; is beaten, driven back into Pondicherry. April, 1760, Is besieged in Pondicherry. 16th January, 1761, Is taken, Pondicherry, French India and he; — to Madras he, lest the French Official party kill him, as they attempt to do.

23d September, 1761, arrives, prisoner, in England; thence, on parole, to France and Paris, 21st October. November, 1762, To Bastille; waits trial nineteen months; trial lasts two years. 6th May, 1766, To be *beheaded*, — 9th May *was*. See *Beatson*, ii. 369–372, 96–110, &c.; Voltaire (*Fragments sur l'Inde*), in *Œuvres*, xxix. 183–253; *Biographie Universelle*, § Lally.

[1] Speech, 4th November, supra.

seemed actually about lifting himself, — when Friedrich in person arrived in his Brother's Camp.[1]

At the Schloss of Herschstein, a mile or two behind Lommatsch, which is Henri's head-quarter (still to westward of Meissen; Daun hanging on, seven or eight miles to southeastward ahead; loath to go, but actually obliged), — it was there, Tuesday, November 13th, that the King met his Brother again. A King free of his gout; in joyful spirits; and high of humor, — like a man risen indignant, once more got to his feet, after three months' oppressions and miseries from the unworthy. "Too high," mourns Retzow, in a gloomy tone, as others do in perhaps a more indulgent one. Beyond doubt, Friedrich's farther procedures in this grave and weighty Daun business were more or less imprudent; of a too rapid and rash nature; and turned out bitterly unlucky to him. "Had he left the management to Henri!" sighed everybody, after the unlucky event.

Friedrich had not arrived above four-and-twenty hours, when news came in: "The Austrians in movement again; actually rolling off Dresden-ward again." "Haha, do they smell me already!" laughed he: "Well, I will send Daun to the Devil," — not adding, "if I can." And instantly ordered sharp pursuit, — and sheer stabbing with the ox-goad, not soft and delicate pricking, as Henri's lately.[2] Friedrich, in fact, was in a fiery condition against Daun: "You trampled on me, you heavy buffalo, these three months; but that is over now!" — and took personally the vanguard in this pursuit. And had a bit of hot fighting in the Village of Korbitz (scene of that Finck-Haddick "Action," 21st September last, and of poor Haddick's ruin, and retirement to the Waters); — where the Austrians now prove very fierce and obstinate; and will not go, till well slashed into, and torn out by sheer beating: — which was visibly a kind of comfort to the King's humor. "Our Prussians do still fight, then, much as formerly! And it was all a hideous Nightmare, all that, and Daylight and Fact are come, and Friedrich is himself again!"

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 301–305.

[2] Retzow, ii. 168; Tempelhof, iii. 306.

They say Prince Henri took the liberty of counselling him, even of entreating him: "Leave well alone; why run risks?" said Henri. Daun, it was pretty apparent, had no outlook at the present but that of sauntering home to Böhmen; leaving Dresden to be an easy prey again, and his whole Campaign to fall futile, as the last had. Under Henri's gentle driving he would have gone slower; but how salutary, if he only went! These were Henri's views: but Friedrich was not in the slow humor; impatient to be in Dresden; "will be quartered there in a week," writes he, "and more at leisure than now."[1] He is thinking of Leuthen, of Rossbach, of Campaign 1757, so gloriously restored after ruin; and, in the fire of his soul, is hoping to do something similar a second time. That is Retzow's notion: who knows but there may be truth in it? A proud Friedrich, got on his feet again after such usage; — nay, who knows whether it was quite so unwise to be impressive on the slow rhinoceros, and try to fix some thorn in his snout, or say (figuratively), to hobble his hind-feet; which, I am told, would have been beautifully ruinous; and, though riskish, was not impossible?[2] Ill it indisputably turned out; and we have, with brevity, to say how, and leave readers to their judgment of it.

It was in the Village of Krögis, about six miles forward, on the Meissen-Freyberg road, a mile or two on from Korbitz, and directly after the fierce little tussle in that Village, — that Friedrich, his blood still up, gave the Order for Maxen, which proved so unlucky to him. Wunsch had been shot off in pursuit of the beaten Austrians; but they ran too fast; and Wunsch came back without farther result, still early in the day. Back as far as Krögis, where the next head-quarter is to be; — and finds the King still in a fulminant condition; none the milder, it is likely, by Wunsch's returning without result. "Go straight to General Finck; bid him march at once!" orders the King; and rapidly gives Wunsch the

[1] "Wilsdruf, 17th November, 1759," and still more "19th November," Friedrich to Voltaire, in high spirits that way (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 66).

[2] Tempelhof, iii. 317, &c.

Instructions Finck is to follow. Finck and his Corps are near Nossen, some ten miles ahead of Krögis, some twenty west from Dresden. There, since yesterday, stands Finck, infesting the left or western flank of the Austrians, — what was their left, and will be again, when they call halt and face round on us: — Let Finck now march at once, quite round that western flank; by Freyberg, Dippoldiswalde, thence east to Maxen; plant himself at Maxen (a dozen miles south of Dresden, among the rocky hills), and stick diligently in the rear of those Austrians, cutting off, or threatening to cut off, their communications with Bohemia, and block the Pirna Country for them.

Friedrich calculates that, if Daun is for retreating by Pirna Country, this will, at lowest, be a method to quicken him in that movement; or perhaps it may prove a method to cut off such retreat altogether, and force Daun to go circling by the Lausitz Hills and Wildernesses, exposed to tribulations which may go nigh to ruin him. That is Friedrich's proud thought: "an unfortunate Campaign; winding up, nevertheless, as 1757 did, in blazes of success!" And truly, if Friedrich could have made himself into Two; and, while flashing and charging in Daun's front, have been in command at Maxen in Daun's rear, — Friedrich could have made a pretty thing of this Maxen Enterprise; and might in good part have realized his proud program. But there is no getting two Friedrichs. Finck, a General of approved quality, he is the nearest approach we can make to a second Friedrich; — and he, ill-luck too superadding itself, proves tragically inadequate. And sets all the world, and Opposition Retzow, exclaiming, "See: Pride goes before a fall!" —

At 3 in the afternoon, Friedrich, intensely surveying from the heights of Krögis the new Austrian movements and positions, is astonished, not agreeably ("What, still only here, Herr General!"), by a personal visit from Finck. Finck finds the Maxen business intricate, precarious; wishes farther instructions, brings forward this objection and that. Friedrich at last answers, impatiently: "You know I can't stand making of difficulties (*Er weiss dass ich die Difficultäten nicht*

leiden kann ; mache dass Er fort kommt) ; contrive to get it done ! " With which poor comfort Finck has to ride back to Nossen ; and scheme out his dispositions overnight.

Next morning, Thursday, 15th, Finck gets on march ; drives the Reichsfolk out of Freyberg ; reaches Dippoldiswalde : — " Freyberg is to be my Magazine," considers Finck ; " Dippoldiswalde my half-way house ; Four Battalions of my poor Eighteen shall stand there, and secure the meal-carts." Friday, 16th, Finck has his Vanguard, Wunsch leading it, in possession of Maxen and the Heights ; and on Saturday gets there himself, with all his people and equipments. I should think about 12,000 men : in a most intersected, intertwisted Hill Country ; full of gullets, dells and winding brooks ; — it is forecourt of the Pirna rocks, our celebrated Camp of Gahmig lies visible to north, Dohna and the Rothwasser bounding us to east ; — in grim November weather, some snow falling, or snow-powder, alternating with sleet and glazing frosts : by no means a beautiful enterprise to Finck. Nor one of his own choosing, had one a choice in such cases.

To Daun nothing could be more unwelcome than this news of Finck, embattled there at Maxen in the inextricable Hill Country, direct on the road of Daun's meal-carts and Bohemian communications. And truly withal, — what Daun does not yet hear, but can guess, — there is gone, in supplement or as auxiliary to Finck, a fierce Hussar party, under *Grüne* Kleist, their fiercest Hussar since Mayer died ; who this very day, at Aussig, burns Daun's first considerable Magazine ; and has others in view for the same fate.[1] An evident thing to Daun, that Finck being there, meal has ceased.

On the instant, Daun falls back on Dresden ; Saturday, 17th, takes post in the Dell of Plauen (*Plauen'sche Grund*) ; an impassable Chasm, with sheer steeps on both sides, stretching southward from Dresden in front of the Hill Country : thither Daun marches, there to consider what is to be done with Finck. Amply safe this position is ; none better in the world : a Village, Plauen, and a Brook, Weistritz, in the bottom of this

[1] Friedrich's second Letter to Voltaire, Wilsdruf, " 19th November, 1759."

exquisite Chasm; sheer rock-walls on each side, — high especially on the Daun, or south side; — head-quarters can be in Dresden itself; room for your cavalry on the plain ground between Dresden and the Chasm. A post both safe and comfortable; only you must not loiter in making up your mind as to Finck; for Friedrich has followed on the instant. Friedrich's head-quarter is already Wilsdruf, which an hour or two ago was Daun's: at Kesselsdorf vigilant Ziethen is vanguard. So that Friedrich looks over on you from the northern brow of your Chasm; delays are not good near such a neighbor.

Daun — urged on by Lacy, they say — is not long in deciding that, in this strait, the short way out will be to attack Finck in the Hills. Daun is in the Hills, as well as Finck (this Plauen Chasm is the boundary-ditch of the Hills): Daun with 27,000 horse and foot, moving on from this western part; 3,000 light people (one Sincere the leader of them) moving simultaneously from Dresden itself, that is, from northward or northwestward; 12,000 Reichsfolk, horse and foot, part of them already to southeastward of Finck, other part stealing on by the Elbe bank thitherward: here, from three different points of the compass, are 42,000. These simultaneously dashing in, from west, north, south, upon Finck, may surely give account of his 12,000 and him! If only we can keep Friedrich dark upon it; which surely our Pandours will contrive to do.

Finck, directly on arriving at Maxen, had reported himself to the King; and got answer before next morning: "Very well; but draw in those Four Battalions you have left in Dippoldiswalde; hit with the whole of your strength, when a chance offers." Which order Finck, literally and not too willingly, obeys; leaves only some light remnant in Dippoldiswalde, and reinforcement to linger within reach, till a certain Bread-convoy come to him, which will be due next morning (Monday, 19th); and which does then safely get home, though under annoyances from cannonading in the distance.

Sunday, 18*th*, Finck fails not to reconnoitre from the highest Hill-top; to inquire by every method: he finds, for certain,

that the enemy are coming in upon him. With his own eyes he sees Reichsfolk marching, in quantity, southeastward by the Elbe shore: "Intending towards Dohna, as is like?" — and despatched Wunsch, who, accordingly, drove them out of Dohna. Of all this Finck, at once, sent word to Friedrich. Who probably enough received the message; but who would get no new knowledge from it, — vigilant Ziethen having, by Austrian deserters and otherwise, discovered this of the Reichsfolk; and furthermore that Sincere with 3,000 was in motion, from the north, upon Finck. Sunday evening, Friedrich despatches Ziethen's Report; which punctually came to Finck's hand; but was the last thing he received from Friedrich, or Friedrich from him. The intervening Pandours picked up all the rest. The Ziethen *Report*, of two or three lines, most succinct but sufficient, like a cutting of hard iron, is to be read in many Books: we may as well give the Letter and it: —

Friedrich's Letter (*Wilsdruf, 18th November*, 1759). "My dear General-Lieutenant von Finck, — I send you the enclosed *Report* from General Ziethen, showing what is the lie of matters as seen from this side; and leave the whole to your disposition and necessary measures. I am your well-affectioned King, — F." The Enclosure is as follows: —

General Ziethen's Report (*Kesselsdorf, 18th November*, 1759). "To your Royal Majesty, send [no pronoun "I" allowed] herewith a Corporal, who has deserted from the Austrians. He says, Sincere with the Reserve did march with the Reichs Army; but a league behind it, and turned towards Dippoldiswalde. General Brentano [Wehla's old comrade, luckier than Wehla], as this Deserter heard last night in Daun's headquarter, — which is in the southern Suburb of Dresden, in the Countess Moschinska's Garden, — was yesterday to have been in Döhlen [looking into our outposts from the hither side of their Plauen Dell], but was not there any longer," as our Deserter passed, "and it was said that he had gone to Maxen at three in the afternoon." [1]

Thus curtly is Finck authorized to judge for himself in the new circumstances. Marginally is added, in Friedrich's own

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 309.

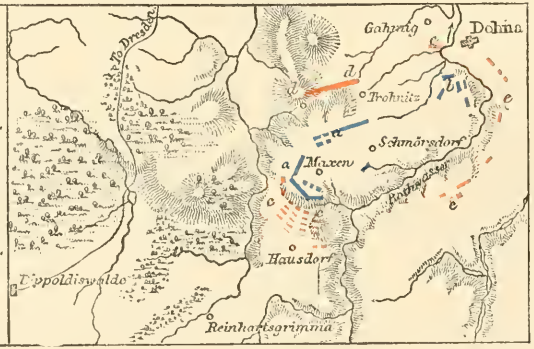
14 30°
30 52
Reitwein
Göritz
Oetscher
Lebus
Wullow
Trettin
Bischofsee
Lebus Vor.
FRANKFURT
Damm-Vor.
Elsbruch
Kunersdorf
Ku. Sp.
To Peppen

BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF.
12TH AUGUST 1759.

a. a. a. Russian Army *b. b. Austrians under Loudon.*
c. c. Russian Abattis. *d. Russian Wagenburg.*
e. e. Position of Prussian Army Evening of 11th. *f. f. Vanguard, under Fink.*
g. Prussian heavy Baggage.
h. Attack of Prussian Grenadiers. *i. i. Prussian main Army.*
k. k. Fink's line of Attack.

BATTLE OF MAXEN
20TH NOVEMBER 1759.

a. a. Prussian Army.
b. Prussian Detatchment, under Wunsch.
c. c. Austrian Attack, under Daun.
d. d. Attack of Brentano, and Sincero.
e. e. e. e. Reichs Army.



Vincent Brooks Day & Son Lith.

hand: "*Er wird entweder mit den Reichern oder mit Sinceren einen Gang haben,* — Either with the Reichers or with Sincere you will have a bout, I suppose."

Finck, from his own Hill-top, on Sunday and Monday, sees all this of Ziethen, and much more. Sees the vanguard of Daun himself approaching Dippoldiswalde, cannonading his meal-carts as they issue there; on all sides his enemies encompassing him like bees; — and has a sphinx-riddle on his mind, such as soldier seldom had. Shall he manœuvre himself out, and march away, bread-carts, baggages and all entire? There is still time, and perfect possibility, by Dippoldiswalde there, or by other routes and methods. But again, did not his Majesty expect, do not these words "a bout" still seem to expect, a bit of fighting with somebody or other? Finck was an able soldier, and his skill and courage well known; but probably another kind of courage was wanted this day, of which Finck had not enough. Finck was not king of this matter; Finck was under a King who perhaps misjudged the matter. If Finck saw no method of doing other than hurt and bad service to his King by staying here, Finck should have had the courage to come away, and front the King's unreasonable anger, expecting redress one day, or never any redress. That was Finck's duty: but everybody sees how hard it was for flesh and blood.

Finck, truer to the letter than to the spirit, determined to remain. Did, all that Monday, his best to prepare himself; called in his outposts ("Was not I ordered?" thinks Finck, too literally); and sees his multitudes of enemies settle round him; — Daun alone has 27,000 men, who take camp at Dippoldiswalde; and in sum-total they are as 4 to 1 of Finck: — a Finck still resolute of face, though internally his thoughts may be haggard enough. Doubtless he hopes, too, that Friedrich will do something: — unaware that none of his messages reach Friedrich. As for Daun, having seen his people safely encamped here, he returns to Dresden for the night, to see that Friedrich is quiet. Friedrich is quiet enough: Daun, at seven next morning (*Tuesday, 20th*), appeared on the ground

again; and from all sides Finck is assaulted, — from Daun's side nearest and soonest, with Daun's best vigor.

Dippoldiswalde is some seven miles from Maxen. Difficult hill-road all the way: but the steepest, straitest and worst place is at Reinhartsgrimma, the very first Hamlet after you are out of Dippoldiswalde. There is a narrow gullet there, overhung with heights all round. The roads are slippery, glazed with sleet and frost; Cavalry, unroughened, make sad sliding and sprawling; hardly the Infantry are secure on their feet: a terrible business getting masses of artillery-wagons, horse and man, through such a Pass! It is thought, had Finck garnished this Pass of Reinhartsgrimma with the proper batteries, the proper musketries, Daun never would have got through. Finck had not a gun or a man in it: "Had not I order?" said he, — again too literally. As it was, Daun, sliding and sprawling in the narrow steeps, had difficulties almost too great; and, they say, would have given it up, had it not been that a certain Major urged, "Can be done, Excellenz, and shall!" and that the temper of his soldiers was everywhere excellent. Unfortunate Finck had no artillery to bear on Daun's transit through the Pass. Nothing but some weak body of hussars and infantry stood looking into it, from the Hill of Hausdorf: even these might have given him some slight hindrance; but these were played upon by endless Pandours, "issuing from a wood near by," with musketries, and at length with cannon batteries, one and another; — and had to fall back, or to be called back, to Maxen Hill, where the main force is.

In the course of yesterday, by continual reconnoitring, by Austrian deserters, and intense comparison of symptoms, Finck had completely ascertained where the Enemy's Three Attacks were to be, — "on Maxen, from Dippoldiswalde, Trohnitz, Dohna, simultaneously three attacks," it appears; — and had with all his skill arranged himself on the Maxen summits to meet these. He stands now elaborately divided into Three groups against those Three simultaneities; forming (sadly wide apart, one would say, for such a force as Finck's) a very obtuse-angled triangle: — the obtuse vertex of which (if read-

ers care to look on their Map) is Trohnitz, the road Brentano and Sincere are coming. On the base-angles, Maxen and Dohna, Finck expects Daun and the Reich. From Trohnitz to Maxen is near two miles; from Maxen to Dohna above four. At Dohna stands Wunsch against the Reich; Finck himself at Maxen, expecting Daun, as the pith of the whole affair. In this triangular way stands Finck at the topmost heights of the country, — "Maxen highest, but Hausdorf only a little lower," — and has not thought of disputing the climb upwards. Too literal an eye to his orders: alas, he was not himself king, but only king's deputy!

The result is, about 11 A.M., as I obscurely gather, Daun has conquered the climb; Daun's musketries begin to glitter on the top of Hausdorf; and 26 or 32 heavy cannon open their throats there; and the Three Attacks break loose. Finck's Maxen batteries (scarcely higher than Daun's, and far inferior in weight) respond with all diligence, the poor regimental field-pieces helping what they can. Mutual cannonade, very loud for an hour and half; terrific, but doing little mischief; after which Daun's musketries (the ground now sufficiently clear to Daun), which are the practical thing, begin opening, first from one point, then from another: and there ensues, for five hours coming, at Maxen and at the other two points of Finck's triangle, such a series of explosive chargings, wheelings, worryings and intricate death-wrestlings, as it would provoke every reader to attempt describing to him. Except indeed he were a soldier, bound to know the defence of posts; in which case I could fairly promise him that there are means of understanding the affair, and that he might find benefit in it.[1]

Daun's Grenadiers, and Infantry generally, are in triumphant spirits; confident of victory, as they may reasonably be. Finck's people, too, behave well, some of them conspicuously well, though in gloomier mood; and make stubborn fight, successful here and there, but, as a whole, not capable of succeeding. By 3 in the afternoon, the Austrians have forced the

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 307–317. *Journal und Nachricht von der Gefangennehmung des Finck'schen Corps bey Maxen, im Jahre* 1759 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 637–654).

Maxen Post; they "enter Maxen with great shoutings;" extrude the obstinate Prussian remnants; and, before long, have the poor Village "on fire in every part." Finck retreating northward to Schmörsdorf, towards the obtuse angle of his triangle, if haply there may be help in that quarter for him. Daun does not push him much; has Maxen safely burning in every part.

From Schmörsdorf Finck pushes out a Cavalry charge on Brentano. "Could we but repulse Brentano yonder," thinks he, "I might have those Four Battalions to hand, and try again!" But Brentano makes such cannonading, the Cavalry swerve to a Hollow on their right; then find they have not ground, and retire quite fruitless. Finck's Cavalry, and the Cavalry generally, with their horses all sliding on the frosty mountain-gnarls, appear to be good for little this day. Brentano, victorious over the Cavalry, comes on with such storm, he sweeps through the obtuse angle, home upon Finck; and sweeps him out of Schmörsdorf Village to Schmörsdorf Hill, there to take refuge, as the night sinks, — and to see himself, if his wild heart will permit him to be candid, a ruined man. Of the Three Attacks, Two have completely succeeded on him; only Wunsch, at Dohna, stands victorious; he has held back the Reich all day, and even chased it home to its posts on the Rothwasser (*Red Water*), multitudinous as it was.

Finck's mood, as the November shadows gathered on him, — the equal heart may at least pity poor Finck! His resolution is fixed: "Cut ourselves through, this night: Dohna is ours: other side that Red Water there are roads; — perish or get through!" And the Generals (who are rallied now "on the Heights of Falkenhain and Bloschwitz," midway between Maxen and Dohna) get that Order from him. And proceed to arrange for executing it, — though with outlook more and more desperate, as their scouts report that every pass and post on the Red Water is beset by Reichsfolk. "Wunsch, with the Cavalry, he at least may thread his way out, under cloud of night, by the opposite or Daun side," calculates Finck. And Wunsch sets out accordingly: a very question-

able, winding, subterranean march; difficult in the extreme, — the wearied *slip*shod horses going at a snail's pace; and, in the difficult passes, needing to be dragged through with bridle, and even to be left altogether: — in which, withal, it will prove of no use for Wunsch to succeed! Finck's Generals, endeavoring to rank and rearrange through the night, find that their very cartridges are nearly spent, and that of men, such wounding, such deserting has there been, they have, at this time, by precise count, 2,836 rank and file. Evidently desperate.

At daylight, Daun's cannon beginning again from the Maxen side, Finck sends to capitulate. "Absolute surrender," answers Daun: "prisoners of war, and you shall keep your private baggage. General Wunsch with the Cavalry, he too must turn back and surrender!" Finck pleaded hard, on this last score: "General Wunsch, as head of the Cavalry, is not under me; is himself chief in that department." But it was of no use: Wunsch had to return (not quite got through Daun's Lines, after such a night), and to surrender, like everybody else. Like Eight other Generals; like Wolfersdorf of Torgau, and many a brave Officer and man. Wednesday morning, 21st November, 1759: it is Finck's fourth day on Maxen; his last in the Prussian Service.

That same Wednesday Afternoon there were ranked in the *Grosse Garten* at Dresden, of dejected Prussian Prisoners from Maxen, what exact number was never known: the Austrians said 15,000; but nobody well believed them; their last certain instalment being only, in correct numbers, 2,836. Besides the killed, wounded and already captured, many had deserted, many had glided clear off. It is judged that Friedrich lost, by all these causes, about 12,000 men. Gone wholly, — with their equipments and appurtenances wholly, which are not worth counting in comparison. Finck and the other Generals, 8 of them, and 529 Officers, — Finck, Wunsch, Wolfersdorf, Mosel (of the Olmütz Convoy), not to mention others of known worth, this is itself a sore loss to Friedrich, and in present circumstances an irreparable.[1]

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 576; in *Helden-Geschichte* (v. 1115), the Vienna Account.

The outburst and paroxysm of Gazetteer rumor, which arose in Europe over this, must be left to the imagination; still more the whirlwind of astonishment, grief, remorse and indignation that raged in the heart of Friedrich on first hearing of it. "The Caudine Forks;" "Scene of Pirna over again, in reverse form;" "Is not your King at last over with it?" said and sang multifariously the Gazetteers. As counter-chorus to which, in a certain Royal Heart: "That miserable purblind Finck, unequal to his task;—that overhasty I, who drove him upon it! This disgrace, loss nigh ruinous; in fine, this infernal Campaign (*cette Campagne infernale*)!" The Anecdote-Books abound in details of Friedrich's behavior at Wilsdruf that day; mythical all, or in good part, but symbolizing a case that is conceivable to everybody. Or would readers care to glance into the very fact with their own eyes? As happens to be possible.

1°. *Before Maxen: Friedrich to D'Argens and Others.*

To D'Argens (Krögis, 15th November, order for Maxen just given). "Yesterday I joined the Army [day before yesterday, but took the field yesterday], and Daun decamped. I have followed him thus far, and will continue it to the frontiers of Bohemia. Our measures are so taken [Finck, to wit], that he will not get out of Saxony without considerable losses. Yesterday cost him 500 men taken at Körgis here. Every movement he makes will cost him as many."[1]

To Voltaire (Wilsdruf, 17th November). "We are verging on the end of our Campaign: and I will write to you in eight days from Dresden, with more composure and coherency than now."[2]

To the same (Wilsdruf, 19th November). "The Austrians are packing off to Bohemia,—where, in reprisal for the incendiary operations they have done in my countries, I have burnt them two big magazines. I render the beatified Hero's

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 101. [2] Ib. xxiii. 66.

retreat as difficult as possible; and I hope he will come upon some bad adventures within a few days."[1]

Same day and place, to D'Argens. A volley of most rough-paced off-hand Rhyming, direct from the heart; "*Ode* [as he afterwards terms it, or irrepressible extempore *Lilt*] *to Fortune:*"

"*Marquis, quel changement*, what a change! I, a poor heretic creature, never blessed by the Holy Father; indeed, little frequenting Church, nor serving either Baal or the God of Israel; held down these many months, and reported by more than one shaven scoundrel [priest-pamphleteer at Vienna] to be quite extinct, and gone vagabond over the world, — see how capricious Fortune, after all her hundred preferences of my rivals, lifts me with helpful hand from the deep, and packs this Hero of the Hat and Sword, — whom Popes have blessed what they could, and who has walked in Pilgrimage before now [to Marienzell once, I believe, publicly at Vienna], — out of Saxony; panting, harassed goes he, like a stranger dog from some kitchen where the cook had flogged him out!"[2] . . . (A very exultant Lilt, and with a good deal more of the chanticleer in it than we are used to in this King!)

2°. *After Maxen.*

To D'Argens (Wilsdruf, 22d November). "Do with that [some small piece of business] whatever you like, my dear Marquis. I am so stupefied (*étourdi*) with the misfortune which has befallen General Finck, that I cannot recover from my astonishment. It deranges all my measures; it cuts me to the quick. Ill-luck, which persecutes my old age, has followed me from the Mark [Kunersdorf, in the Mark of Brandenburg] to Saxony. I will still strive what I can. The little *Ode* I sent you, addressed *To Fortune*, had been written too soon! One should not sing victory till the battle is over. I am so crushed down by these incessant reverses and disasters, that I wish a thousand times I were dead; and from day

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 66. [2] Ib. xix. 103-106.

to day I grow wearier of dwelling in a body worn out and condemned to suffer. I am writing to you in the first moment of my grief. Astonishment, sorrow, indignation, scorn, all blended together, lacerate my soul. Let us get to the end, then, of this execrable Campaign; I will then write to you what is to become of me; and we will arrange the rest. Pity me; — and make no noise about me; bad news go fast enough of themselves. Adieu, dear Marquis."[1]

All this, of course, under such pressing call of actualities, had very soon to transform itself into silence; into new resolution, and determinate despatch of business. But the King retained a bitter memory of it all his days. To Finck he was inexorable: — ordered him, the first thing on his return from Austrian Captivity, Trial by Court-Martial; which (Ziethen presiding, June, 1763) censured Finck in various points, and gave him, in supplement to the Austrian detention, a Year's Imprisonment in Spandau. No ray of pity visible for him, then or afterwards, in the Royal mind. So that the poor man had to beg his dismissal; get it, and go to Denmark for new promotion and appreciation. — "Far too severe!" grumbled the Opposition voices, with secret counter-severity. And truly it would have been more beautiful to everybody, for the moment, to have made matters soft to poor Finck, — had Friedrich ever gone on that score with his Generals and Delegates; which, though the reverse of a cruel man, he never did. And truly, as we often observe, the Laws of Fact are still severer than Friedrich was: — so that, in the long-run, perhaps it is beautifulest of all for a King, who is just, to be rhadamanthine in important cases.

Exulting Daun, instead of Bohemia for winter-quarters, pushes out now for the prize of Saxony itself. Daun orders Beck to attack suddenly another Outpost of Friedrich's, which stands rearward of him at Meissen, under a General Dierecke, — the same whom, as Colonel Dierecke, we saw march out of flamy Zittau, summer gone two years. Beck goes in accord-

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 107.

ingly, 3d December; attacks Dierecke, not by surprise, but with overwhelming superiority; no reinforcement possible: Dierecke is on the wrong side of the Elbe, no retreat or reinforcement for him; has to fight fiercely all day, Meissen Bridge being in a broken state; then, at night, to ship his people across in Elbe boats, which are much delayed by the floating ice, so that daylight found 1,500 of them still on that northern side; all of whom, with General Dierecke himself, were made prisoners by Beck.[1] A comfortable supplement to Maxen, though not of the same magnificence.

After which, Daun himself issued minatory from the Plauen Chasm; expecting, as all the world did, that Friedrich, who is 36,000 of Unfortunate against, say, 72,000 of Triumphant, will, under penalty, take himself away. But it proved otherwise. "If you beat us, Excellency Feldmarschall, yes; but till then —!" Friedrich draws out in battalia; Leo in wild ragged state and temper, *versus* Bos in the reverse: "Come on, then!" Rhinoceros Bos, though in a high frame of mind, dare not, on cool survey; but retires behind the Plauen Chasm again. Will at least protect Dresden from recapture; and wait here, in the interim; carting his provision out of Bohemia, — which is a rough business, with Elbe frozen, and the passes in such a choked wintry state. Upon whom Friedrich, too, has to wait under arms, in grim neighborhood, for six weeks to come: such a time as poor young Archenholtz never had before or after.[2] It was well beyond New-year's day before Friedrich could report of himself, and then only in a sense, as will be seen: "We retired to this poor cottage [cottage still standing, in the little Town of Freyberg]; Daun did the like; and this unfortunate Campaign, as all things do, came actually to an end."

Daun holds Dresden and the Dell of Plauen; but Saxony, to the world's amazement, he is as far as ever from holding. "Daun's front is a small arc of a circle, bending round from Dresden to Dippoldiswalde; Friedrich is at Freyberg in a bigger concave arc, concentric to Daun, well overlapping Daun

[1] Tempelhof, iii. 321: "3d–4th December, 1759."

[2] Archenholtz, ii. 11–13.

on that southward or landward side, and ready for him, should he stir out; Kesselsdorf is his nearest post to Daun; and the Plauen Chasm for boundary, which was not overpassed by either." In Dresden, and the patch of hill-country to the southeastward of it by Elbe side, which is instep or glacis of the Pirna rock-country, seventy square miles or so, there rules Daun; and this — with its heights of Gahmig, valuable as a defence for Dresden against Austria, but not otherwise of considerable value — was all that Daun this year, or pretty much in any coming year, could realize of conquest in Saxony.

Fabius Cunctator has not succeeded, as the public expected. In fact, ever since that of Hochkirch and the Papal Hat, he has been a waning man, more and more questionable to the undiscerning public. Maxen was his last gleam upwards; a round of applause rose again on Maxen, feeble in comparison with Hochkirch, but still arguing hope, — which, after this, more and more died out; so that in two years more, poor Madam Daun, going to Imperial Levee, "had her state-carriage half filled with nightcaps, thrown into it by the Vienna people, in token of her husband's great talent for sleep." [1]

CHAPTER VIII.

MISCELLANEA IN WINTER-QUARTERS, 1759–1760.

Friedrich was very loath to quit the field this Winter. In spite of Maxen and ill-luck and the unfavorablest weather, it still was, for about two months, his fixed purpose to recapture Dresden first, and drive Daun home. "Had I but a 12,000 of Auxiliaries to guard my right flank, while trying it!" said he. Ferdinand magnanimously sent him the Hereditary Prince with 12,000, who stayed above two months; [2] and Friedrich

[1] Archenholtz (Anno 1762, "last Siege of Schweidnitz").

[2] "Till February 15th;" List of the Regiments (German all), in *Seyfarth*, ii. 578 n.

did march about, attempting that way,[1] — pushed forward to Maguire and Dippoldiswalde, looked passionately into Maguire on all sides; but found him, in those frozen chasms, and rock-labyrinths choked with snow, plainly unattackable; him and everybody, in such frost-element; — and renounced the passionate hope.

It was not till the middle of January that Friedrich put his troops into partial cantonments, Head-quarter Freyberg; troops still mainly in the Villages from Wilsdruf and southward, close by their old Camp there. Camp still left standing, guarded by Six Battalions; six after six, alternating week about: one of the grimmest camps in Nature; the canvas roofs grown mere ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost: — never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you, while the other was freezing.[2] But Daun's people, on the opposite side of Plauen Dell, did the like; their tents also were left standing in the frozen state, guarded by alternating battalions, no better off than their Prussian neighbors. This of the Tents, and Six frost-bitten Battalions guarding them, lasted till April. An extraordinary obstinacy on the part both of Daun and of Friedrich; alike jealous of even seeming to yield one inch more of ground.

The Hereditary Prince, with his 12,000, marched home again in February; indeed, ever after the going into cantonments, all use of the Prince and his Force here visibly ceased; and, on the whole, no result whatever followed those strenuous antagonisms, and frozen tents left standing for three months; and things remained practically what they were. So that, as the grand "Peace Negotiations" also came to nothing, we might omit this of Winter-quarters altogether; and go forward to the opening of Campaign Fifth; — were it not that characteristic features do otherwise occur in it, curious little unveilings of the secret hopes and industries of

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 32. Old Newspaper rumors: in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 605, "29th December," &c.

[2] Archenholtz (*ut suprà*), ii. 11–15.

Friedrich: — besides which, there have minor private events fallen out, not without interest to human readers. For whose behoof mainly a loose intercalary Chapter may be thrown together here.

Serene Highness of Würtemberg, at Fulda (November 30th, 1759), *is just about "firing Victoria," and giving a Ball to Beauty and Fashion, in Honor of a certain Event; — but is unpleasantly interrupted.*

November 21st, the very day while Finck was capitulating in the Hills of Maxen, Duke Ferdinand, busy ever since his Victory at Minden, did, after a difficult Siege of Münster, Siege by Imhof, with Ferdinand protecting him, get Münster into hand again, which was reckoned a fine success to him. Very busy has the Duke been: industriously reaping the fruits of his Victory at Minden; and this, the conclusive rooting out of the French from that Westphalian region, is a very joyful thing; and puts Ferdinand in hopes of driving them over the Mayn altogether. Which some think he would have done; had not he, with magnanimous oblivion of self and wishes, agreed to send the Hereditary Prince and those 12,000 to assist in Friedrich's affairs, looking upon that as the vital point in these Allied Interests. Friedrich's attempts, we have said, turned out impossible; nor would the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000, though a good deal talked about in England and elsewhere,[1] require more than mention; were it not that on the road thither, at Fulda ("Fulda is half-way house to Saxony," thinks Ferdinand, "should Pitt and Britannic Majesty be pleased to consent, as I dare presume they will"), the Hereditary Prince had, in his swift way, done a thing useful for Ferdinand himself, and which caused a great emotion, chiefly of laughter, over the world, in those weeks.

"No Enemy of Friedrich's," says my Note, "is of fellei humor than the Serenity of Würtemberg, Karl Eugen, Reigning Duke of that unfortunate Country; for whom, in past

[1] Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 248 (in a sour Opposition tone); &c. &c.

days, Friedrich had been so fatherly, and really took such pains. 'Fatherly? *Step*-fatherly, you mean; and for his own vile uses!' growled the Serenity of Würtemberg:— always an ominous streak of gloom in that poor man; streak which is spread now to whole skies of boiling darkness, owing to deliriums there have been! Enough, Karl Eugen, after divorcing his poor Wife, had distinguished himself by a zeal without knowledge, beyond almost all the enemies of Friedrich; — and still continues in that bad line of industry. His poor Wife he has made miserable in some measure; also himself; and, in a degree, his poor soldiers and subjects, who are with him by compulsion in this Enterprise. The Würtembergers are Protestants of old type; and want no fighting against 'the Protestant Hero,' but much the reverse! Serene Karl had to shoot a good few of these poor people, before they would march at all; and his procedures were indeed, and continued to be, of a very crying nature, though his poor Populations took them silently. Always something of perverse in this Serene Highness; has it, I think, by kind.

"Besides his quota to the Reich, Karl Eugen has 12,000 more on foot, — and it is of them we are treating at present. In 1757 he had lent these troops to the Empress Queen, for a consideration; it was they that stood on the Austrian left, at Leuthen; and were the first that got beaten, and had to cease standing, — as the Austrians were abundantly loud in proclaiming. To the disgust of Serene Highness: 'Which of you did stand, then? Was it their blame, led as they were?' argued he. And next year, 1758, after Crefeld, he took his 12,000 to the French ('subsidy,' or consideration, 'to be paid in *salt*,' it appears[1]); with whom they marched about, and did nothing considerable. The Serenity had pleaded, 'I must command them myself!' 'You?' said Belleisle, and would not hear of it. Next year again, however, that is 1759, the Duke was positive, 'I must;' Belleisle not less so, 'You cannot;' — till Minden fell out; and then, in the wreck of Contades, Belleisle had to consent. Serenity of Würtemberg, at that late season, took the field accordingly; and Broglio now

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 10.

has him at Fulda, 'To cut off Ferdinand from Cassel;' to threaten Ferdinand's left flank and his provision-carts in that quarter. May really become unpleasant there to Ferdinand; — and ought to be cut out by the Hereditary Prince. 'To Fulda, then, and cut him out!'

"*Fulda, Friday, 30th November*, 1759. Serene Highness is lying here for a week past; abundantly strong for the task on hand, — has his own 12,000, supplemented by 1,000 French Light Horse; — but is widely scattered withal, posted in a kind of triangular form; his main posts being Fulda itself, and a couple of others, each thirty miles from Fulda, and five miles from one another, — with 'patrols to connect them,' better or worse. Abundantly strong for the task, and in perfect security; and indeed intends this day to 'fire *victoria*' for the Catastrophe at Maxen, and in the evening will give a Ball in farther honor of so salutary an event: — when, about 9 A.M., news arrives at the gallop, 'Brunswickers in full march; are within an hour of the Town-Bridge!' Figure to what flurry of Serene Highness; of the victoria-shooting apparatus; of busy man-milliner people, and the Beauty and Fashion of Fulda in general!

"The night before, a rumor of the French Post being driven in by somebody had reached Serene Highness; who gave some vague order, not thinking it of consequence. Here, however, is the Fact come to hand in a most urgent and undeniable manner! Serene Highness gets on horseback; but what can that help? One cannon (has nothing but light cannon) he does plant on the Bridge; but see, here come premonitory bomb-shells one and another, terrifying to the mind; — and a single Hessian dragoon, plunging forward on the one unready cannon, and in the air making horrid circles, — the gunners leave said cannon to him, take to their heels; and the Bridge is open. The rest of the affair can be imagined. Retreat at our swiftest, 'running fight,' we would fain call it, by various roads; lost two flags, two cannon; prisoners were above 1,200, many of them Officers. 'A merciful Providence saved the Duke's Serene Person from hurt,' say the Stuttgard Gazetteers: which was true, — Serene Highness having been in-

spired to gallop instantly to rearward and landward, leaving an order to somebody, 'Do the best you can!'

"So that the Ball is up; dress-pumps and millineries getting all locked into their drawers again, — with abundance of te-hee-ing (I hope, mostly in a light vein) from the fair creatures disappointed of their dance for this time. Next day Serene Highness drew farther back, and next day again farther, — towards Frankenland and home, as the surest place; — and was no more heard of in those localities."[1]

Making his first exit, not yet quite his final, from the War-Theatre, amid such tempests of haha-ing and te-hee-ing. With what thoughts in his own lofty opaque mind; — like a crowned mule, of such pace and carriage, who had unexpectedly stepped upon galvanic wires! —

As to those poor Würtembergers, and their notion of the "Protestant Hero," I remark farther, that there is a something of real truth in it. Friedrich's Creed, or Theory of the Universe, differed extremely, in many important points, from that of Dr. Martin Luther: but in the vital all-essential point, what we may call the heart's core of all Creeds which are human, human and not simious or diabolic, the King and the Doctor were with their whole heart at one: That it is not allowable, that it is dangerous and abominable, to attempt believing what is not true. In that sense, Friedrich, by nature and position, was a Protestant, and even the chief Protestant in the world. What kind of "Hero," in this big War of his, we are gradually learning; — in which too, if you investigate, there is not wanting something of "*Protestant* Heroism," even in the narrow sense. For it does appear, — Maria Theresa having a real fear of God, and poor Louis a real fear of the Devil, whom he may well feel to be getting dangerous purchase over him, — some hope-gleams of acting upon Schism, and so meriting Heaven, did mingle with their high terrestrial combinations, on this unique opportunity, more than are now supposed in careless History-Books.

[1] Buchholz, ii. 332; Mauvillon, ii. 80; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1184–1193; Old Newspapers, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603.

What is Perpetual President Maupertuis doing, all this While? Is he still in Berlin; or where in the Universe is he? Alas, poor Maupertuis!

In the heat of this Campaign, "July 27th," — some four days after the Battle of Züllichau, just while Friedrich was hurrying off for that Intersection at Sagan, and breathless Hunt of Loudon and Haddick, — poor Maupertuis had quitted this world. July 27th, 1759; at Basel, on the Swiss Borders, in his friend Bernouilli's house, after long months of sickness painfully spent there. And our poor Perpetual President, at rest now from all his Akakia burns, and pains and labors in flattening the Earth and otherwise, is gone.

Many beautifuler men have gone within the Year, of whom we can say nothing. But this is one whose grandly silent, and then occasionally fulminant procedures, Akakia controversies, Olympian solemnities and flamy pirouettings under the contradiction of sinners, we once saw; and think with a kind of human pathos that we shall see no more. From his goose of an adorer, La Beaumelle, I have riddled out the following particulars, chiefly chronological, — and offer them to susceptible readers. La Beaumelle is, in a sort, to be considered the speaker; or La Beaumelle and this Editor in concert.

Final Pilgrimings of the Perpetual President. "Maupertuis had quitted Berlin soon after Voltaire. That threat of visiting Voltaire with pistols, — to be met by 'my syringe and vessel of dishonor' on Voltaire's part, — was his last memorability in Berlin. His last at that time; or indeed altogether, for he saw little of Berlin farther.

"End of April, 1753, he got leave of absence; set out homewards, for recovery of health. Was at Paris through summer and autumn: very taciturn in society; 'preferred pretty women to any man of science;' would sententiously say a strong thing now and then, 'bitter but not without *bonhomie*,' shaking slightly his yellow wig. Disdainful, to how high a degree, of *Akakia* brabbles, and Voltaire gossip for or against! In

winter went to St. Malo; found his good Father gone; but a loving Sister still there.

"June, 1754, the King wrote to him, '*Venez vite*, Come quickly:' July, 1754, he came accordingly,[1] saw Berlin again; did nothing noticeable there, except get worse in health; and after eleven months, June, 1756, withdrew again on leave, — never to return this time, though he well intended otherwise. But at St. Malo, when, after a month or two of Paris, he got thither (Autumn, 1756), and still more, next summer, 1757, when he thought of leaving St. Malo, — what wars, and rumors of war, all over the world!

"June, 1757, he went to Bordeaux, intending to take ship for Hamburg, and return; but the sea was full of English cruisers [Pitt's Descents lying in store for St. Malo itself]. No getting to Berlin by the Hamburg or sea route! 'Never mind, then,' wrote the King: 'Improve your health; go to Italy, if you can.'

"Summer, 1757, Maupertuis made for Italy; got as far as Toulouse; — stayed there till May following; sad, tragically stoical; saying, sparingly, and rather to women than men, strong things, admired by the worthier sort. Renounced thoughts of Italy: 'Europe bleeding, and especially France and Prussia, how go idly touring?'

"May, 1758, Maupertuis left Toulouse: turned towards Berlin; slow, sad, circuitous; — never to arrive. Saw Narbonne, Montpellier, Nîmes; with what meditations! At Lyons, under honors sky-high, health getting worse, stays two months; vomits clots of blood there. Thence, July 24th, to Neufchâtel and the Lord Marischal; happy there for three months. Hears there of Professor König's death (*Akakia* König): 'One scoundrel less in the world,' ejaculated he; 'but what is one!' — October 16th, to the road again, to Basel; stays perforce, in Bernouilli's house there, all Winter; health falling lower and lower.

"April, 1759, one day he has his carriage at the door ('Homeward, at all rates!'): but takes violent spasms in the carriage; can't; can no farther in this world. Lingers here, under kind

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 49.

care, for above three months more: dying slowly, most painfully. With much real stoicism; not without a stiff-jointed algebraic kind of piety, almost pathetic in its sort. 'Two Capuchins from a neighboring Convent daily gave him consolations,' not entirely satisfactory; for daily withal, 'unknown to the Capuchins, he made his Valet, who was a Protestant, read to him from the Geneva Bible;' — and finds many things hard to the human mind. July 27th, 1759, he died."[1]

Poor Maupertuis; a man of rugged stalwart type; honest; of an ardor, an intelligence, not to be forgotten for La Beaumelle's pulings over them. A man of good and even of high talent; unlucky in mistaking it for the highest! His poor Wife, a born Borck, — hastening from Berlin, but again and again delayed by industry of kind friends, and at last driving on in spite of everything, — met, in the last miles, his Hearse and Funeral Company. Adieu, a pitying adieu to him forever, — and even to his adoring La Beaumelle, who is rather less a blockhead than he generally seems.

This of the Two Capuchins, the last consummation of collapse in man, is what Voltaire cannot forget, but crows over with his shrillest mockery; and seldom mentions Maupertuis without that last touch to his life-drama.

Grand French Invasion-Scheme comes entirely to Wreck (Quiberon Bay, 20th November, 1759): *of Controller-General Silhouette, and the Outlooks of France, financial and other.*

On the very day of Maxen, Tuesday, November 20th, the grand French Invasion found its terminus, — not on the shores of Britain, but of Brittany, to its surprise. We saw Rodney burn the Flat-bottom manufactory at Havre; Boscawen chase the Toulon Squadron, till it ended on the rocks of Lagos. From January onwards, as was then mentioned, Hawke had been keeping watch, off Brest Harbor, on Admiral Conflans, who presides there over multifarious preparations, with the

[1] La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis*, pp. 196–216.

last Fleet France now has. At Vannes, where Hawke likewise has ships watching, are multifarious preparations; new Flat-bottoms, 18,000 troops, — could Conflans and they only get to sea. At the long last, they did get; — in manner following: —

"November 9th, a wild gale of wind had blown Hawke out of sight; away home to Torbay, for the moment. 'Now is the time!' thought Conflans, and put to sea (November 14th); met by Hawke, who had weighed from Torbay to his duty; and who, of course, crowded every sail, after hearing that Conflans was out. At break of day, November 20th [in the very hours when poor Finck was embattling himself round Maxen, and Daun sprawling up upon him through the Passes], Hawke had had signal, 'A Fleet in sight;' and soon after, 'Conflans in sight,' — and the day of trial come.

"Conflans is about the strength of Hawke, and France expects much of him; but he is not expecting Hawke. Conflans is busy, at this moment, in the mouth of Quiberon Bay, opening the road for Vannes and the 18,000; — in hot chase, at the moment, of a Commodore Duff and his small Squadron, who have been keeping watch there, and are now running all they can. On a sudden, to the astonishment of Conflans, this little Squadron whirls round, every ship of it (with a sky-rending cheer, could he hear it), and commences chasing! Conflans, taking survey, sees that it is Hawke; he, sure enough, coming down from windward yonder at his highest speed; and that chasing will not now be one's business! —

"About 11 A.M. Hawke is here; eight of his vanward ships are sweeping on for action. Conflans, at first, had determined to fight Hawke; and drew up accordingly, and did try a little: but gradually thought better of it; and decided to take shelter in the shoaly coasts and nooks thereabouts, which were unknown to Hawke, and might ruin him if he should pursue, the day being short, and the weather extremely bad. Weather itself almost to be called a storm. 'Shoreward, then; eastward, every ship!' became, ultimately, Conflans's plan. On the whole, it was 2 in the afternoon before Hawke, with those vanward Eight, could get clutch of Conflans. And truly he

did then strike his claws into him in a thunderously fervid manner, he and all hands, in spite of the roaring weather: — a man of falcon, or accipitral, nature as well as name.

"Conflans himself fought well; as did certain of the others, — all, more or less, so long as their plan continued steady: — thunderous miscellany of cannon and tempest; Conflans with his plan steady, or Conflans with his plan wavering, *versus* those vanward Eight, for two hours or more. But the scene was too dreadful; this ship sinking, that obliged to strike; things all going awry for Conflans. Hawke, in his own Flag-ship, bore down specially on Conflans in his, — who did wait, and exchange a couple of broadsides; but then sheered off, finding it so heavy. French Vice-Admiral next likewise gave Hawke a broadside; one only, and sheered off, satisfied with the return. Some Four others, in succession, did the like; 'One blast, as we hurry by' (making for the shore, mostly)! So that Hawke seemed swallowed in volcanoes (though, indeed, their firing was very bad, such a flurry among them), and his Blue Flag was invisible for some time, and various ships were hastening to help him, — till a Fifth French ship coming up with her broadside, Hawke answered her in particular (*La Superbe*, a Seventy-four) with all his guns together; which sent the poor ship to the bottom, in a hideously sudden manner. One other (the *Thésée*) had already sunk in fighting; two (the *Soleil* and the *Héros*) were already running for it, — the *Héros* in a very *un*heroic manner! But on this terrible plunge-home of the *Superbe*, the rest all made for the shore; — and escaped into the rocky intricacies and the darkness. Four of Conflans's ships were already gone, — struck, sunk, or otherwise extinct, — when darkness fell, and veiled Conflans and his distresses. 'Country people, to the number of 10,000,' crowded on the shore, had been seen watching the Battle; and, 'as sad witnesses of the White Flag's disgrace,' disappeared into the interior."[1]

It was such a night as men never witnessed before. Walpole says: "The roaring of the elements was redoubled by the

[1] Beatson, ii. 327–345; and Ib. iii. 244–250. In *Gentleman's Magazine*, (xxix. 557), "A Chaplain's Letter," &c.

thunder from our ships; and both concurred in that scene of horror to put a period to the Navy and hopes of France. Seven ships of the line got into the River Vilaine [lay there fourteen months, under strict watching, till their backs were broken, "thumping against the shallow bottom every tide," and only "three, with three frigates," ever got out again]; eight more escaped to different ports," into the River Charente ultimately. "Conflans's own ship and another were run on shore, and burnt. One we took." Two, with their crews, had gone to the bottom; one under Hawke's cannon; one partly by its own mismanagement. "Two of ours were lost in the storm [chasing that *Soleil* and *Héros*], but the crews saved. Lord Howe, who attacked *La Formidable*, bore down on her with such violence, that her prow forced in his lower tier of guns. Captain Digby, in the *Dunkirk*, received the fire of twelve of the enemy's ships, and lost not a man. Keppel's was full of water, and he thought it sinking: a sudden squall emptied his ship; but he was informed all his powder was wet; 'Then,' said he, 'I am sorry I am safe.' They came and told him a small quantity was undamaged; 'Very well,' said he; 'then attack again.' Not above eight of our ships were engaged in obtaining that decisive victory. The Invasion was heard of no more."[1]

Invasion had been fully intended, and even, in these final days, considerably expected. In the old London Newspapers we read this notice: *Monday, November 19th:* "To-day there came Three Expresses," — Three Expresses, with what haste in their eyes, testifying successively of Conflans's whereabouts. But it was believed that Hawke would still manage. And, at any rate, Pitt wore such a look, — and had, in fact, made such preparation on the coasts, even in failure of Hawke, — there was no alarm anywhere. Indignation rather; — and naturally,

[1] Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 232. — Here is the List, accurately riddled out: 1. *Formidable*, struck (about 4 P.M.): 2. *Thésée*, sunk (by a tumble it made, while in action, under an unskilful Captain): 3. *Superbe*, sunk: 4. *Héros*, struck; could not be boarded, such weather; and recommenced next day, but had to run and strand itself, and be burnt by the English; — as did (5.) the *Soleil Royal* (Conflans's Flagship), Conflans and crew (like those of the *Héros*) getting out in time.

when the news did come, what an outburst of Illumination in the windows and the hearts of men!

"Hawke continued watching the mouths of the Vilaine and Charente Rivers for a good while after, and without interruption henceforth, — till the storms of Winter had plainly closed them for one season. Supplies of fresh provisions had come to him from England all Summer; but were stopped latterly by the wild weather. Upon which, in the Fleet, arose this gravely pathetic Stave of Sea-Poetry, with a wrinkle of briny humor grinning in it: —

> Till Hawke did bang Monsieur Conflans [*Congflang*],
> You sent us beef and beer;
> Now Monsieur 's beat, we 've nought to eat,
> Since you have nought to fear." [1]

The French mode of taking this catastrophe was rather peculiar. Hear Barbier, an Eye-witness; dating *Paris, December*, 1759: "Since the first days of December, there has been cried, and sold in the streets, a Printed Detail of all that concerns the *Grand Invasion* projected this long while: to wit, the number of Ships of the Line, of Frigates, Galiots, — among others 500 Flat-bottomed Boats, which are to carry over, and land in England, more than 54,000 men; — with list of the Regiments, and number of the King's Guards, that are also to go: there are announced for Generals-in-Chief, M. le Prince de Conti [do readers remember him since the Broglio-Maillebois time, and how King Louis prophesied in autograph that he would be "the Grand Conti" one day?] — Prince de Conti, Prince de Soubise [left his Conquest of Frankfurt for this greater Enterprise], and Milord Thomont [Irish Jacobite, whom I don't know]. As sequel to this Detail, there is a lengthy Song on the *Disembarkment in England*, and the fear the English must have of it!" Calculated to astonish the practical forensic mind.

"It is inconceivable," continues he, "how they have permitted such a Piece to be printed; still more to be cried, and sold price one halfpenny (*deux liards*). This Song is indecent,

[1] Beatson, ii. 342 n.

in the circumstances of the actual news from our Fleet at Brest (20th of last month); — in regard to which bad adventure M. le Marquis de Conflans has come to Versailles, to justify himself, and throw the blame on M. le Marquis de Beauffremont [his Rear-Admiral, now safe in the Charente, with eight of our poor ships]. Such things are the more out of place, as we are in a bad enough position, — no Flat-bottoms stirring from the ports, no Troops of the *Maison du Roi* setting out; and have reason to believe that we are now to make no such attempt." [1]

Silhouette, the Controller-General, was thought to have a creative genius in finance: but in the eighth month of his gestation, what phenomena are these? October 26th, there came out Four Decrees of Council, setting forth, That, "as the expenses of the War exceed not only the King's ordinary revenues, but the extraordinaries he has had to lay on his people, there is nothing for it but," in fact, Suspension of Payment; actual Temporary Bankruptcy: — "Cannot pay you; part of you not for a year, others of you not till the War end; will give you 5 per cent interest instead." Coupled with which, by the same creative genius, is a Declaration in the King's name, "That the King compels nobody, but does invite all and sundry of loyal mind to send their Plate (on loan, of course, and with due receipt for it) to the Mint to be coined, lest Majesty come to have otherwise no money," — his very valets, as is privately known, having had no wages from him for ten months past.

Whereupon the rich Princes of the Blood, Duc d'Orléans foremost, and Official persons, Pompadour, Belleisle, Choiseul, do make an effort; and everybody that has Plate feels uneasily that he cannot use it, and that he ought to send it. And, November 5th, the King's own Plate, packed ostentatiously in carts, went to the Mint; — the Dauphiness, noble Saxon Lady, had already volunteered with a silver toilet-table of hers, brand-new and of exquisite costly pattern; but the King forbade her. On such examples, everybody had to make an effort, or uneasily

[1] Barbier, iv. 336.

try to make one. King Friedrich, eight days after Maxen, is somewhat amused at these proceedings in the distance: —

"The kettles and spoons of the French seem to me a pleasant resource for carrying on War!" writes he to D'Argens.[1] "A bit of mummery to act on the public feeling, I suppose. The result of it will be small: but as the Belleisle *Letters* [taken in Contades's baggage, after Minden, and printed by Duke Ferdinand for public edification] make always such an outcry about poverty, those people are trying to impose on their enemies, and persuade them that the carved and chiselled silver of the Kingdom will suffice for making a vigorous Campaign. I see nothing else that can have set them on imagining the farce they are now at. There is Münster taken from them by the English-Hanoverian people; it is affirmed that the French, on the 25th, quitted Giessen, to march on Friedberg and repass the Rhine [might possibly have done so; — but the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000 come to be needed elsewhere!] — Poor we are opposite our enemies here, cantoned in the Villages about; the last truss of straw, the last loaf of bread will decide which of us is to remain in Saxony. And as the Austrians are extremely squeezed together, and can get nothing out of Böhmen," — one hopes it will not be they!

All through November, this sending of Plate, I never knew with what net-result of moneys coinable, goes on in Paris; till, at the highest tables, there is nothing of silver dishes left; — and a new crockery kind (rather clumsy; "*culs noirs*," as we derisively call them, pigment of *bottom* part being *black*) has had to be contrived instead. Under what astonishments abroad and at home, and in the latter region under what execrations on Silhouette, may be imagined. "*Tout le monde jure beaucoup contre M. de Silhouette*, All the world swears much against him," says Barbier; — but I believe probably he was much to be pitied: "A creative genius, you; and this is what you come to?"

November 22d, the poor man got dismissed; France swearing at him, I know not to what depth; but howling and

[1] "Wilsdruf, 28th November, 1759," *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 103.

hissing, evidently, with all its might. The very tailors and milliners took him up, — trousers without pockets, dresses without flounce or fold, which they called *à la Silhouette:* — and, to this day, in France and Continental Countries, the old-fashioned Shadow-Profile (mere outline, and vacant black) is practically called a *silhouette*. So that the very Dictionaries have him; and, like bad Count Reinhart, or *Reynard*, of earlier date, he has become a Noun Appellative, and is immortalized in that way. The first of that considerable Series of Creative Financiers, Abbé Terray and the rest, — brought in successively with blessings, and dismissed with cursings and hissings, — who end in Calonne, Loménie de Brienne, and what Mirabeau Père called "the General Overturn (*Culbute Générale*)." Thitherward, privately, straight towards the General Overturn, is France bound; — and will arrive in about thirty years.

Friedrich, strange to say, publishes (March–June, 1760) *an Edition of his Poems. Question,* "*Who wrote* Matinées du Roi de Prusse?" — *for the second, and positively the last Time.*

In this avalanche of impending destructions, what can be more surprising than to hear of the Editing of Poems on his Majesty's part! Actual publication of that *Œuvre de Poésie*, for which Voltaire, poor gentleman, suffered such tribulation seven years ago. Now coming out from choice: Reprint of it, not now to the extent of twelve copies for highly special friends, but in copious thousands, for behoof of mankind at large! The thing cost Friedrich very little meditating, and had become necessary, — and to be done with speed.

Readers recollect the *Œuvre de Poésie*, and satirical hits said to be in it. At Paris, about New-year's time 1760, some helpful Hand had contrived to bring out, under the pretended date "Potsdam," a cheap edition of that interesting Work.[1] Merely in the way of theft, as appeared to cursory readers, to

[1] "*Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci:*" 1 vol. 12 mo, "Potsdam [*Paris*, in truth], 1760."

D'Argens, for example:[1] but, in deeper fact, for the purpose of apprising certain Crowned Heads, friendly and hostile, — Czarish Majesty and George II. of England the main two, — what this poetizing King was pleased to think of them in his private moments. D'Argens declares himself glad of this theft, so exquisitely clever is the Book. But Friedrich knows better: "March 17th, when a Copy of it came to him," Friedrich sees well what is meant, — and what he himself has to do in it. He instantly sets about making a few suppressions, changes of phrase; sends the thing to D'Argens: "Publish at once, with a little prefatory word." And, at the top of his speed, D'Argens has, in three weeks' time, the suitable *Avant-propos*, or *Avis au Libraire*, "circulating in great quantities, especially in London and Petersburg" ("Thief Editor has omitted; and, what is far more, has malignantly interpolated: here is the poor idle Work itself, not a Counterfeit of it, if anybody care to read it"), and an Orthodox Edition ready.[2] The diligent Pirate Booksellers, at Amsterdam, at London, copiously reproduced this authorized Berlin Edition too, — or added excerpts from it to their reprints of the Paris one, by way of various-readings. And everybody read and compared, what nobody will now do; theme, and treatment of theme, being both now so heartily indifferent to us.

Who the Perpetrator of this Parisian maleficence was, remained dark; — and would not be worth inquiring into at all, except for two reasons intrinsically trifling, but not quite without interest to readers of our time. First, that Voltaire, whom some suspected (some, never much Friedrich, that I hear of), appears to have been perfectly innocent; — and indeed had been incapacitated for guilt, by Schmidt and Freytag, and their dreadful Frankfurt procedures! This is reason *first;* poor Voltaire mutely asking us, Not to load him with more

[1] His Letter to the King, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 138.

[2] "Came out April 9th [see *Mitchell*, ii. 153], and a second finer Edition in June:" in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. p. x, xix. 137 n., 138; especially in *Preuss*, i. 467, 468 (if you will compare him with *himself* on these different occasions, and patiently wind out his bit of meaning), all manner of minutest details.

sins than his own. Reason *second* is, that, by a singular opportunity, there has, in these very months,[1] a glimmering of light risen on it to this Editor; illustrating two other points as well, which readers here are acquainted with, some time ago, as riddles of the insignificant sort. The *Demon Newswriter*, with his "*Idea*" of Friedrich, and the "*Matinées du Roi de Prusse:*" readers recollect both those Productions; both enigmatic as to authorship; — but both now become riddles which can more or less be read.

For the surprising circumstance (though in certain periods, when the realm of very Chaos re-emerges, fitfully, into upper sunshine now and then, nothing ought to surprise one as happening there) is, That, only a few months ago, the incomparable *Matinées* (known to my readers five years since) has found a new Editor and reviver. Editor illuminated "by the Secretary of the Great Napoleon," "by discovery of manuscripts," "by the Duc de Rovigo," and I know not what; animated also, it is said, by religious views. And, in short, the *Matinées* is again abroad upon the world, — "your London Edition twice reprinted in Germany, by the Jesuit party since" (much good may it do the Jesuit party!) — a *Matinées* again in comfortable circumstances, as would seem. Probably the longest-eared Platitude now walking the Earth, though there are a good many with ears long. Unconscious, seemingly, that it has been killed thrice and four times already; and that indeed, except in the realm of Nightmare, it never was alive, or needed any killing; belief in it, doubt upon it (I must grieve to inform the Duc de Rovigo and honorable persons concerned), being evidence conclusive that you have not yet the faintest preliminary shadow of correct knowledge about Friedrich or his habits or affairs, and that you ought first to try and acquire some.

To me argument on this subject would have been too unendurable. But argument there was on it, by persons capable and willing, more than one: and in result this surprising brand-new London moon-calf of a *Matinées* was smitten through, and slit in pieces, for the fifth time, — as if that could have hurt

[1] Spring, 1863.

it much! "*Mit der Dummheit,*" sings Schiller; "Human Stupidity is stronger than the very Gods." However, in the course of these new inspections into matters long since obsolete, there did — what may truly be considered as a kind of profit by this Resuscitating of the moon-calf *Matinées* upon afflicted mankind, and is a net outcome from it, real, though very small — some light rise as to the origin and genesis of *Matinées;* some twinkles of light, and, in the utterly dark element, did disclose other monstrous extinct shapes looming to right and left of said monster: and, in a word, the Authorship of *Matinées,* and not of *Matinées* only, becomes now at last faintly visible or guessable. To one of those industrious Matadors, as we may call them, Slayers of this moon-calf for the fourth or fifth time, I owe the following Note; which, on verifying, I can declare to be trustworthy: —

"The Author of *Matinées,* it is nearly certain," says my Correspondent, "is actually a 'M. de Bonneville,' — contrary to what you wrote five years ago.[1] Not indeed the Bonneville who is found in Dictionaries, who is visibly impossible; but a Bonneville of the preceding generation, who was Maréchal de Saxe's Adjutant or Secretary, old enough to have been the Uncle or the Father of that revolutionary Bonneville. Maréchal de Saxe died November 30th, 1750; this senior Bonneville, still a young man, had been with him to Potsdam on visit there. Bonneville, conscious of genius, and now out of employment, naturally went thither again; lived a good deal there, or went between France and there: and authentic History knows of him, by direct evidence, and by reflex, the following Three Facts (the *second* of them itself threefold), of which I will distinguish the indubitable from the inferentially credible or as good as certain: —

"1°. Indubitable, That Bonneville sold to Friedrich certain Papers, military Plans, or the like, of the late Maréchal, and was paid for them; but by no means met the recognition his genius saw itself to merit. These things are certain, though not dated, or datable except as of the year 1750 or 1751. After which, for above twenty years, Bonneville entered upon

[1] A.D. 1858 (*suprà,* v. 165, 166).

a series of adventures, caliginous, underground, for most part; 'soldiering in America,' 'writing anonymous Pamphlets or Books,' roaming wide over the world; and led a busy but obscure and uncertain life, hanging by Berlin as a kind of centre, or by Paris and Berlin as his two centres; and had a miscellaneous series of adventures, subterranean many of them, unluminous all of them, not courting the light; which lie now in naturally a very dark condition. Dimly discernible, however, in the general dusk of Bonneville, dim and vague of outline, but definitely steady beyond what could have been expected, it does appear farther, — what alone entitles Bonneville to the least memory here, or anywhere in Nature now or henceforth, —

"2°. Inferentially credible, That, shortly after that first rebuff in Potsdam, he, not another, in 1752, was your '*Demon Newswriter*,' whom we gazed at, some time since, devoutly crossing ourselves, for a little while!

"Likewise that, in 1759–1760, after or before his American wanderings, he, the same Bonneville, as was suspected at the time,[1] stole and edited this surreptitious mischief-making *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci* (Paris or Lyon, pretending to be 'Potsdam,' January, 1760)," which we are now considering! "Encouraged, probably enough, by Choiseul himself, who, in any case, is now known to have been the promoter of this fine bit of mischief,[2] — and who may thereupon [or may as probably, *not* "thereupon," if it were of the least consequence to gods or men] have opened to Bonneville a new military career in America? Career which led to as good as nothing; French soldiering in America being done for, in the course of 1760. Upon which Bonneville would return to his old haunts, to his old subterranean industries in Paris and Berlin.

[1] "Nicolai, *Ueber Zimmermanns Fragmente*, i. 181, 182, ii. 253, 254. Sketch of what is authentically known about Bonneville: 'suspected both of *Matinées* and of the Stolen *Edition*.'"

[2] Choiseul's own Note, "To M. de Malesherbes, *Directeur de la Libraire*, 10th December, 1759: 'By every method screen the King's Government from being suspected; — and get the Edition out at once.'" (Published in the *Constitutionnel*, 2d December, 1850, by M. Sainte-Beuve; copied in Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 168 n.)

"And that, finally, in 1765, he, as was again suspected at the time,[1] he and no other, did write those *Matinées*, which appeared next year in print (1766), and many times since; and have just been reprinted, as a surprising new discovery, at London, in Spring, 1863.

"3°. Again indubitable, That either after or before those Editorial exploits, Bonneville had sold the Maréchal de Saxe's Plans and Papers, which were already the King's, to some second person, and been a second time paid for them. And was, in regard to this Swindling exploit, found out; and by reason of that sale, or for what reason is not known, was put into Spandau, and, one hopes, ended his life there."[2]

Fact No. 2, which alone concerns us here, — and which, in its three successive stages, does curiously cohere with itself and with other things, — comes, therefore, not by direct light, which indeed, by the nature of the case, would be impossible. Not by direct light, but by various reflex lights, and convergence of probabilities old and new, which become the stronger the better they are examined; and may be considered as amounting to what is called a moral certainty, — "certain"

[1] "Nicolai, *Ueber Zimmermanns Fragmente*, i. 181, 182, ii. 253, 254. Sketch of what is authentically known about Bonneville: 'suspected both of *Matinées* and of the Stolen *Edition*.'"

[2] "Nicolai, *ubi suprà*; — and besides him, only the two following references, out of half a cart-load: 1°. Bachaumont, *Mémoires secrètes*, '7th February, 1765' (see Barbier, *Dictionnaire des Anonymes*, § Matinées), who calls *Matinées* 'a development of the *Idée de la Personne*,' &c. (that is, of your '*Demon Newswriter*;' already known to Bachaumont, this '*Idée*,' it seems, as well as the *Matinées* in Manuscript). 2°. *Letter* of Grimm to Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha [*our* Duchess], dated 'Paris, 15th April, 1765:' not in printed *Correspondance de Grimm*, but still in the Archives of Gotha, in company with a MS. of *Matinées*, probably the oldest extant (see, — in the *Grenzboten* Periodical, Leipzig, 1863, pp. 473–484, 500–519, — *K. Samwer*, who is Chief *Malleus* of this new London mooncalf, and will inform the curious of every particular)."

Matinées was first printed 1766 (no place), and seven or eight times since, in different Countries; twice or thrice over, as "an interesting new discovery:" — very wearisome to this Editor; who read *Matinées* (in poor *London* print, that too) many years ago, — with complete satisfaction as to *Matinées*, and sincere wish not to touch it again even with a pair of tongs; — and has since had three "priceless MSS. of it" offered him, at low rates, as a guerdon to merit.

enough for an inquiry of that significance. To a kind of moral certainty: kind of moral consolation too; only One individual of Adam's Posterity, not Three or more, having been needed in these multifarious acts of scoundrelism; and that One receiving payment, or part payment, so prompt and appropriate, in the shape of a permanent cannon-ball at his ankle.

This is the one profit my readers or I have yet derived from the late miraculous Resuscitation of *Matinées Royales;* the other items of profit in that Enterprise shall belong, not to us in the least measure, but to Bonneville, and to his well or ill disposed Coadjutors and Copartners in the Adventure. Adieu to it, and to him and to them, forever and a day!

Peace-Negotiations hopeful to Friedrich all through Winter; but the French won't. Voltaire, and his Style of Corresponding.

This Winter there was talk of Peace, more specifically than ever. November 15th, at the Hague, as a neutral place, there had been, by the two Majesties, Britannic and Prussian, official *Declaration,* "We, for our part, deeply lament these horrors, and are ready to treat of Peace." This Declaration was presented November 15th, 1759, by Prince Ludwig of Brunswick (Head General of the Dutch, and a Brother of Prince Ferdinand our General's, suitable for such case), to the Austrian-French Excellencies at the Hague. By whom it had been received with the due politeness, "Will give it our profoundest consideration;"[1] — which indeed the French, for some time, privately did; though the Austrians privately had no need to do so, being already fixed for a negative response to the proposal. But hereby rose actual talk of a "Congress;" and wagging of Diplomatic wigs as to where it shall be. "In Breda," said some; "Breda a place used to Congresses." "Why not in Nanci here?" said poor old Ex-Polish Stanis-

[1] *Declaration* (by the two Majesties) that they are ready to treat of Peace, 15th November, 1759, presented by, &c. (as above); *Answer* from France, in stingy terms, and not till 3d April, 1760: are in *London Gazette;* in *Gentleman's Magazine,* xxix. 603, xxx. 188; in &c. &c.

laus, alive to the calls of benevolence, poor old Titular soul. Others said "Leipzig;" others "Augsburg;" — and indeed in Augsburg, according to the Gazetteers, at one time, there were "upholsterers busy getting ready the apartments." So that, with such rumor in the Diplomatic circles, the Gazetteer and outer world was full of speculation upon Peace; and Friedrich had lively hopes of it, and had been hoping three months before, as we transiently saw, though again it came to nothing. All to nothing; and is not, in itself, worth the least attention from us here, — a poor extinct fact, loud in those months and filling the whole world, now silent and extinct to everybody, — except, indeed, that it offers physiognomic traits here and there of a certain King, and of those about him. For which reason we will dwell on it a few minutes longer.

Nobody, in that Winter 1759–1760, could guess where, or from whom, this big world-interesting Peace-Negotiation had its birth; as everybody now can, when nobody now is curious on the question! At Sagan, in September last, we all saw the small private source of it, its first outspurt into daylight; and read Friedrich's *Answers* to Voltaire and the noble Duchess on it: — for the sake of which Two private Correspondents, and of Friedrich's relation to them, possibly a few more Excerpts may still have a kind of interest, now when the thing corresponded on has ceased to have any. To the Duchess, a noble-minded Lady, beautifully zealous to help if she could, by whose hand these multifarious Peace-Papers have to pass, this is always Friedrich's fine style in transmitting them. Out of many specimens, following that of Sagan which we gave, here are the Next Three: —

Friedrich to the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha (Three other Letters on the "Peace").

1.

"Wilsdruf, 21st November, 1759 [day after Maxen, *surrender* was *this* morning — of which he has not heard].

"Madam, — Nothing but your generosities and your indulgence could justify my incongruity [*incongruité*, in troubling you with the Enclosed]. You will have it, Madam, that I

shall still farther abuse those bounties, which are so precious to me: at least remember that it is by your order, if I forward through your hand this Letter, which does not merit such honor.

"Chance, which so insolently mocks the projects of men, and delights to build up and then pull down, has led us about, thus far, — to the end of the Campaign [not quite ended yet, if we knew]. The Austrians are girt in by the Elbe on this side; I have had two important Magazines of theirs in Bohemia destroyed [Kleist's doing]. There have been some bits of fighting (*affaires*), that have turned entirely to our advantage: — so that I am in hopes of forcing M. Daun to repass the Elbe, to abandon Dresden, and to take the road for Zittau and Bohemia.

"I talk to you, Madam, of what I am surrounded with; of what, being in your neighborhood, may perhaps have gained your attention. I could go to much greater length, if my heart dared to explain itself on the sentiments of admiration, gratitude and esteem, with which I am, — Madam my Cousin, — Your most faithful Cousin, Friend and Servant, — F."

2.

"FREYBERG, 18th December, 1759.

"MADAM, — You spoil me so by your indulgence, you so accustom me to have obligations to you, that I reproach myself a hundred times with this presumption. Certainly I should not continue to enclose these Letters to your care, had not I the hope that perhaps the Correspondence may be of some use to England, and even to Europe, — for without doubt Peace is the desirable, the natural and happy state for all Nations. It is to accelerate Peace, Madam, that I abuse your generosities. This motive excuses me to myself for the incongruity of my procedures.

"The goodness you have to take interest in my situation obliges me to give you some account of it. We have undergone all sorts of misfortune here [Maxen, what not], at the moment we were least expecting them. Nevertheless, there remains to us courage and hope; here are Auxiliaries [Heredi-

tary Prince and 12,000] on the point of arriving; there is reason to think that the end of our Campaign will be less frightful than seemed likely three weeks ago. May you, Madam, enjoy all the happiness that I wish you. May all the world become acquainted with your virtues, imitate them, and admire you as I do. May you be persuaded that . . . — F."

3.

"Freyberg, 16th February, 1760.

"Madam, — It is to my great regret that I importune Your Highness so often with my Letters. Your bounties, Madam, have spoiled me; — it will teach you to be more chary of them to others. I regard you as an estimable Friend, to whose friendship I have recourse in straits. The question is still Peace, Madam; and were not the object of my importunities so beautiful, Madam, I should be inexcusable." — Goes then into practical considerations, about "Cocceji" (King's Aide-de-Camp, once Keith's, who carries this Letter), about a "Herr von Edelsheim," a "Bailli de Froulay," and the possible "Conditions of Peace," — not of consequence to us just now.[1]

As to Voltaire again, and the new Friedrich-Voltaire Style of Correspondence, something more of detail will be requisite. Ever since the black days of 1757, when poor Wilhelmina, with Rossbach and Leuthen still hidden from her in a future gloomy as death, desperately brought Voltaire to bear upon Cardinal Tencin in this matter, without success, there has been a kind of regular corresponding between Voltaire and Friedrich; characteristic on both sides. A pair of Lovers hopelessly estranged and divorced; and yet, in a sense, unique and priceless to one another. The Past, full of heavenly radiances, which issued, alas, in flames and sooty conflagrations as of Erebus, — let us forget it, and be taught by it! The Past

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 174, 173, 172. Correspondence on this subject lasts from 22d September, 1759, to 8th May, 1760: *ib.* pp. 170–186. In that final Letter of 8th May is the phrase, hardly worth restoring to its real ownership, though the context considerably redeems it there, — "the prejudice I can't get rid of, that, in war, *Dieu est pour les gros escadrons.*"

is painful, and has been too didactic to some of us: but here still is the Present with its Future; better than blank nothing. Pleasant to hear the sound of that divine voice of my loved one, were it only in commonplace remarks on the weather, — perhaps intermixed with secret gibings on myself: — let us hear it while we can, amid those world-wide crashing discords and piping whirlwinds of war.

Friedrich sends his new Verses or light Proses, which he is ever and anon throwing off; Voltaire sends his, mostly in print, and of more elaborate turn: they talk on matters that are passing round them, round this King, the centre of them, — Friedrich usually in a rather swaggering way (lest his Correspondent think of blabbing), and always with something of banter audible in him; — as has Voltaire too, but in a finer *treble* tone, being always female in this pretty duet of parted lovers. It rarely comes to any scolding between them; but there is or can be nothing of cordiality. Nothing, except in the mutual admiration, which one perceives to be sincere on both sides; and also, in the mutual practical estrangement: "Nothing more of you, — especially of *you*, Madam, — as a practical domestic article!"

After long reading, with Historical views, in this final section of the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, at first so barren otherwise and of little entertainment, one finds that this too, when once you *can* "read" it (that is to say, when the scene and its details are visible to you), becomes highly dramatic, Shakspearean-comic or more, for this is Nature's self, who far excels even Shakspeare; — and that the inextricably dark condition of these Letters is a real loss to the ingenuous reader, and especially to the student of Friedrich. Among the frequently recurring topics, one that oftenest turns up on Voltaire's side is that of Peace: Oh, if your Majesty would but make Peace! Does it depend on me? thinks Friedrich always; and is, at last, once provoked to say so: —

Friedrich to Voltaire.

"Reich-Hennersdorf, 2d July, 1759 [shortly before Schmöttseifen, while waiting Daun's slow movements].

"Asking *me* for Peace: there is a bitter joke! — [In verse, this; flings off a handful of crackers on the *Bien-Aimé*, whose Chamberlain you are, on the *Hongroise qu'il adore*, on the Russian *que j'abhorre*; — then continues in prose]:

"It is to him," the Well-beloved Louis, "that you must address yourself, or to his Amboise in Petticoats [his Pompadour, acting the Cardinal-Premier on this occasion]. But these people have their heads filled with ambitious projects: these people are the difficulty; they wish to be the sovereign arbiters of sovereigns; — and that is what persons of my way of thinking will by no means put up with. I love Peace quite as much as you could wish; but I want it good, solid and honorable. Socrates or Plato would have thought as I do on this subject, had they found themselves placed in the accursed position which is now mine in the world.

"Think you there is any pleasure in leading this dog of a life [*chienne*, she-dog]? In seeing and causing the butchery of people you know nothing of; in losing daily those you do know and love; in seeing perpetually your reputation exposed to the caprices of chance; in passing year after year in disquietudes and apprehensions; in risking, without end, your life and your fortune?

"I know right well the value of tranquillity, the sweets of society, the charms of life; and I love to be happy, as much as anybody whatever. But much as I desire these blessings, I will not purchase them by basenesses and infamies. Philosophy enjoins us to do our duty; faithfully to serve our Country, at the price of our blood, of our repose, and of every sacrifice that can be required of us. The illustrious *Zadig* went through a good many adventures which were not to his taste, *Candide* the like; and nevertheless took their misfortune in patience. What finer example to follow than that of those heroes?

"Take my word, our 'curt jackets,' as you call them [*habits*

écourtés, peculiar to the Prussian soldier at that time], are as good as your red heels, as the Hungarian pelisses, and the green frocks of the Roxelans [Russians]. We are actually on the heels of the latter [at least poor Dohna is, and poor Dictator Wedell will be, not with the effect anticipated!] — who by their stupidities give us fine chance. You will see I shall get out of the scrape this Year too, and deliver myself both from the Greens and the Dirty-Whites [Austrian color of coat]. My neighbor of the Sacred Hat, — I think, in spite of Holy Father's benediction, the Holy Ghost must have inspired him the reverse way; he seems to have a great deal of lead in his bottom. . . . F."[1]

Voltaire in Answer.

"THE DÉLICES," guessed to be some time in "August, 1759."

"In whatever state you are, it is very certain that you are a great man. It is not to weary your Majesty that I now write; it is to confess myself, — on condition you will give me absolution! I have betrayed you; that is the fact" — (really guilty this time, and *have* shown something of your writing; as your Majesty, oh how unjustly, is often suspecting that I do, and with mischievous intention, instead of good, ah, Sire!) — In fact, I have received that fine "*Marcus-Aurelius*" Letter (Letter we have just read); exquisite Piece, though with biting "*Juvenal*" qualities in it too; and have shown it, keeping back the biting parts, to a beautiful gillflirt of the Court, *minaudière* (who seems to be a Mistress of Choiseul's), who is here attending Tissot for her health: *minaudière* charmed with it; insists on my sending to Choiseul, "He admires the King of Prussia, as he does all nobleness and genius; send it!" And I did so; — and look here, what an Answer from Choiseul (Answer lost): and may it not have a fine effect, and perhaps bring Peace — Oh, forgive me, Sire. But read that Note of the great man. "Try if you can decipher his writing. One may have very honest sentiments, and a great deal of *esprit*, and yet write like a cat. . . .

"Sire, there was once a lion and a mouse (*rat*); the mouse

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 53.

fell in love with the lion, and went to pay him court. The lion, tired of it, gave him a little scrape with his paw. The mouse withdrew into his mouse-hole (*souricière*); but he still loved the lion; and seeing one day a net they were spreading out to catch the lion and kill him, he gnawed asunder one mesh of it. Sire, the mouse kisses very humbly your beautiful claws, in all submissiveness: — he will never die between two Capuchins, as, at Bâle, the mastiff (*dogue*) of St. Malo has done [27th July last]. He would have wished to die beside his lion. Believe that the mouse was more attached than the mastiff." — V.[1]

To which we saw the Answer, pair of Answers, at Sagan, in September last. This Note from Choiseul, conveyed by Voltaire, appears to have been the trifling well-spring from which all those wide-spread waters of Negotiation flowed. Pitt, when applied to, on the strength of Friedrich's hopes from this small Document of Choiseul's, was of course ready, "How welcome every chance of a just Peace!" and agreed to the Joint Declaration at the Hague; and took what farther trouble I know not, — probably less sanguine of success than Friedrich. Friedrich was ardently industrious in the affair; had a great deal of devising and directing on it, a great deal of corresponding with Voltaire and the Duchess, only small fractions of which are now left. He searched out, or the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha did it for him, a proper Secret Messenger for Paris: Secret Messenger, one Baron von Edelsheim, properly veiled, was to consult a certain Bailli de Froulay, a friend of Friedrich's in Paris; — which loyal-hearted Bailli did accordingly endeavor there; but made out nothing. Only much vague talking; part of it, or most of it, subdolous on Choiseul's side. Pitt would hear of no Peace which did not include Prussia as well as England: some said this was the cause of failure; — the real cause was that Choiseul never had any serious intention of succeeding. Light Choiseul, a clever man, but an unwise, of the sort called "dashing," had entertained the matter merely in the optative form, — and when it

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 59, 60.

came nearer, wished to use it for making mischief between Pitt and Friedrich, and for worming out Edelsheim's secrets, if he had any, — for which reason he finally threw Edelsheim into the Bastille for a few days.[1]

About the end of March I guess it to have been that Choiseul, by way of worming out poor Edelsheim's secrets, flung him into the Bastille for a day or two. Already in December foregoing, we have seen Choiseul's Black-Artist busy upon the Stolen *Edition* of Friedrich's Verses. A Choiseul full of intrigues; adroit enough, ambitious enough; restlessly industrious in making mischief, if there were nothing else to be made; who greatly disgusted Friedrich, now and afterwards.

And this was what the grand Voltaire Pacification came to, though it filled the world with temporary noise, and was so interesting to Voltaire and another. What a heart-affecting generosity, humility and dulcet pathos in that of the poor Mouse gnawing asunder a mesh of the Lion's net! There is a good deal of that throughout, on the Voltaire side, — that is to say, while writing *to* Friedrich. But while writing *of* him, to third parties, sometimes almost simultaneously, the contrast of styles is not a little startling; and the beautiful affectionately chirping Mouse is seen suddenly to be an injured Wild-cat with its fur up. All readers of Voltaire are aware of this; and how Voltaire handles his "*Luc*" (mysterious nickname for *King Friedrich*), when Luc's back is turned. For alas, there is no man or thing but has its wrong side too; least of all, a Voltaire, — doing *treble* voice withal, if you consider it, in such a Duet of estranged Lovers! Suppose we give these few Specimens, — treble mostly, and a few of bass as well, — to illustrate the nature of this Duet, and of the noises that went on round it, in a war-convulsed world? And first of all, concerning the enigma "What is Luc?"

What the *Luc* in Voltaire is? Shocking explanations have been hit upon: but Wagnière (*Wagner*, an intelligent Swiss man), Voltaire's old Secretary, gives this plain reading of the riddle: "M. de Voltaire had, at The Délices [near by Ferney,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 38–41, detailed account of the Affair.

till the Château got built], a big Ape, of excessively mischievous turn; who used to throw stones at the passers-by, and sometimes would attack with its teeth friend or foe alike. One day it thrice over bit M. de Voltaire's own leg. He had called it *Luc* (Luke); and in conversation with select friends, as also in Letters to such, he sometimes designated the King of Prussia by that nickname: '*He* is like my Luc here; bites whoever caresses him!' — In 1756 M. de Voltaire, having still on his heart the Frankfurt Outrage, wrote curious *Mémoires* [ah, yes, *Vie Privée*]; and afterwards wished to burn them; but a Copy had been stolen from him in 1768," — and they still afflict the poor world.

To the same effect speaks Johannes von Müller: "Voltaire had an Ape called Luc; and the spiteful man, in thus naming the King, meant to stigmatize him as the mere *ape* of greater men; as one without any greatness of his own." — No; *Luc* was mischievous, flung stones after passengers; had, according to Clogenson, "bitten Voltaire himself, while being caressed by him;" that was the analogy in Voltaire's mind. Preuss says, this Nickname first occurs "12th December, 1757." Suppose 11th December to have been the day of getting one's leg bitten thrice over; and that, in bed next morning, — stiff, smarting, fretful against the sad ape-tricks and offences of this life, — before getting up to one's Works and Correspondences, the angry similitude had shot, slightly fulgurous and consolatory, athwart the gloom of one's mood?[1] That will account for *Luc*.

Many of the Voltaire-Friedrich *Letters* are lost; and the remainder lie in sad disorder in all the Editions, their sequence unintelligible without lengthy explanation. So that the following Snatches cannot well be arranged here in the way of Choral Strophe and Antistrophe, as would have been desirable. We shall have to group them loosely under heads; with less respect to date than to subject-matter, and to the reader's convenience for understanding them.

[1] Longchamp et Wagnière *Mémoires*, i. 34; Johannes von Müller, *Werke* (12mo, Stuttgard, 1821), xxxi. 140 (*Letters to his Brother*, No. 218, "July, 1796"); Clogenson's Note, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 103; Preuss, ii. 71.

Voltaire on Friedrich, to different Third-Parties, during this War.

To D'Argental (Has not yet heard of *Leuthen*, which happened five days before). . . . "I have tasted the vengeance of consoling the King of Prussia, and that is enough for me. He goes beating on the one side, and getting beaten on the other: except for another miracle [like Rossbach], he will be ruined. Better have really been a philosopher, as he pretended to be."[1]

To the Reverend Comte de Bernis (outwardly still our flourishing Prime-Minister, by grace of Pompadour, but soon to be extinguished under a Red Hat. Date is six days before *Zorndorf*). . . . "I cannot imagine how some people have gone into suspecting that my heart might have the weakness to lean a little towards *whom* you know, towards my Ingrate that was! One is bound to have politeness; but one has memory as well; — and one is attached, as warmly as superfluously, to the Good Cause, which it belongs only to you to defend. Certain it is, poor I am not like the three-fourths of the Germans in these days [since *Rossbach*, above all]! I have everywhere seen Ladies'-fans with the Prussian Eagle painted on them, eating the *Fleur-de-Lis;* the Hanover Horse giving a kick to M. de Richelieu's bottom; a Courier carrying a bottle of Queen-of-Hungary Water to Madame de Pompadour. My Nieces shall certainly not have that fashion of Fans, at my poor little *Délices*, whither I am just returning."[2]

To Madame d'Argental (on occasion of *Minden:* Kunersdorf three days ago, but not yet heard of). . . . "Truly, Madame, when M. de Contades leads to the butchery all the descendants of our ancient chevaliers, and sets them to attack eighty pieces of cannon [not in the least, if you knew it; the reverse, if you knew it], — as Don Quixote did the windmills! This horrible day pierces my soul. I am French to excess,

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 139 ("The Délices, 10th December, 1757").

[2] Ib. lxxvii. 35 ("Soleure, 19th August, 1758").

especially since those new favors [not worth mentioning here], which I owe to my divine Angels and to M. le Duc de Choiseul.

"Luc — you know who Luc is [as do we] — is probably giving Battle to the Austrians and Russians [*Kunersdorf*, 12th; three days ago, did it, and was beaten to your mind], at the moment while I have the honor of writing to you; at least, he told me such was his Royal intention. If they beat him, as may happen, what a shame for us to have been beaten by the Duke of Brunswick! I wish you knew this Duke [as I have done; a Duke of no *esprit*, no gift of tongue, in fact no talent at all that I could discern], you would be much astonished; and would say, 'The people whom he beats must be great blockheads.' The truth of the fact is, that all these troops are better disciplined than ours:" [1] — Yes indeed, my esteemed Voltaire; and also, perhaps, that *esprit*, or gift of tongue, is not the sole gift for Battles and Campaigns? —

To D'Argental (seventh day after *Kunersdorf:* "mouse upon lion's net" nearly contemporaneous). "At last, then, I think my Russians must be near Great Glogau [might have been, one thinks, after such a Kunersdorf; did not start for a month yet; never could get very near at all]. Who would have thought that Barberina [Mackenzie's Dancer once; sent to Glogau, Cocceji and she, when their marriage became public] was going to be besieged by the Russians, and in Glogau: O Destiny! —

"I don't love Luc, far from it: I never will pardon him his infamous procedure with my Niece [at Frankfurt that time]; nor the face he has to write me flattering things twice a month; without having ever repaired his wrongs. I desire much his entire humiliation, the chastisement of the sinner; whether his eternal damnation, I don't quite know." [2] (Hear, hear!)

To the same (a month after *Maxen:* "Peace" Negotiation very lively). . . . "Meanwhile, if Luc could be punished before this happy Peace! If, by this last stroke of General Beck

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 186, 187 ("Délices, 15th August, 1759").

[2] Ib. lxxviii. 195 ("19th August, 1759").

[tussle with Dierecke at Meissen, 4th December, capture of Dierecke and 1,500; stroke not of an overwhelming nature, but let us be thankful for our mercies], which has opened the road from the Lausitz to Berlin [alas, not in the least], some Haddick could pay Berlin a visit again! You see, in Tragedy I wish always to have crime punished.

"There is talk of a great Battle fought the 6th [not a word of truth in it] between Luc and him of the Consecrated Hat: said to have been very murderous. I interest myself very much in this Piece" now playing under the Sun. "Whenever the Austrians have any advantage, Kaunitz says to Madame de Bentinck [litigant wandering Lady, known to me at Berlin and elsewhere], 'Write that to our Friend Voltaire.' Whenever Luc has the least success, he tells me, 'I have battered the oppressors of mankind.' Dear Angel, in these horrors I am the only one that has room to laugh: — and yet I don't laugh either; owing to the *Culs-noirs* [base crockery; one's Dinner Plate all vanished [1]], to the Annuities, Lotteries, and to Pondicherry, — for I am always afraid about that latter!" (Going, that, for certain; going, gone, and your East Indies along with it!) [2]

To Perpetual Secretary Formey (in forwarding a "Letter left with me"). "Health and peace, Monsieur; and be *Secrétaire Eternel*. Your King is always a man unique, astonishing, inimitable. He makes charming verses, in times when another could not write a line of prose; he deserves to be happy: but will he be so? And if not, what becomes of you? For my own part, I will not die between two Capuchins. Hardly worth while, exalting one's soul for such a future as that. What a stupid and detestable farce this world is!" [3]

To D'Argental ("Peace" Negotiations still at their briskest). . . . "But, my dear Angel, you will see on Tuesday the great

[1] Suprà, p. 374.

[2] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 346 ("22d December, 1759").

[3] Ib. lxxviii. 348 (from *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 302), "11th January, 1760."

man who has turned my head (*dont je suis fou*), M. le Duc de Choiseul. The Letters he honors me with enchant me. God will bless him, don't doubt it," — after all! "We have at Pondicherry a Lally, a devil of an Irish spirit, — who will cost me, sooner or later, above 20,000 livres annually [have rents in our *India Company*, say £1,000 a year, as my Angels know], which used to be the readiest item of my Pittance. But M. le Duc de Choiseul will triumph over Luc in one way or other; then what joy! I suppose he shows you my impertinent reveries. Do you know, Luc is so mad, that I don't despair of bringing him to reason [persuading him to give up Clève, and knuckle as he should, in this Peace Affair]. That were what I should call the true Comedy! I should like to have your advices on the conduct of that Dramatic Piece." [1]

The late "mouse" gnawing its mesh of net, what a subtle and mighty hunter has it grown! This of Clève, however, and of knuckling, would not do. Hear the stiff Answer that comes: "'Conditions of Peace,' do you call them? The people that propose such can have no wish to see Peace. What a logic theirs! 'I might yield the Country of Clève, because the inhabitants are stupid'! What would your Ministers say if one required the Province of Champagne from them, because the Proverb says, Ninety-nine sheep and one Champagner make a Hundred head of cattle?" [2]

Again to D'Argental (three or four months after; Luc having proved obstinate, and still unsuccessful). . . . "I conjure you make use of all your eloquence to tell him [the supreme Duc de Choiseul], that if Luc misgo, it will be no misfortune to France. That Brandenburg will always remain an Electorate; that it is good there be no Elector in it strong enough to do without the protection of our King; and that all the Princes of the Empire will always have recourse to that august protection (Most Christian Majesty's] *contra l'aquila grifagna*, — were the Prussian Kingship but abolished. *Nota bene*, if

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 375 ("Délices, 15th February, 1760").

[2] Friedrich to Voltaire, "Freyberg, 3d April, 1760:" *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 73, 74.

Luc were discomfited this Year, we should have Peace next Winter." [1]

To supreme Choiseul (a year later). . . . "He has been a bad man, this Luc; and now, if one were to bet, — by the law of probability it would be 3 to 1 that Luc will go to pot (*sera perdu*), with his rhymings and his banterings, and his injustices and politics, all as bad as himself." [2]

Voltaire on surrounding Objects, chiefly on Maupertuis, and the Battles.

To D'Alembert (in the Rossbach-Leuthen interval: on the Battle of *Breslau*, 22d November, 1757; called by the Austrians "a Malplaquet," and believed by Voltaire to be a Malplaquet and more). . . . "The Austrians do avenge us, and humble us [us, and our miserable Rossbachs], in a terrible manner. Thirteen attacks on the Prussian intrenchments, lasted six hours; never was Victory bloodier, or more horribly beautiful [in the brain of certain men]. We pretty French fellows, we are more expeditious, our job is done in five minutes. The King of Prussia is always writing me Verses, now like a desperado, now like a hero; and as for me, I try to live like a philosopher in my hermitage. He has obtained what he always wished: to beat the French, to be admired by them, to mock them; but the Austrians are mocking him in a very serious way. Our shame of November 5th has given him glory; and with such glory, which is but transient and dearly bought, he must content himself. He will lose his own Countries, with those he has seized, unless the French again discover [which they will] the secret of losing all their Armies, as they did in 1741." [3]

To Clairaut, the Mathematician (Maupertuis lately dead). An excellent Treatise, this you have sent me, Monsieur!

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxix. 110 ("July, 1760").
[2] Ib. lxxx. 313 ("Château de Ferney, 13th July, 1761").
[3] Ib. lxxvii. 133, 134 ("Délices, 6th December, 1757," day after Leuthen).

"Your war with the Geometers on the subject of this Comet appears to me like a war of the gods in Olympus, while on Earth there is going on a fight of dogs and cats. . . . Would to Heaven our friend Moreau-Maupertuis had cultivated his art like you! That he had predicted comets, instead of exalting his soul to predict the future; of dissecting the brains of giants to know the nature of the soul; of japanning people with pitch to cure them of every malady; of persecuting König; and of dying between Two Capuchins" (dead three weeks ago, on those terms, poor soul)![1]

To D'Alembert (a week later). . . . "What say you of Maupertuis dying between Two Capuchins! He was ill, this long while, of a repletion of pride; but I had not reckoned him either a hypocrite or an imbecile. I don't advise you ever to go and fill his place at Berlin; you would repent that. I am Astolpho warning Roger (Ruggiero) not to trust himself to the Enchantress Alcina; but Roger was unadvisable."[2]

To the same (two years later: Luc, on certain grounds, may as well be saved). "With regard to Luc, though I have my just causes of anger against him, I own to you, in my quality of Frenchman and thinking being, I am glad that a certain most Orthodox House has not swallowed Germany, and that the Jesuits are not confessing in Berlin. Over towards the Danube superstition is very powerful. . . . The *infâme*— You are well aware that I speak of superstition only; for as to the Christian religion, I respect and love it, like you. Courage, Brethren! Preach with force, and write with address: God will bless you. — Protect, you my Brother, the Widow Calas all you can! She is a poor weak-minded Huguenot, but her Husband was the victim of the *White Penitents*. It is the concern of Human Nature that the Fanatics of Toulouse be confounded." (The case of Calas, *second* act of it, getting on the scene: a case still memorable to everybody. Stupendous bit of French judicature; and Voltaire's noblest

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 191 ("Délices, 19th August, 1759").

[2] Ib. lxxviii. 197 ("Délices, 25th August, 1759").

outburst, into mere transcendent blaze of pity, virtuous wrath, and determination to bring rescue and help against the whole world.) [1]

Friedrich to Voltaire, before and during these Peace Negotiations.

At Schmöttseifen, five days before Züllichau, ten days before that hunt of Loudon and Haddick (Voltaire, under rebuke for indiscretion, has been whimpering a little. My discreet Niece burnt those *last* verses, Sire; no danger there, at least! Truculent Bishop Something-*ac* tried to attack your Majesty; but was done for by a certain person). Friedrich answers: "In truth, you are a singular creature. When I think of scolding you, you say two words, and the reproach expires. Impossible to scold you, even when you deserve it. . . .

"As to your Niece, let her burn me or roast me, I care little. Nor are you to think me so sensitive to what your Bishops in *ic* or in *ac* may say of me. I have the lot of all actors who play in public; applauded by some, despised by others. One must prepare oneself for satires, for calumnies, for a multitude of lies, which will be sent abroad into currency against one: but need that trouble my tranquillity? I go my road; I do nothing against the interior voice of my conscience; and I concern myself very little in what way my actions paint themselves in the brain of beings, not always very thinking, with two legs and without feathers." [2]

At Wilsdruf, just before Maxen (an exultant exuberant curious Letter; too long for insertion, — part of it given above). . . . "For your Tragedy of *Socrate*, thanks. At Paris they are going to burn it, the wretched fools, — not aware that absurd fanaticism is their dominant vice. Better burn the dose of medicine, however, than the useful Doctor. I, can I join myself to that set? If I bite you, as you complain, it is without my knowledge. But I am surrounded with enemies, one hitting me, another pricking me, another daubing me with

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 52, 53 ("Ferney, 28th November, 1762").

[2] "Schmöttseifen, 18th July, 1759;" *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 55, 56.

mud; — patience at last yields, and one flies abroad into a general rage, too indiscriminate perhaps."

You talk of my Verses on Rossbach (my *Adieu to the Hoopers* on finding their Bridge burnt[1]). "This Campaign I have had no beatific vision, in the style of Moses. The barbarous Cossacks and Tartars, infamous to look at on any side, have burnt and ravaged countries, and committed atrocious inhumanities. This is all I saw of *them*. Such melancholy spectacles don't tend to raise one's spirits. [Breaks off into metre:] *La fortune inconstante et fière*, Fortune inconstant and proud Does not treat her suitors Always in an equal manner. Those fools called heroes, who run the country,

Ces fous nommés héros, et qui courent les champs,
Couverts de sang et de poussière,
Voltaire, n'ont pas tous les ans
La faveur de voir le derrière
De leurs ennemis insolents.

Can't expect that pleasure every year"! . . .

Maupertuis, say you? "Don't trouble the ashes of the dead; let the grave at least put an end to your unjust hatreds. Reflect that even Kings make peace after long battling; cannot you ever make it? I think you would be capable, like Orpheus, of descending to Hell, not to soften Pluto and bring back your beautiful Emilie, but to pursue into that Abode of Woe an enemy whom your wrath has only too much persecuted in the world: for shame!"[2] — and rebukes him, more than once elsewhere, in very serious terms.

In Winter-quarters, on Peace and the Stolen Edition. (Starts in verse, which we abridge:) With how many laurels you have covered yourself in all the fields of Literature! One laurel yet is wanting to the brow of Voltaire. If, as the crown of so many perfect works, he could by a skilful manœuvre bring back Peace, I, and Europe with me, would think that his masterpiece! [Takes to prose:]

"This is my thought and all Europe's. Virgil made as fine Verses as you; but he never made a Peace. It will be a distinc-

[1] Suprà, p. 21.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 61–65 ("Wilsdruf, 17th November, 1759").

tion you will have over all your brethren of Parnassus, if you succeed.

"I know not who has betrayed me, and thought of printing [the *Edition;* — not you, surely!] a pack of rhapsodies which were good enough to amuse myself, but were never meant for publication. After all, I am so used to treacheries and bad manœuvres," — what matters this insignificant one?

"I know not who the Bredow is [whom you speak of having met]; but he has told you true. The sword and death have made frightful ravages among us. And the worst is, we are not yet at the end of the tragedy. You may judge what effect these cruel shocks made on me. I wrap myself in my stoicism, the best I can. Flesh and blood revolt against such tyrannous command; but it must be followed. If you saw me, you would scarcely know me again: I am old, broken, gray-headed, wrinkled; I am losing my teeth and my gayety: if this go on, there will be nothing of me left, but the mania of making verses, and an inviolable attachment to my duties and to the few virtuous men whom I know."[1]

In Winter-quarters, a month later (comes still on "Peace" again). . . . "I will have you paid that bit of debt [perhaps of postage or the like], that Louis of the Mill (*Louis du Moulin*," at Fontenoy, who got upon a Windmill with his Dauphin, and caught that nickname from the common men) "may have wherewithal to make war on me. Add tenth-penny tax to your tax of twentieth-penny; impose new capitations, make titular offices to get money; do, in a word, whatever you like. In spite of all your efforts, you will not get a Peace signed by my hands, except on conditions honorable to my Nation. Your people, blown up with self-conceit and folly, may depend on these words. Adieu, live happy; and while you make all your efforts to destroy Prussia, think that nobody has less deserved it than I, either of you or of your French."[2]

Still in Winter-quarters (on "Peace" still; but begins with "Maupertuis," which is all we will give). "What rage animates you against Maupertuis? You accuse *him* of having

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 69 ("Freyberg, 24th Feb. 1760").

[2] Ib. xxiii. 72 ("Freyberg, 20th March, 1760").

published that Furtive *Edition*. Know that his Copy, well sealed by him, arrived here after his death, and that he was incapable of such an indiscretion. [Breaks into verse:]

> Leave in peace the cold ashes of Maupertuis:
> Truth can defend him, and will.
> His soul was faithful and noble:
> He pardoned you that scandalous Akakia (*ce vil libelle*
> *Que votre fureur criminelle*
> *Prit soin chez moi de griffoner*); he did:—
> And you? Shame on such delirium as Voltaire's!
> What, this beautiful, what, this grand genius,
> Whom I admired with transport,
> Soils himself with calumny, and is ferocious on the dead?
> Flocking together, in the air uttering cries of joy,
> Vile ravens pounce down upon sepulchres,
> And make their prey of corpses:"—

Blush, repent, alas!

These Specimens will suffice. "The King of Prussia?" Voltaire would sometimes say: "He is as potent and as malignant as the Devil; but he is also as unhappy, not knowing friendship,"—having such a chance, too, with some of us!

Friedrich has sent Lord Marischal to Spain: other fond Hopes of Friedrich's.

In the beginning of this Year, 1759, Earl Marischal had been called out of his Neufchâtel stagnancy, and launched into the Diplomatic field again; sent on mission into Spain, namely. The case was this: Ferdinand VI. of Spain (he who would not pay Friedrich the old Spanish debt, but sent him merino rams, and a jar of Queen-Dowager snuff) had fallen into one of his gloomy fits, and was thought to be dying;—did, in fact, die, in a state nearly mad, on the 10th August following. By Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and by all manner of Treaties, Carlos of Naples, his Half-Brother (Termagant's Baby Carlos, whom we all knew), was to succeed him in Spain; Don Philip, the next Brother, now of Parma and Piacenza, was to follow as King in Naples,—ceding those two litigious

Duchies to Austria, after all. Friedrich, vividly awake to every chance, foresaw, in case of such disjunctures in Italy, good likelihood of quarrel there. And has despatched the experienced old Marischal to be on the ground, and have his eyes open. Marischal knows Spain very well; and has often said, "He left a dear old friend there, the Sun." Marischal was under way, about New-year's time; but lingered by the road, waiting how Ferdinand would turn, — and having withal an important business of his own, as he sauntered on. Did not arrive, I think, till Summer was at hand, and his dear Old Friend coming out in vigor.

August 10th, 1759, Ferdinand died; and the same day Carlos became King of Spain. But, instead of giving Naples to Don Philip, Carlos gave it to a junior Son of his own; and left poor Philip to content himself with Parma and Piacenza, as heretofore. Clear against the rights of Austria; Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle is perfectly explicit on that point! Will not Austria vindicate its claim? Politicians say, Austria might have recovered not only Parma and Piacenza, but the kingdom of Naples itself, — no France at present able to hinder it, no Spain ever able. But Austria, contrary to expectation, would not: a Country tenacious enough of its rights, real and imaginary; greedy enough of Italy, but of Silesia much more! The matter was deliberated in Council at Vienna; but the result was magnanimously, No. "Finish this Friedrich first; finish this Silesia. Nothing else till that!"

The Marischal's legationary function, therefore, proved a sinecure; no Carlos needing Anti-Austrian assistance from Friedrich or another; Austria magnanimously having let him alone. Doubtless a considerable disappointment to Friedrich. Industrious Friedrich had tried, on the other side of this affair, Whether the King of Sardinia, once an adventurous fighting kind of man, could not be stirred up, having interests involved? But no; he too, grown old, devotional, apprehensive, held by his rosaries, and answered, No. Here is again a hope reasonable to look at, but which proves fallacious.

Marischal continued in Spain, corresponding, sending news (the Prussian Archives alone know what), for nearly a couple

of years.[1] His Embassy had one effect, which is of interest to us here. On his way out, he had gone by London, with a view of getting legal absolution for his Jacobitism, — so far, at least, as to be able to inherit the Earldom of Kintore, which is likely to fall vacant soon. By blood it is his, were the Jacobite incapacities withdrawn. Kintore is a cadet branch of the Keiths; "John, younger Son of William Sixth Lord Marischal," was the first Kintore. William Sixth's younger Son, yes; — and William's Father, a man always venerable to me, had (A.D. 1593) founded Marischal College, Aberdeen, — where, for a few, in those stern granite Countries, the Diviner Pursuits are still possible (thank God and this Keith) on frugal oatmeal. *Marischal-College* Keith, or *Fifth* Lord Marischal, was grandfather's grandfather of our Potsdam Friend, who is tenth and last.[2] Honor to the brave and noble, now fallen silent under foot *not* of the nobler! In a word, the fourth Kintore was about dying childless; and Marischal had come by London on that heritage business.

He carried, naturally, the best recommendations. Britannic Majesty, Pitt and everybody met him with welcome and furtherance; what he wished was done, and in such a style of promptness and cordiality, Pitt pushing it through, as quite gained the heart of old Marischal. And it is not doubted, though particulars have not been published, That he sent important Spanish notices to Pitt, in these years; — and especially informed him that King Carlos and the French Bourbon had signed a *Family Compact* (15th August, 1761), or solemn covenant, to stand by one another as brothers. Which was thenceforth, to Pitt privately, an important fact, as perhaps we shall see; though to other men it was still only a painful rumor and dubiety. Whether the old Marischal informed him, That King Carlos hated the English; that he never had, in his royal mind, forgiven that insult of Commodore Martin's (watch laid on the table, in the Bay of Naples, long ago), I do not know; but that also was a fact. A diligent, indignant

[1] Returned "April, 1762" (Friedrich's Letter to him, "10th April, 1762:" in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 285).

[2] Douglas's *Scotch Peerage*, pp. 448 et seq., 387 et seq.

kind of man, this Carlos, I am told; by no means an undeserving King of Spain, though his Portraits declare him an ugly: we will leave him in the discreet Marischal's hands, with the dear Old Friend shining equally on both.

Singular to see how, in so veracious an intellect as Friedrich's, so many fallacies of hope are constantly entertained. War in Italy, on quarrel with King Carlos; Peace with France and the Pompadour, by help of Edelsheim and the Bailli de Froulay; Peace with Russia and the *infâme Catin*, by help of English briberies (Friedrich sent an agent this winter with plenty of English guineas, but he got no farther than the Frontier, not allowed even to try): sometimes, as again this winter, it is hope of Denmark joining him (in alarm against the Russian views on Holstein; but that, too, comes to nothing); above all, there is perennially, budding out yearly, the brighter after every disappointment, a hope in the Grand Turk and his adherencies. Grand Turk, or failing him, the Cham of Tartary, — for certain, some of these will be got to fasten on the heels of Austria, of Russia; and create a favorable diversion? Friedrich took an immense deal of trouble about this latter hope. It is almost pathetic to see with what a fond tenacity he clings to it; and hopes it over again, every new Spring and Summer.[1]

The hope that an *infâme Catin* might die some day (for she is now deep in chaotic ailments, deepish even in brandy) seems never to have struck him; at least there is nowhere any articulate hint of it, — the eagle-flight of one's imagination soaring far above such a pettiness! Hope is very beautiful; and even fallacious hope, in such a Friedrich. The one hope that did not deceive him, was hope in his own best exertion to the very death; and no fallacy ever for a moment slackened him in that. Stand to thyself: in the wide domain of Imagination, there is no other certainty of help. No other certainty; — and yet who knows through what pettinesses Heaven may send help!

[1] Preuss, ii. 121 et seq., 292 &c.; Schöning, ii. iii. *passim.*

CHAPTER IX.

PRELIMINARIES TO A FIFTH CAMPAIGN.

It was April 25th before Friedrich quitted Freyberg, and took Camp; not till the middle of June that anything of serious Movement came. Much discouragement prevails in his Army, we hear: and indeed, it must be owned, the horoscope of these Campaigns grows yearly darker. Only Friedrich himself must not be discouraged! Nor is; — though there seldom lay ahead of any man a more dangerous-looking Year than this that is now dimly shaping itself to Friedrich. His fortune seems to have quitted him; his enemies are more confident than ever.

This Year, it seems, they have bethought them of a new device against him. "We have 90 million Population," count they; "he has hardly 5; in the end, he must run out of men! Let us cease exchanging prisoners with him." At Jägerndorf, in April, 1758 (just before our march to Olmütz), there had been exchange; not without haggles; but this was the last on Austria's part. Cartel of the usual kind, values punctually settled: a Field-marshal is worth 3,000 common men, or £1,500; Colonel worth 130 men, or £65; common man is worth 10*s.* sterling, not a high figure.[1] The Russians haggled still more, no keeping of them to their word; but they tried it a second time, last year (October, 1759); and by careful urging and guiding, were got dragged through it, and the prisoners on both sides sent to their colors again. After which, it was a settled line of policy, "No more exchanging or cartelling; we will starve him out in that article!" And had Friedrich had nothing but his own 5 millions to go upon, though these contributed liberally, he had in truth been starved out. Nor could Saxony, with Mecklenburg, Anhalt, Erfurt, and their

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 53.

10,000 men a year, have supplied him, — "had not there," says Archenholtz (a man rather fond of superlatives), —

"Had not there risen a Recruiting system," or Crimping system, "the like of which for kind and degree was never seen in the Earth before. Prisoners, captive soldiers, if at all likely fellows, were by every means persuaded, and even compelled, to take Prussian service. Compelled, cudgel in hand," says Archenholtz (who is too indiscriminating, I can see, — for there were Pfalzers, Würtembergers, Reichsfolk, who had *first* been compelled the other way): "not asked if they wished to serve, but dragged to the Prussian colors, obliged to swear there, and fight against their countrymen." Say at least, against their countrymen's Governors, contumacious Serene Highnesses of Würtemberg, Mecklenburg and the like. Würtemberg, we mentioned lately, had to shoot a good few of his first levy against the Protestant Champion, before they would march at all! — I am sorry for these poor men; and wish the Reich had been what it once was, a Veracity and Practical Reality, not an Imaginary Entity and hideously contemptible Wiggery, as it now is! Contemptible, and hideous as well; — setting itself up on that fundamental mendacity; which is eternally tragical, though little regarded in these days, and which entails mendacities without end on parties concerned! — But, apart from all this, certain it is,

"The whole German Reich was deluged with secret Prussian Enlisters. The greater part of these were not actual Officers at all, but hungry Adventurers, who had been bargained with, and who, for their own profit, allowed themselves every imaginable art to pick up men. Head and centre of them was the Prussian Colonel Colignon," one of the Free-Corps people; "a man formed by nature for this business [what a beautiful man!] — who gave all the others their directions, and taught them by his own example. Colignon himself," in winter-time, "travelled about in all manner of costumes and characters; persuading hundreds of people into the Prussian service. He not only promised Commissions, but gave such, — nominating loose young fellows (*Laffen*), students, merchants' clerks and the like, to Lieutenancies and Cap-

taincies in the Prussian Army [about as likely as in the Seraphim and Cherubim, had they known it]: in the Infantry, in the Cuirassiers, in the Hussars, — it is all one, you have only to choose. The renown of the Prussian arms was so universal, and combined with the notion of rich booty, that Colignon's Commission-manufactory was continually busy. No need to provide marching-money, hand-money [shillings for earnest]; Colignon's recruits travelled mostly of will and at their own charge. In Franken, in Schwaben, in the Rhine Countries, a dissolute son would rob his father, — as shopmen their masters' tills, and managers their cash-boxes, — and hie off to those magnanimous Prussian Officials, who gave away companies like kreutzers, and had a value for young fellows of spirit. They hastened to Magdeburg with their Commissions; where they were received as common recruits, and put by force into the regiments suitable. No use in resisting: the cudgel and the drill-sergeant," — who doubts it? — "till complete submission. By this and other methods Colignon and his helpers are reckoned to have raised for the King, in the course of this War, about 60,000 recruits." [1]

This Year, Daun, though his reputation is on the decline lately, is to have the chief command, as usual; the Grand Army, with Saxony for field of conquest, and the Reichsfolk to assist, is to be Daun's. But, what is reckoned an important improvement, Loudon is to have a separate command, and Army of his own. Loudon, hot of temper, melancholic, shy, is not a man to recommend himself to Kriegshofrath people; but no doubt Imperial Majesty has had her own wise eye on him. His merits are so undeniable; the need of some Commander *not* of the Cunctator type is become so very pressing. "Army of Silesia, 50,000;" that is to be Loudon's, with 40,000 Russians to co-operate and unite themselves with Loudon; and try actually for conquest of Silesia, this Year; while Daun, conquering Saxony, keeps the King busy.

At Petersburg, Versailles, Vienna, much planning there has been, and arduous consulting: first at Petersburg, in time and in importance, where Montalembert has again been very

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 53.

urgent in regard to those poor Swedish people, and the getting of them turned to some kind of use: "Stettin in conjunction with the Swedes; oh, listen to reason, and take Stettin!" "Would not Dantzig by ourselves be the advisable thing?" answers Soltikof: "Dantzig is an important Town, and the grand Baltic Haven; and would be so convenient for our Preussen, since we have determined to maintain that fine Conquest." So thinks Czarish Majesty, as well as Soltikof, privately, though there are difficulties as to Dantzig; and, in fine, except Colberg over again, there can be nothing attempted of sieging thereabouts. A Siege of Colberg, however, there is actually to be: Second Siege, — if perhaps it will prove luckier than the First was, two years since? Naval Armament Swedish-Russian, specific Land Armament wholly Russian, are to do this Second Siege, at a favorable time; except by wishes, Soltikof will not be concerned in it; nor, it is to be hoped, shall we, — in such pressure of haste as is probably ahead for us.

"Silesia would be the place for sieges!" say the Vienna people always; and Imperial Majesty is very urgent; and tries all methods, — eloquence, flatteries, bribes, — to bring Petersburg to that view. Which is at last adopted; heartily by Czarish Majesty, ever ready for revenge on Friedrich, the more fatal and the more direct, the better. Heartily by her; not so heartily by Soltikof and her Army people, who know the Austrian habits; and privately decide on *not* picking chestnuts from the fire, while the other party's paws keep idle, and only his jaws are ready.

Of Small-War there is nothing or little to be said; indeed there occurs almost none. Roving Cossack-Parties, under one Tottleben, whom we shall hear of otherwise, infest Pommern, bickering with the Prussian posts there; not ravaging as formerly, Tottleben being a civilized kind of man. One of these called at the Castle of Schwedt, one day; found Prince Eugen of Würtemberg there (nearly recovered of his Kunersdorf wounds), who is a Son-in-law of the House, married to a Daughter of Schwedt; — ancestor of the now Russian Czars

too, had anybody then known it. Him these Cossacks carried off with them, a march or two; then, taking his bond for a certain ransom, let him go. Bond and bondholder being soon after captured by the Prussians, Eugen paid no ransom; so that to us his adventure is without moment, though it then made some noise among the Gazetteers.

Two other little passages, and only two, we will mention; which have in themselves a kind of memorability. First, that of General Czetteritz and the *Manuscript* he lost. Of posts across the Elbe I find none mentionable here, and believe there is none, except only Czetteritz's; who stands at Cosdorf, well up towards Torgau Country, as sentry over Torgau and the Towns there. On Czetteritz there was, in February, an attempt made by the active General Beck, whom Daun had detached for that object. Extremely successful, according to the Austrian Gazetteers; but in reality amounting to as good as nothing: — Surprisal of Czetteritz's first vedette, in the dawn of a misty February morning (February 21st, 1760); non-surprisal of his second, which did give fire and alarm, whereupon debate; and Czetteritz springing into his saddle; retreat of his people to rearward, with loss of 7 Officers and 200 prisoners; — but ending in re-advance, with fresh force, a few hours after;[1] — in repulse of Beck, in recovery of Cosdorf, and a general state of *As-you-were* in that part. A sputter of Post-War, not now worth mentioning at all, — except only for one small circumstance: That in the careering and swift ordering, such as there was, on the rear-guard especially, Major-General Czetteritz's horse happened to fall; whereby not only was the General taken prisoner, but his quarters got plundered, and in his luggage, — what is the notable circumstance, — there was found a small Manuscript, *Militairische Instrukzion für die Generale*, such as every Prussian General has, and is bound to keep religiously secret.[2] This, carried

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 655.

[2] Stands now in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. 3 et. seq.; was finished (the revisal of it was), by the King, "2d April, 1748:" see *Preuss*, i. 478–480: and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. *Preface*, for endless indistinct details about the translations and editions of it. London Edition, 1818, calls itself the *Fifth*.

to Daun's head-quarters, was duly prized, copied; and in the course of a year came to print, in many shapes and places; was translated into English, under the Title, *Military Instructions by the King of Prussia*, in 1762 (and again, hardly so *well*, in 1797); and still languidly circulates among the studious of our soldiers. Not a little admired by some of them; and unfortunately nearly all they seem to know of this greatest of modern Soldiers.[1]

Next, about a month after, we have something to report of Loudon from Silesia, or rather of the Enemies he meets there; for it is not a victorious thing. But it means a starting of the Campaign by an Austrian invasion of Silesia; long before sieging time, while all these Montalembert-Soltikof pleadings and counter-pleadings hang dubious at Petersburg, and Loudon's "Silesian Army" is still only in a nascent or theoretic state, and only Loudon himself is in a practical one.

Friedrich has always Fouquet at Landshut, in charge of the Silesian Frontier; whose outposts, under Goltz as head of these, stretch, by Neisse, far eastward, through the Hills to utmost Mähren; Fouquet's own head-quarter being generally Landshut, the main gate of the Country. Fouquet, long since, rooted himself rather firmly into that important post; has a beautiful ring of fortified Hills around Landshut; battery crossing battery, girdling it with sure destruction, under an expert Fouquet, — but would require 30,000 men to keep it, instead of 13,000, which is Fouquet's allotment. Upon whom Loudon is fully intending a stroke this Year. Fouquet, as we know, has strenuously managed to keep ward there for a twelvemonth past; in spite, often enough, of new violent invadings and attemptings (violent, miscellaneous, but intermittent) by the Devilles and others; — and always under many difficulties of his own, and vicissitudes in his employment: a Fouquet coming and going, waxing and waning,

[1] See, for example, in *Life of General Sir Charles Napier, by his Brother* (London, 1857), iii. 365 and elsewhere, — one of the best judges in the world expressing his joy and admiration on discovery of Friedrich; discovery, if you read well, which amounts to these *Instructions*, and no more.

according to the King's necessities, and to the intermittency or constancy of pressures on Landshut. Under Loudon, this Year, Fouquet will have harder times than ever; — in the end, too hard! But will resist, judge how by the following small sample: —

"Besides Fouquet and his 13,000," says my Note, "the Silesian Garrisons are all vigilant, are or ought to be; and there are far eastward of him, for guarding of the Jägerndorf-Troppau Border, some 4 or 6,000, scattered about, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, in various Hill Posts, — the chief Post of which, Goltz's own, is the little Town of Neustadt, northward of Jägerndorf [where we have billeted in the old Silesian Wars]: Goltz's Neustadt is the chief; and Leobschütz, southwestward of it, under 'General Le Grand' [once the Major *Grant* of Kolin Battle, if readers remember him, "Your Majesty and I cannot take the Battery ourselves!"] is probably the second in importance. Loudon, cantoned along the Moravian side of the Border, perceives that he can assemble 32,000 foot and horse; that the Prussians are 13,000 *plus* 6,000; that Silesia can be invaded with advantage, were the weather come. And that, in any kind of weather, Goltz and his straggle of posts might be swept into the interior, perhaps picked up and pocketed altogether, if Loudon were sharp enough. Swept into the interior Goltz was; by no means pocketed altogether, as he ought to have been!

"*March 13th*, 1760, Loudon orders general muster hereabouts for the 15th, everybody to have two days, bread and forage; and warns Goltz, as bound in honor: 'Excellenz, to-morrow is March 14th; to-morrow our pleasant time of Truce is out, — the more the pity for both of us!' 'Yea, my esteemed neighbor Excellenz!' answers Goltz, with the proper compliments; but judges that his esteemed neighbor is intending mischief almost immediately. Goltz instantly sends orders to all his posts: 'You, Herr General Grant, you at Leobschütz, and all the rest of you, make your packages; march without delay; rendezvous at Steinau and Upper Glogau [far different from *Great*-Glogau], Neisse-ward; swift!' And would have himself gone on the 14th, but could not, —

his poor little Bakery not being here, nor wagons for his baggages quite to be collected in a moment, — and it was Saturday, 15th, 5 A.M., that Goltz appointed himself to march.

"The last time we saw General Goltz was on the Green of Bautzen, above two years ago, — when he delivered that hard message to the King's Brother and his party, 'You deserve to be tried by Court-martial, and have your heads cut off!' He was of that sad Zittau business of the late Prince of Prussia's, — Goltz, Winterfeld, Ziethen, Schmettau and others. Winterfeld and the Prince are both dead; Schmettau is fallen into disaster; Goltz is still in good esteem with the King. A stalwart, swift, flinty kind of man, to judge by the Portraits of him; considerable obstinacy, of a tacitly intelligent kind, in that steady eye, in that droop of the eyebrows towards the strong cheek-bones; plenty of sleeping fire in Lieutenant-General Goltz.

"His principal force, on this occasion, is one Infantry Regiment; *Regiment Manteuffel:* — readers perhaps recollect that stout Pommern Regiment, Manteuffel of Foot, and the little Dialogue it had with the King himself, on the eve of Leuthen: 'Good-night, then, Fritz! To-morrow all dead, or else the Enemy beaten.' Their conduct, I have heard, was very shining at Leuthen, where everybody shone; and since then they have been plunging about through the death-element in their old rugged way, — and re-emerge here into definite view again, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, issuing from the north end of Neustadt, in the dim dawn of a cold spring morning, March 15th, 5 A.M.; weather latterly very wet, as I learn. They intend Neisse-way, with their considerable stock of baggage-wagons; a company of Dragoons is to help in escorting: party perhaps about 2,000 in all. Goltz will have his difficulties this day; and has calculated on them. And, indeed, at the first issuing, here they already are.

"Loudon, with about 5,000 horse, — four Regiments drawn up here, and by and by with a fifth (happily not with the grenadiers, as he had calculated, who are detained by broken bridges, waters all in flood from the rain), — is waiting for him, at the very environs of Neustadt. Loudon, by a trum-

pet, politely invites him to surrender, being so outnumbered; Goltz, politely thanking, disregards it, and marches on: Loudon escorting, in an ominous way; till, at Buchelsdorf, the fifth Regiment (best in the Austrian service) is seen drawn out across the highway, plainly intimating, No thoroughfare to Goltz and Pommern. Loudon sends a second trumpet: 'Surrender prisoners; honorablest terms; keep all your baggage: refuse, and you are cut down every man.' 'You shall yourself hear the answer,' said Goltz. Goltz leads this second trumpet to the front; and, in Pommern dialect, makes known what General Loudon's proposal is. The Pommerners answer, as one man, a No of such emphasis as I have never heard; in terms which are intensely vernacular, it seems, and which do at this day astonish the foreign mind: 'We will for him something, *Wir wollen ihm was*—' But the powers of translation and even of typography fail; and feeble paraphrase must give it: 'We will for him *something ineffable concoct*,' of a surprisingly contrary kind! '*Wir wollen ihm was*' (with ineffable dissyllabic verb governing it)! growled one indignant Pommerner; 'and it ran like file-fire along the ranks,' says Archenholtz; everybody growling it, and bellowing it, in fierce bass chorus, as the indubitable vote of Pommern in those circumstances.

"Loudon's trumpet withdrew. Pommern formed square round its baggage; Loudon's 5,000 came thundering in, fit to break adamant; but met such a storm of bullets from Pommern, they stopped about ten paces short, in considerable amazement, and wheeled back. Tried it again, still more amazement; the like a third time; every time in vain. After which, Pommern took the road again, with vanguard, rearguard; and had peace for certain miles,—Loudon gloomily following, for a new chance. How many times Loudon tried again, and ever again, at good places, I forget,—say six times in all. Between Siebenhufen and Steinau, in a dirty defile, the jewel of the road for Loudon, who tried his very best there, one of our wagons broke down; the few to rear of it, eighteen wagons and some country carts, had to be left standing. Nothing more of Pommern was left there or anywhere.

Near Steinau there, Loudon gave it up as desperate, and went his way. His loss, they say, was 300 killed, 500 wounded; Pommern's was 35 killed, and above 100 left wounded or prisoners. One of the stiffest day's works I have known: some twelve miles of march, in every two an attack. Pommern has really concocted something surprising, and kept its promise to Loudon! 'Thou knowest what the Pommerners can do,' said they once to their own King. An obstinate, strong-boned, heavy-browed people; not so stupid as you think. More or less of Jutish or Anglish type; highly deficient in the graces of speech, and, I should judge, with little call to Parliamentary Eloquence."[1]

Friedrich is, this Year, considered by the generality of mankind, to be ruined: "Lost 60,000 men last Campaign; was beaten twice; his luck is done; what is to become of him?" say his enemies, and even the impartial Gazetteer, with joy or sorrow. Among his own people there is gloom or censure; hard commentaries on Maxen: "So self-willed, high, and deaf to counsel from Prince Henri!" Henri himself, they say, is sullen; threatening, as he often does, to resign "for want of health;" and as he quite did, for a while, in the end of this Campaign, or interval between this and next.

Friedrich has, with incredible diligence, got together his finance (copper in larger dose than ever, Jew Ephraim presiding as usual); and, as if by art-magic, has on their feet 100,000 men against his enemy's 280,000. Some higher Officers are secretly in bad spirits; but the men know nothing of discouragement. Friedrich proclaims to them at marching, "For every cannon you capture, 100 ducats; for every flag, 50; for every standard (cavalry flag), 40;" — which sums, as they fell due, were accordingly paid thenceforth.[2] But Friedrich, too, is abundantly gloomy, if that could help him; which he knows well it cannot, and strictly hides it from all but a few; — or

[1] Preuss, ii. 241 (incorrect in some small points); Archenholtz, ii. 61; Seyfarth, ii. 640, and *Beylagen*, ii. 657–660; Tempelhof, iv. 8–10; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 68) the Austrian account.

[2] Stenzel, v. 236, 237; ib. 243

all but D'Argens almost alone, to whom it can do no harm. Read carefully by the light of contemporary occurrences, not vaguely in the vacant haze, as the Editors give it, his correspondence with D'Argens becomes interesting almost to a painful degree: an unaffected picture of one of the bravest human souls weighed down with dispiriting labors and chagrins, such as were seldom laid on any man; almost beyond bearing, but incurable, and demanding to be borne. Wilhelmina is away, away; to D'Argens alone of mortals does he whisper of these things; and to him not wearisomely, or with the least prolixity, but in short sharp gusts, seldom now with any indignation, oftenest with a touch of humor in them, not soliciting any sympathy, nor expecting nearly as much as he will get from the faithful D'Argens.

"I am unfortunate and old, dear Marquis; that is why they persecute me: God knows what my future is to be this Year! I grieve to resemble Cassandra with my prophecies; but how augur well of the desperate situation we are in, and which goes on growing worse? I am so gloomy to-day, I will cut short. . . . Write to me when you have nothing better to do; and don't forget a poor Philosopher who, perhaps to expiate his incredulity, is doomed to find his Purgatory in *this* world."[1] . . . To another Friend, in the way of speech, he more deliberately says: "The difficulties I had, last Campaign, were almost infinite: such a multitude of enemies acting against me; Pommern, Brandenburg, Saxony, Frontiers of Silesia, alike in danger, often enough all at one time. If I escaped absolute destruction, I must impute it chiefly to the misconduct of my enemies; who gained such advantages, but had not the sense to follow them up. Experience often corrects people of their blunders: I cannot expect to profit by anything of that kind, on their part, in the course of this Campaign:" judge if it will be a light one, *mon cher*.[2]

The symptoms we decipher in these Letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery; but used to his black

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 138, 139 ("Freyberg, 20th March, 1760").

[2] To Mitchell, one evening, "Camp of Schlettau, May 23d" (Mitchell, ii. 159).

element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come. Prometheus, chained on the Ocean-cliffs, with the New Ruling-Powers in the upper hand, and their vultures gradually eating him; dumb Time and dumb Space looking on, apparently with small sympathy: Prometheus and other Titans, now and then, have touched the soul of some Æschylus, and drawn tones of melodious sympathy, far heard among mankind. But with this new Titan it is not so: nor, upon the whole, with the proper Titan, in this world, is it usually so; the world being a — what shall we say? — a poorish kind of world, and its melodies and dissonances, its loves and its hatreds worth comparatively little in the long-run. Friedrich does wonderfully without sympathy from almost anybody; and the indifference with which he walks along, under such a cloud of sulky stupidities, of mendacities and misconceptions from the herd of mankind, is decidedly admirable to me.

But let us look into the Campaign itself. Perhaps — contrary to the world's opinion, and to Friedrich's own when, in ultra-lucid moments, he gazes into it in the light of cold arithmetic, and finds the aspect of it "frightful" — this Campaign will be a little luckier to him than the last? Unluckier it cannot well be: — or if so, it will at least be final to him!

BOOK XX.

FRIEDRICH IS NOT TO BE OVERWHELMED: THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR GRADUALLY ENDS.

25th April, 1760–15th February, 1763.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

THERE were yet, to the world's surprise and regret, Three Campaigns of this War; but the Campaign 1760, which we are now upon, was what produced or rendered possible the other two; — was the crisis of them, and is now the only one that can require much narrative from us here. Ill-luck, which, Friedrich complains, had followed him like his shadow, in a strange and fateful manner, from the day of Kunersdorf and earlier, does not yet cease its sad company; but, on the contrary, for long months to come, is more constant than ever, baffling every effort of his own, and from the distance sending him news of mere disaster and discomfiture. It is in this Campaign, though not till far on in it, that the long lane does prove to have a turning, and the Fortune of War recovers its old impartial form. After which, things visibly languish: and the hope of ruining such a Friedrich becomes problematic, the effort to do it slackens also; the very will abating, on the Austrian part, year by year, as of course the strength of their resources is still more steadily doing. To the last, Friedrich, the weaker in material resources, needs all his talent, — all his luck too. But, as the strength, on both sides, is fast abating, — hard to say on which side faster (Friedrich's talent

being always a *fixed* quantity, while all else is fluctuating and vanishing), — what remains of the once terrible Affair, through Campaigns Sixth and Seventh, is like a race between spent horses, little to be said of it in comparison. Campaign 1760 is the last of any outward eminence or greatness of event. Let us diligently follow that, and be compendious with the remainder.

Friedrich was always famed for his Marches; but, this Year, they exceeded all calculation and example; and are still the admiration of military men. Can there by no method be some distant notion afforded of them to the general reader? They were the one resource Friedrich had left, against such overwhelming superiority in numbers; and they came out like surprises in a theatre, — unpleasantly surprising to Daun. Done with such dexterity, rapidity and inexhaustible contrivance and ingenuity, as overset the schemes of his enemies again and again, and made his one army equivalent in effect to their three.

Evening of April 25th, Friedrich rose from his Freyberg cantonments; moved back, that is, northward, a good march; then encamped himself between Elbe and the Hill-Country; with freer prospect and more elbow-room for work coming. His left is on Meissen and the Elbe; his right at a Village called the Katzenhäuser, an uncommonly strong camp, of which one often hears afterwards; his centre camp is at Schlettau, which also is strong, though not to such a degree. This line extends from Meissen southward about 10 miles, commanding the Reich-ward Passes of the Metal Mountains, and is defensive of Leipzig, Torgau and the Towns thereabouts.[1] Katzenhäuser is but a mile or two from Krögis — that unfortunate Village where Finck got his Maxen Order: "*Er weiss*, — You know I can't stand having difficulties raised; manage to do it!"

Friedrich's task, this Year, is to defend Saxony; Prince Henri having undertaken the Russians, — Prince Henri and Fouquet, the Russians and Silesia. Clearly on very uphill

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 16 et seq.

terms, both of them: so that Friedrich finds he will have a great many things to assist in, besides defending Saxony. He lies here expectant till the middle of June, above seven weeks; Daun also, for the last two weeks, having taken the field in a sort. In a sort; — but comes no nearer; merely posting himself astride of the Elbe, half in Dresden, half on the opposite or northern bank of the River, with Lacy thrown out ahead in good force on that vacant side; and so waiting the course of other people's enterprises.

Well to eastward and rearward of Daun, where we have seen Loudon about to be very busy, Prince Henri and Fouquet have spun themselves out into a long chain of posts, in length 300 miles or more, "from Landshut, along the Bober, along the Queiss and Oder, through the Neumark, abutting on Stettin and Colberg, to the Baltic Sea."[1] On that side, in aid of Loudon or otherwise, Daun can attempt nothing; still less on the Katzenhäuser-Schlettau side can he dream of an attempt: only towards Brandenburg and Berlin — the Country on that side, 50 or 60 miles of it, to eastward of Meissen, being vacant of troops — is Daun's road open, were he enterprising, as Friedrich hopes he is not. For some two weeks, Friedrich — not ready otherwise, it being difficult to cross the River, if Lacy with his 30,000 should think of interference — had to leave the cunctatory Feldmarschall this chance or unlikely possibility. At the end of the second week ("June 14th," as we shall mark by and by), the chance was withdrawn.

Daun and his Lacy are but one, and that by no means the most harassing, of the many cares and anxieties which Friedrich has upon him in those Seven Weeks, while waiting at Schlettau, reading the omens. Never hitherto was the augury of any Campaign more indecipherable to him, or so continually fluctuating with wild hopes, which proved visionary, and with huge practical fears, of what he knew to be the real likelihood. "Peace coming?" It is strange how long Friedrich clings to that fond hope: "My Edelsheim is in the Bastille, or packed home in disgrace: but will not the English

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 21–24.

and Choiseul make Peace? It is Choiseul's one rational course; bankrupt as he is, and reduced to spoons and kettles. In which case, what a beautiful effect might Duke Ferdinand produce, if he marched to Eger, say to Eger, with his 50,000 Germans (Britannic Majesty and Pitt so gracious), and twitched Daun by the skirt, whirling Daun home to Bohemia in a hurry!" Then the Turks; the Danes, — "Might not the Danes send us a trifle of Fleet to Colberg (since the English never will), and keep our Russians at bay?" — "At lowest these hopes are consolatory," says he once, suspecting them all (as, no doubt, he often enough does), "and give us courage to look calmly for the opening of this Campaign, the very idea of which has made me shudder!" [1]

Meanwhile, by the end of May, the Russians are come across the Weichsel again, lie in four camps on the hither side; start about June 1st; — Henri waiting for them, in Sagan Country his head-quarter; and on both hands of that, Fouquet and he spread out, since the middle of May, in their long thin Chain of Posts, from Landshut to Colberg again, like a thin wall of 300 miles. To Friedrich the Russian movements are, and have been, full of enigma: "Going upon Colberg? Going upon Glogau; upon Breslau?" That is a heavy-footed certainty, audibly tramping forward on us, amid these fond visions of the air! Certain too, and visible to a duller eye than Friedrich's; Loudon in Silesia is meditating mischief. "The inevitable Russians, the inevitable Loudon; and nothing but Fouquet and Henri on guard there, with their long thin chain of posts, infinitely too thin to do any execution!" thinks the King. To whom their modes of operating are but little satisfactory, as seen at Schlettau from the distance. "Condense yourself," urges he always on Henri; "go forward on the Russians; attack sharply this Corps, that Corps, while they are still separate and on march!" Henri did condense himself, "took post between Sagan and Sprottau; post at Frankfurt," — poor Frankfurt, is it to have a Kunersdorf or Zorndorf every year, then? No; the cautious Henri never

[1] "To Prince Henri:" in *Schöning*, ii. 246 (3d April, 1760); ib. 263 (of the *Danish* outlook); &c. &c.

could see his way into these adventures; and did not attack any Corps of the Russians. Took post at Landsberg ultimately, — the Russians, as usual, having Posen as place-of-arms, — and vigilantly watched the Russians, without coming to strokes at all. A spectacle growing gradually intolerable to the King, though he tries to veil his feelings.

Neither was Fouquet's plan of procedure well seen by Friedrich in the distance. Ever since that of Regiment Manteuffel, which was a bit of disappointment, Loudon has been quietly industrious on a bigger scale. Privately he cherishes the hope, being a swift vehement enterprising kind of man, to oust Fouquet; and perhaps to have Glatz Fortress taken, before his Russians come! In the very end of May, Loudon, privately aiming for Glatz, breaks in upon Silesia again, — a long way to eastward of Fouquet, and as if regardless of Glatz. Upon which, Fouquet, in dread for Schweidnitz and perhaps Breslau itself, hastened down into the Plain Country, to manœuvre upon Loudon; but found no Loudon moving that way; and, in a day or two, learned that Landshut, so weakly guarded, had been picked up by a big corps of Austrians; and in another day or two, that Loudon (June 7th) had blocked Glatz, — Loudon's real intention now clear to Fouquet. As it was to Friedrich from the first; whose anger and astonishment at this loss of Landshut were great, when he heard of it in his Camp of Schlettau. "Back to Landshut," orders he (11th June, three days before leaving Schlettau); "neither Schweidnitz nor Breslau are in danger: it is Glatz the Austrians mean [as Fouquet and all the world now see they do!]; watch Glatz; retake me Landshut instantly!"

The tone of Friedrich, which is usually all friendliness to Fouquet, had on this occasion something in it which offended the punctual and rather peremptory Spartan mind. Fouquet would not have neglected Glatz; pity he had not been left to his own methods with Landshut and it. Deeply hurt, he read this Order (16th June); and vowing to obey it, and nothing but *it*, used these words, which were remembered afterwards, to his assembled Generals: "*Meine Herren*, it appéars, then, we must take Landshut again. Loudon, as the

next thing, will come on us there with his mass of force; and we must then, like Prussians, hold out as long as possible, think of no surrender on open field, but if even beaten, defend ourselves to the last man. In case of a retreat, I will be one of the last that leaves the field: and should I have the misfortune to survive such a day, I give you my word of honor never to draw a Prussian sword more."[1] This speech of Fouquet's (June 16th) was two days after Friedrich got on march from Schlettau. June 17th, Fouquet got to Landshut; drove out the Austrians more easily than he had calculated, and set diligently, next day, to repair his works, writing to Friedrich: "Your Majesty's Order shall be executed here, while a man of us lives." Fouquet, in the old Crown-Prince time, used to be called Bayard by his Royal friend. His Royal friend, now darker of face and scathed by much ill-weather, has just quitted Schlettau, three days before this recovery of Landshut; and will not have gone far till he again hear news of Fouquet.

Night of June 14th–15th, Friedrich, "between Zehren and Zabel," several miles down stream, — his bridges now all ready, out of Lacy's cognizance, — has suddenly crossed Elbe; and next afternoon pitches camp at Broschwitz, which is straight towards Lacy again. To Lacy's astonishment; who is posted at Moritzburg, with head-quarter in that beautiful Country-seat of Polish Majesty, — only 10 miles to eastward, should Friedrich take that road. Broschwitz is short way north of Meissen, and lies on the road either to Grossenhayn or to Radeburg (Radeburg only four miles northward of Lacy), as Friedrich shall see fit, on the morrow. For the Meissen north road forks off there, in those two directions: straight northward is for Grossenhayn, right hand is for Radeburg. Most interesting to Lacy, which of these forks, what is quite optional, Friedrich will take! Lacy is an alert man; looks well to himself; warns Daun; and will not be caught if he can help it. Daun himself is encamped at Reichenberg, within two miles of him, inexpugnably intrenched as usual; and the

[1] Stenzel, v. 239.

danger surely is not great: nevertheless both these Generals, wise by experience, keep their eyes open.

The *First* great Feat of Marching now follows, on Friedrich's part; with little or no result to Friedrich; but worth remembering, so strenuous, so fruitless was it, — so barred by ill news from without! Both this and the Second stand recorded for us, in brief intelligent terms by Mitchell, who was present in both; and who is perfectly exact on every point, and intelligible throughout, — if you will read him with a Map; and divine for yourself what the real names are, out of the inhuman blotchings made of them, not by Mitchell's blame at all.[1]

Tuesday, June 17th, second day of Friedrich's stay at Broschwitz, Mitchell, in a very confidential Dialogue they had together, learned from him, under seal of secrecy, That it was his purpose to march for Radeburg to-morrow morning, and attack Lacy and his 30,000, who lie encamped at Moritzburg out yonder; for which step his Majesty was pleased farther to show Mitchell a little what the various inducements were: "One Russian Corps is aiming as if for Berlin; the Austrians are about besieging Glatz, — pressing need that Fouquet were reinforced in his Silesian post of difficulty. Then here are the Reichs-people close by; can be in Dresden three days hence, joined to Daun: 80,000 odd there will then be of Enemies in this part: I must beat Lacy, if possible, while time still is!" — and ended by saying: "Succeed here, and all may yet be saved; be beaten here, I know the consequences: but what can I do? The risk must be run; and it is now smaller than it will ever again be."

Mitchell, whose account is a fortnight later than the Dialogue itself, does confess, "My Lord, these reasons, though unhappily the thing seems to have failed, 'appear to me to be solid and unanswerable.'" Much more do they to Tempelhof, who sees deeper into the bottom of them than Mitchell did; and finds that the failure is only superficial.[2] The real suc-

[1] Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 et seq.

[2] Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 (Despatch, "June 30th, 1760"); Tempelhof, iv. 44.

cess, thinks Tempelhof, would be, Could the King manœuvre himself into Silesia, and entice a cunctatory Daun away with him thither. A cunctatory Daun to preside over matters *there*, in his superstitiously cautious way; leaving Saxony free to the Reichsfolk, — whom a Hülsen, left with his small remnant in Schlettau, might easily take charge of, till Silesia were settled? "The plan was bold, was new, and completely worthy of Friedrich," votes Tempelhof; "and it required the most consummate delicacy of execution. To lure Daun on, always with the prospect open to him of knocking you on the head, and always by your rapidity and ingenuity to take care that he never got it done." This is Tempelhof's notion: and this, sure enough, was actually Friedrich's mode of management in the weeks following; though whether already altogether planned in his head, or only gradually planning itself, as is more likely, nobody can say. We will look a very little into the execution, concerning which there is no dubiety: —

Wednesday, 18*th June*, "Friedrich," as predicted to Mitchell, the night before, "did start punctually, in three columns, at 3 A.M. [Sun just rising]; and, after a hot march, got encamped on the southward side of Radeburg: ready to cross the Rödern Stream there to-morrow, as if intending for the Lausitz [should that prove needful for alluring Lacy], — and in the mean while very inquisitive where Lacy might be. One of Lacy's outposts, those Saxon light horse, was fallen in with; was chased home, and Lacy's camp discovered, that night. At Bernsdorf, not three miles to southward or right of us; Daun only another three to south of him. Let us attack Lacy to-morrow morning; wind round to get between Daun and him,[1] — with fit arrangements; rapid as light! In the King's tent, accordingly, his Generals are assembled to take their Orders; brief, distinct, and to be done with brevity. And all are on the move for Bernsdorf at 4 next morning; when, behold, —

"*Thursday*, 19*th*, At Bernsdorf there is no Lacy to be found. Cautious Dorn has ordered him in, — and not for Lacy's sake, as appears, but for his own: 'Hitherward, you alert Lacy; to

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 47–49.

cover my right flank here, my Hill of Reichenberg, — lest it be not impregnable enough against that feline enemy!' And there they have taken post, say 60,000 against 30,000; and are palisading to a quite extraordinary degree. No fight possible with Lacy or Daun."

This is what Mitchell counts the failure of Friedrich's enterprise: and certainly it grieved Friedrich a good deal. Who, on riding out to reconnoitre Reichenberg (Quintus Icilius and Battalion *Quintus* part of his escort, if that be an interesting circumstance], finds Reichenberg a plainly unattackable post; finds, by Daun's rate of palisading, that there will be no attack from Daun either. No attack from Daun; — and, therefore, that Hülsen's people may be sent home to Schlettau again; and that he, Friedrich, will take post close by, and wearisomely be content to wait for some new opportunity.

Which he does for a week to come; Daun sitting impregnable, intrenched and palisaded to the teeth, — rather wishing to be attacked, you would say; or hopeful sometimes of doing something of the Hochkirch sort again (for the country is woody, and the enemy audacious); — at all events, very clear not to attack. A man erring, sometimes to a notable degree, by over-caution. "Could hardly have failed to overwhelm Friedrich's small force, had he at once, on Friedrich's crossing the Elbe, joined Lacy, and gone out against him," thinks Tempelhof, pointing out the form of operation too.[1] Caution is excellent; but not quite by itself. Would caution alone do it, an Army all of Druidic whinstones, or innocent clay-sacks, incapable of taking hurt, would be the proper one! — Daun stood there; Friedrich looking daily into him, — visibly in ill humor, says Mitchell; and no wonder; gloomy and surly words coming out of him, to the distress of his Generals: "Which I took the liberty of hinting, one evening, to his Majesty;" hint graciously received, and of effect perceptible, at least to my imagining.

Wednesday, June 25th, After nearly a week of this, there rose, towards sunset, all over the Reichenberg, and far and wide, an exuberant joy-firing: "For what in the world?"

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 42, 48.

thinks Friedrich. Alas, your Majesty, — since your own messenger has not arrived, nor indeed ever will, being picked up by Pandours, — here, gathered from the Austrian outposts or deserters, are news for you, fatal enough! Landshut is done; Fouquet and his valiant 13,000 are trodden out there. Indignant Fouquet has obeyed you, not wisely but too well. He has kept Landshut six nights and five days. On the morning of the sixth day, here is what befell: —

"*Landshut, Monday, 23d June,* About a quarter to two in the morning, Loudon, who had gathered 31,000 horse and foot for the business, and taken his measures, fired aloft, by way of signal, four howitzers into the gray of the summer morning; and burst loose upon Fouquet, in various columns, on his southward front, on both flanks, ultimately in his rear too: columns all in the height of fighting humor, confident as three to one, — and having brandy in them, it is likewise said. Fouquet and his people stood to arms, in the temper Fouquet had vowed they would: defended their Hills with an energy, with a steady skill, which Loudon himself admired; but their Hill-works would have needed thrice the number; — Fouquet, by detaching and otherwise, has in arms only 10,680 men. Toughly as they strove, after partial successes, they began to lose one Hill, and then another; and in the course of hours, nearly all their Hills. Landshut Town Loudon had taken from them, Landshut and its roads: in the end, the Prussian position is becoming permeable, plainly untenable; — Austrian force is moving to their rearward to block the retreat.

"Seeing which latter fact, Fouquet throws out all his Cavalry, a poor 1,500, to secure the Passes of the Bober; himself formed square with the wrecks of his Infantry; and, at a steady step, cuts way for himself with bayonet and bullet. With singular success for some time, in spite of the odds. And is clear across the Bober; when lo, among the knolls ahead, masses of Austrian Cavalry are seen waiting him, besetting every passage! Even these do not break him; but these, with infantry and cannon coming up to help them, do. Here, for some time, was the fiercest tug of all, — till a bullet having killed Fouquet's horse, and carried the General himself

to the ground, the spasm ended. The Lichnowski Dragoons, a famed Austrian regiment, who had charged and again charged with nothing but repulse on repulse, now broke in, all in a foam of rage; cut furiously upon Fouquet himself; wounded Fouquet thrice; would have killed him, had it not been for the heroism of poor Trautschke, his Groom [let us name the gallant fellow, even if unpronounceable], who flung himself on the body of his Master, and took the bloody strokes instead of him; shrieking his loudest, 'Will you murder the Commanding General, then!' Which brought up the Colonel of Lichnowski; a Gentleman and Ritter, abhorrent of such practices. To him Fouquet gave his sword; — kept his vow never to draw it again.

"The wrecks of Fouquet's Infantry were, many of them, massacred, no quarter given; such the unchivalrous fury that had risen. His Cavalry, with the loss of about 500, cut their way through. They and some stragglers of Foot, in whole about 1,500 of both kinds, were what remained of those 10,680 after this bloody morning's work. There had been about six hours of it; 'all over by 8 o'clock.'"[1]

Fouquet has obeyed to the letter: "Did not my King wrong me?" Fouquet may say to himself. Truly, Herr General, your King's Order was a little unwise; as you (who were on the ground, and your King not) knew it to be. An unwise Order; — perhaps not inexcusable in the sudden circumstances. And perhaps a still more perfect Bayard would have preferred obeying such a King in spirit, rather than in letter, and thereby doing him vital service *against* his temporary will? It is not doubted but Fouquet, left to himself and his 13,000, with the Fortresses and Garrisons about him, would have maintained himself in Silesia till help came. The issue is, — Fouquet has probably lost this fine King his Silesia, for the time being; and beyond any question, has lost him 10,000 Prussian-Spartan

[1] *Hofbericht von der am 23 Junius*, 1760, *bey Landshuth vorgefallenen Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 669–671); *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 258–284; Tempelhof, iv. 26–41; Stenzel, v. 241 (who, by oversight, — this Volume being posthumous to poor Stenzel, — protracts the Action to "half-past 7 *in the evening*").

fighters, and a fine General whom he could ill spare! — In a word, the Gate of Silesia is burst open; and Loudon has every prospect of taking Glatz, which will keep it so.

What a thunder-bolt for Friedrich! One of the last pillars struck away from his tottering affairs. "Inevitable, then? We are over with it, then?" One may fancy Friedrich's reflections. But he showed nothing of them to anybody; in a few hours, had his mind composed, and new plans on the anvil. On the morrow of that Austrian Joy-Firing, — morrow, or some day close on it (ought to have been dated, but is not), — there went from him, to Magdeburg, the Order: "Have me such and such quantities of Siege-Artillery in a state of readiness."[1] Already meaning, it is thought, or contemplating as possible a certain Siege, which surprised everybody before long! A most inventive, enterprising being; no end to his contrivances and unexpected outbreaks; especially when you have him jammed into a corner, and fancy it is all over with him!

"To no other General," says Tempelhof, "would such a notion of besieging Dresden have occurred; or if it had suggested itself, the hideous difficulties would at once have banished it again, or left it only as a pious wish. But it is strokes of this kind that characterize the great man. Often enough they have succeeded, been decisive of great campaigns and wars, and become splendid in the eyes of all mankind; sometimes, as in this case, they have only deserved to succeed, and to be splendid in the eyes of judges. How get these masses of enemies lured away, so that you could try such a thing? There lay the difficulty; insuperable altogether, except by the most fine and appropriate treatment. Of a truth, it required a connected series of the wisest measures and most secret artifices of war; — and withal, that you should throw over them such a veil as would lead your enemy to see in them precisely the reverse of what they meant. How all this was to be set in action, and how the Enemy's own plans, intentions and moods of mind were to be used as raw material for attainment

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 51.

of your object, — studious readers will best see in the manœuvres of the King in his now more than critical condition; which do certainly exhibit the completest masterpiece in the Art of leading Armies that Europe has ever seen."

Tempelhof is well enough aware, as readers should continue to be, that, primarily, and onward for three weeks more, not Dresden, but the getting to Silesia on good terms, is Friedrich's main enterprise: Dresden only a supplement or substitute, a second string to his bow, till the first fail. But, in effect, the two enterprises or strings coincide, or are one, till the first of them fail; and Tempelhof's eulogy will apply to either. The initiatory step to either is a *Second* Feat of Marching; — still notabler than the former, which has had this poor issue. Soldiers of the studious or scientific sort, if there are yet any such among us, will naturally go to Tempelhof, and fearlessly encounter the ruggedest Documents and Books, if Tempelhof leave them dubious on any point (which he hardly will): to ingenuous readers of other sorts, who will take a little pains for understanding the thing, perhaps the following intermittent far-off glimpses may suffice.[1]

On ascertaining the Landshut disaster, Friedrich falls back a little; northward to Gross-Döbritz: "Possibly Daun will think us cowed by what has happened; and may try something on us?" Daun is by no means sure of this *cowed* phenomenon, or of the retreat it has made; and tries nothing on it; only rides up daily to it, to ascertain that it is there; and diligently sends out parties to watch the Northeastward parts, where run the Silesian Roads. After about a week of this, and some disappointments, Friedrich decides to march in earnest. There had, one day, come report of Lacy's being detached, Lacy with a strong Division, to block the Silesian roads; but that, on trial, proved to be false. "Pshaw, nothing for us but to go ourselves!" concludes Friedrich, — and, *July 1st*, sends off his Bakery and Heavy Baggage; indicating to

[1] Mitchell, ii. 162 et seq.; and Tempelhof (iv. 50–53 et seq.), as a scientific check on Mitchell, or unconscious fellow-witness with him, — agreeing beautifully almost always.

Mitchell, "To-morrow morning at 3!" — Here is Mitchell's own account; accurate in every particular, as we find:[1] —

Wednesday, July 2d. "From Gross-Döbritz to Quosdorf [to Quosdorf, a poor Hamlet there, not Quo*l*sdorf, as many write, which is a Town far enough from there] — the Army marched accordingly. In two columns; baggage, bakery and artillery in a third; through a country extremely covered with wood. Were attacked by some Uhlans and Hussars; whom a few cannon-shot sent to the road again. March lasted from 3 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon;" twelve long hours. "Went northeastward a space of 20 miles, leaving Radeburg, much more leaving Reichenberg, Moritzburg and the Daun quarters well to the right, and at last quite to rearward; crossed the Röder, crossed the Pulsnitz," small tributaries or sub-tributaries of the Elbe in those parts; "crossed the latter (which divides Meissen from the Lausitz) partly by the Bridge of Krakau, first Village in the Lausitz. Head-quarter was the poor Hamlet of Quosdorf, a mile farther on. 'This march had been carefully kept secret,' says Mitchell; 'and it was the opinion of the most experienced Officers, that, had the Enemy discovered the King of Prussia's design, they might, by placing their light troops in the roads with proper supports, have rendered it extremely difficult, if not impracticable.'"

Daun very early got to know of Friedrich's departure, and whitherward; which was extremely interesting to Daun: "Aims to be in Silesia before me; will cut out Loudon from his fine prospects on Glatz?" — and had instantly reinforced, perhaps to 20,000, Lacy's Division; and ordered Lacy, who is the nearest to Friedrich's March, to start instantly on the skirts of said March, and endeavor diligently to trample on the same. For the purpose of harassing said March, Lacy is to do whatever he with safety can (which we see is not much: "a few Uhlans and Hussars"); at lowest, is to keep it constantly in sight; and always encamp as near it as he dare;[2] — Daun himself girding up his loins; and preparing, by a short-cut, to get ahead of it in a day or two. Lacy was alert enough, but could not do much with safety: a few Uhlans and Hussars, that was

[1] Mitchell, ii. 164; Tempelhof, iv. 54. [2] Tempelhof, iv. 54.

all; and he is now encamped somewhere to rearward, as near as he dare.

Thursday, 3d July. "A rest-day; Army resting about Krakau, after such a spell through the woody moors. The King, with small escort, rides out reconnoitring, hither, thither, on the southern side or Lacy quarter: to the top of the Keulenberg (*Bludgeon Hill*), at last, — which is ten or a dozen miles from Krakau and Quosdorf, but commands an extensive view. Towns, village-belfries, courses of streams; a country of mossy woods and wild agricultures, of bogs, of shaggy moor. Southward 10 miles is Radeberg [not Radeburg, observe]; yonder is the town of Pulsnitz on our stream of Pulsnitz; to south-east, and twice as far, is Bischofswerda, chasmy Stolpen (too well known to us before this): behind us, Königsbrück, Kamenz and the road from Grossenhayn to Bautzen: these and many other places memorable to this King are discoverable from Bludgeon Hill. But the discovery of discoveries to him is Lacy's Camp, — not very far off, about a mile behind Pulsnitz; clearly visible, at Lichtenberg yonder. Which we at once determine to attack; which, and the roads to which, are the one object of interest just now, — nothing else visible, as it were, on the top of the Keulenberg here, or as we ride homeward, meditating it with a practical view. 'March at midnight,' that is the practical result arrived at, on reaching home."

Friday, July 4th. "Since the stroke of midnight we are all on march again; nothing but the baggages and bakeries left [with Quintus to watch them, which I see is his common function in these marches]; King himself in the Vanguard, — who hopes to give Lacy a salutation.[1] 'The march was full of defiles,' says Mitchell: and Mitchell, in his carriage, knew little what a region it was, with boggy intricacies, lakelets, tangly thickets, stocks and stumps; or what a business to pass with heavy cannon, baggage-wagons and columns of men! Such a march; and again not far from twenty miles of it: very hot, as the morning broke, in the breathless woods. Had Lacy known what kind of ground we had to march in, and been

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 56.

enterprising — ! thinks Tempelhof. The march being so retarded, Lacy got notice of it, and vanished quite away, — to Bischofswerda, I believe, and the protecting neighborhood of Daun. Nothing of him left when we emerge, simultaneously from this hand and from that, on his front and on his rear, to take him as in a vice, as in the sudden snap of a fox-trap ; — fox quite gone. Hardly a few hussars of him to be picked up ; and no chase possible, after such a march."

Friedrich had done everything to keep himself secret: but Lacy has endless Pandours prowling about ; and, I suppose, the Country-people (in the Lausitz here, who ought to have loyalty) are on the Lacy side. Friedrich has to take his disappointment. He encamps here, on the Heights, head-quarter Pulsnitz, — till Quintus come up with the baggage, which he does punctually, but not till nightfall, not till midnight the last of him.

Saturday, July 5th. "To the road again at 3 A.M. Again to northward, to Kloster (*Cloister*) Marienstern, a 15 miles or so, — head-quarter in the Cloister itself. Daun had set off for Bautzen, with his 50 or 60,000, in the extremest push of haste, and is at Bautzen this night ; ahead of Friedrich, with Lacy as rear-guard of him, who is also ahead of Friedrich, and safe at Bischofswerda. A Daun hastening as never before. This news of a Daun already at Bautzen awakened Friedrich's utmost speed : 'Never do, that Daun be in Silesia before us ! Indispensable to get ahead of Bautzen and him, or to be waiting on the flank of his next march ! ' Accordingly,

"*Sunday, July 6th,* Friedrich, at 3 A.M., is again in motion ; in three columns, streaming forward all day : straight eastward, Daun-ward. Intends to cross the Spree, leaving Bautzen to the right ; and take post somewhere to northeast of Bautzen, and on the flank of Daun. The windless day grows hotter and hotter ; the roads are of loose sand, full of jungles and impediments. This was such a march for heat and difficulty as the King never had before. In front of each Column went wagons with a few pontoons ; there being many brooks and little streams to cross. The soldier, for his own health's sake, is strictly forbidden to drink ; but as the burning day rose

higher, in the sweltering close march, thirst grew irresistible. Crossing any of these Brooks, the soldiers pounce down, irrepressible, whole ranks of them; lift water, clean or dirty; drink it greedily from the brim of the hat. Sergeants may wag their tongues and their cudgels at discretion: 'showers of cudgel-strokes,' says Archenholtz; Sergeants going like threshers on the poor men; — 'though the upper Officers had a touch of mercy, and affected not to see this disobedience to the Sergeants and their cudgels,' which was punishable with death. War is not an over-fond Mother, but a sufficiently Spartan one, to her Sons. There dropt down, in the march that day, 105 Prussian men, who never rose again. And as to intercepting Daun by such velocity, — Daun too is on march; gone to Görlitz, at almost a faster pace, if at a far heavier, — like a cart-horse on gallop; faring still worse in the heat: '200 of Daun's men died on the road this day, and 300 more were invalided for life.'[1]

"Before reaching the Spree, Friedrich, who is in the Vanguard, hears of this Görlitz March, and that the bird is flown. For which he has, therefore, to devise straightway a new expedient: 'Wheel to the right; cross Spree farther down, nolding towards Bautzen itself,' orders Friedrich. And settles within two miles of Bautzen; his left being at Doberschütz, — on the strong ground he held after Hochkirch, while Daun, two years ago, sat watching so quiescent. Daun knows what kind of march these Prussians, blocked out from relief of Neisse, stole on him *then*, and saved their Silesia, in spite of his watching and blocking; — and has plunged off, in the manner of a cart-horse scared into galloping, to avoid the like." What a Sabbath-day's journey, on both sides, for those Sons of War! Nothing in the Roman times, though they had less baggage, comes up to such modern marching: nor is this the fastest of Friedrich's, though of Daun's it unspeakably is. "Friedrich, having missed Daun, is thinking now to whirl round, and go into Lacy, — which will certainly bring Daun back, even better.

"This evening, accordingly, Ziethen occupies Bautzen;

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 58; Archenholtz, ii. 68; Mitchell, ii. 166.

sweeps out certain Lacy precursors, cavalry in some strength, who are there. Lacy has come on as far as Bischofswerda: and his Horse-people seem to be wide ahead; provokingly pert upon Friedrich's outposts, who determines to chastise them the first thing to-morrow. To-morrow, as is very needful, is to be a rest-day otherwise. For Friedrich's wearied people a rest-day; not at all for Daun's, who continues his heavy-footed galloping yet another day and another, till he get across the Queiss, and actually reach Silesia."

Monday, July 7th. "Rest-day accordingly, in Bautzen neighborhood; nothing passing but a curious Skirmish of Horse, — in which Friedrich, who had gone westward reconnoitring, seeking Lacy, had the main share, and was notably situated for some time. Gödau, a small town or village, six miles west of Bautzen, was the scene of this notable passage: actors in it were Friedrich himself, on the Prussian part; and, on the Austrian, by degrees Lacy's Cavalry almost in whole. Lacy's Cavalry, what Friedrich does not know, are all in those neighborhoods: and no sooner is Gödau swept clear of them, than they return in greater numbers, needing to be again swept; and, in fact, they gradually gather in upon him, in a singular and dangerous manner, after his first successes on them, and before his Infantry have time to get up and support.

"Friedrich was too impatient in this provoking little haggle, arresting him here. He had ordered on the suitable Battalion with cannon; but hardly considers that the Battalion itself is six miles off, — not to speak of the Order, which is galloping on horseback, not going by electricity: — the impatient Friedrich had slashed in at once upon Gödau, taken above 100 prisoners; but is astonished to see the slashed people return, with Saxon-Dragoon regiments, all manner of regiments, reinforcing them. And has some really dangerous fencing there; — issuing in dangerous and curious pause of both parties; who stand drawn up, scarcely beyond pistol-shot, and gazing into one another, for I know not how many minutes; neither of them daring to move off, lest, on the instant of turning, it be charged and overwhelmed. As the impatient Friedrich, at last, almost was, — had not his Infantry just then got in, and

given their cannon-salvo. He lost about 200, the Lacy people hardly so many; and is now out of a considerable personal jeopardy, which is still celebrated in the Anecdote-Books, perhaps to a mythical extent. 'Two Uhlans [Saxon-Polish Light-Horse], with their truculent pikes, are just plunging in,' say the Anecdote-Books: Friedrich's Page, who had got unhorsed, sprang to his feet, bellowed in Polish to them: 'What are you doing here, fellows?' 'Excellenz [for the Page is not in Prussian uniform, or in uniform at all, only well-dressed], Excellenz, our horses ran away with us,' answer the poor fellows; and whirl back rapidly." The story, says Retzow, is true.[1]

This is the one event of July 7th, — and of July 8th withal; which day also, on news of Daun that come, Friedrich rests. Up to July 8th, it is clear Friedrich is shooting with what we called the first string of his bow, — intent, namely, on Silesia. Nor, on hearing that Daun is forward again, now hopelessly ahead, does he quit that enterprise; but, on the contrary, to-morrow morning, July 9th, tries it by a new method, as we shall see: method cunningly devised to suit the *second* string as well. "How lucky that we have a second string, in case of failure!" —

Tuesday, 8th July. "News that Daun reached Görlitz yesternight; and is due to-night at Lauban, fifty miles ahead of us: — no hope now of reaching Daun. Perhaps a sudden clutch at Lacy, in the opposite direction, might be the method of recalling Daun, and reaching him? That is the method fallen upon.

"Sun being set, the drums in Bautzen sound *tattoo*, — audible to listening Croats in the Environs; — beat *tattoo*, and, later in the night, other passages of drum-music, also for Croat behoof (*general-march* I think it is); indicating That we have started again, in pursuit of Daun. And in short, every precaution being taken to soothe the mind of Lacy and the Croats, Friedrich silently issues, with his best speed, in Three columns, by Three roads, towards Lacy's quarters, which go from that village of Gödau westward, in a loose way, several miles. In

[1] Retzow, ii. 215.

three columns, by three routes, all to converge, with punctuality, on Lacy. Of the columns, two are of Infantry, the leftmost and the rightmost, on each hand, hidden as much as possible; one is of Cavalry in the middle. Coming on in this manner — like a pair of triple-pincers, which are to grip simultaneously on Lacy, and astonish him, if he keep quiet. But Lacy is vigilant, and is cautious almost in excess. Learning by his Pandours that the King seems to be coming this way, Lacy gathers himself on the instant; quits Gödau, by one in the morning; and retreats bodily, at his fastest step, to Bischofswerda again; nor by any means stops there." [1]

For the third time! "Three is lucky," Friedrich may have thought: and there has no precaution, of drum-music, of secrecy or persuasive finesse, been neglected on Lacy. But Lacy has ears that hear the grass grow: our elaborately accurate triple-pincers, closing simultaneously on Bischofswerda, after eighteen miles of sweep, find Lacy flown again; nothing to be caught of him but some 80 hussars. All this day and all next night Lacy is scouring through the western parts at an extraordinary rate; halting for a camp, twice over, at different places, — Dürre Fuchs (*Thirsty Fox*), Dürre Bühle (*Thirsty Sweetheart*), or wherever it was; then again taking wing, on sound of Prussian parties to rear; in short, hurrying towards Dresden and the Reichsfolk, as if for life.

Lacy's retreat, I hear, was ingeniously done, with a minimum of disorder in the circumstances: but certainly it was with a velocity as if his head had been on fire; and, indeed, they say he escaped annihilation by being off in time. He put up finally, not at Thirsty Sweetheart, still less at Thirsty Fox, successive Hamlets and Public Houses in the sandy Wilderness which lies to north of Elbe, and is called *Dresden Heath*: but farther on, in the same Tract, at Weisse Hirsch (*White Hart*); which looks close over upon Dresden, within two miles or so; and is a kind of Height, and military post of advantage. Next morning, July 10th, he crosses Dresden Bridge, comes streaming through the City; and takes shelter with the Reichsfolk

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 61–63.

near there: — towards Plauen Chasm; the strongest ground in the world; hardly strong enough, it appears, in the present emergency.

Friedrich's first string, therefore, has snapt in two; but, on the instant, he has a second fitted on: — may that prove luckier!

CHAPTER II.

FRIEDRICH BESIEGES DRESDEN.

From and after the Evening of Wednesday, July 9th, it is upon a Siege of Dresden that Friedrich goes; — turning the whole war-theatre topsy-turvy; throwing Daun, Loudon, Lacy, everybody *out*, in this strange and sudden manner. One of the finest military feats ever done, thinks Tempelhof. Undoubtedly a notable result so far, and notably done; as the impartial reader (if Tempelhof be a little inconsistent) sees for himself. These truly are a wonderful series of marches, opulent in continual promptitudes, audacities, contrivances; — done with shining talent, certainly; and also with result shining, for the moment. And in a Fabulous Epic I think Dresden would certainly have fallen to Friedrich, and his crowd of enemies been left in a tumbled condition.

But the Epic of Reality cares nothing for such considerations; and the time allowable for capture of Dresden is very brief. Had Daun, on getting warning, been as prompt to return as he was to go, frankly fronting at once the chances of the road, he might have been at Dresden again perhaps within a week, — no Siege possible for Friedrich, hardly the big guns got up from Magdeburg. But Friedrich calculated there would be very considerable fettling and haggling on Daun's part; say a good Fortnight of Siege allowed; — and that, by dead-lift effort of all hands, the thing was feasible within that limit. On Friedrich's part, as we can fancy, there was no want of effort; nor on his people's part, — in spite of his complainings, say Retzow and the Opposition party; who insinuate their

own private belief of impossibility from the first. Which is not confirmed by impartial judgments, — that of Archenholtz, and others better. The truth is, Friedrich was within an inch of taking Dresden by the first assault, — they say he actually could have taken it by storm the first day; but shuddered at the thought of exposing poor Dresden to sack and plunder; and hoped to get it by capitulation.

One of the rapidest and most furious Sieges anywhere on record. Filled Europe with astonishment, expectancy, admiration, horror: — must be very briefly recited here. The main chronological epochs, salient points of crisis and successive phases of occurrence, will sufficiently indicate it to the reader's fancy.

"It was Thursday Evening, 10th July, when Lacy got to his Reichsfolk, and took breath behind Plauen Chasm. Maguire is Governor of Dresden. The consternation of garrison and population was extreme. To Lacy himself it did not seem conceivable that Friedrich could mean a Siege of Dresden. Friedrich, that night, is beyond the River, in Daun's old impregnability of Reichenberg: 'He has no siege-artillery,' thinks Lacy; 'no means, no time.'

"Nevertheless, Saturday, next day after to-morrow, — behold, there is Hülsen, come from Schlettau to our neighborhood, on our Austrian side of the River. And at Kaditz yonder, a mile below Dresden, are not the King's people building their Pontoons; in march since 2 in the morning, — evidently coming across, if not to besiege Dresden, then to attack us; which is perhaps worse! We outnumber them, — but as to trying fight in any form? Zweibrück leaves Maguire an additional 10,000; — every help and encouragement to Maguire; whose garrison is now 14,000: 'Be of courage, Excellenz Maguire! Nobody is better skilled in siege-matters. Feldmarschall and relief will be here with despatch!' — and withdraws, Lacy and he, to the edge of the Pirna Country, there to be well out of harm's way. Lacy and he, it is thought, would perhaps have got beaten, trying to save Dresden from its misery. Lacy's orders were, Not,

on any terms, to get into fighting with Friedrich, but only to cover Dresden. Dresden, without fighting, has proved impossible to cover, and Lacy leaves it bare."[1]

"At Kaditz," says Mitchell, "where the second bridge of boats took a great deal of time, I was standing by his Majesty, when news to the above effect came across from General Hülsen. The King was highly pleased; and, turning to me, said: 'Just what I wished! They have saved me a very long march [round by Dippoldiswalde or so, in upon the rear of them] by going of will.' And immediately the King got on horseback; ordering the Army to follow as fast as it could."[2] "Through Preisnitz, Plauen-ward, goes the Army; circling round the Western and the Southern side of Dresden; [a dread spectacle from the walls]; across Weistritz Brook and the Plauen Chasm [comfortably left vacant]; and encamps on the Southeastern side of Dresden, at Gruna, behind the *Great Garden;* ready to begin business on the morrow. Gruna, about a mile to southeast of Dresden Walls, is headquarter during this Siege.

"Through the night, the Prussians proceed to build batteries, the best they can; — there is no right siege-artillery yet; a few accidental howitzers and 25-pounders, the rest mere field-guns; — but to-morrow morning, be as it may, business shall begin. Prince von Holstein [nephew of the Holstein Beck, or "Holstein *Silver-Plate*," whom we lost long ago], from beyond the River, encamped at the White Hart yonder, is to play upon the Neustadt simultaneously.

Monday 14*th*, "At 6 A.M., cannonade began; diligent on Holstein's part and ours; but of inconsiderable effect. Maguire has been summoned: 'Will [with such a garrison, in spite of such trepidations from the Court and others] defend himself to the last man.' Free-Corps people [not Quintus's, who is on the other side of the River],[3] with regulars to rear, advance on the Pirna Gate; hurl in Maguire's Out-parties; and had near got in along with them, — might have done so, they and their supports, it is thought by some, had storm seemed the recommendable method.

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 65. [2] Mitchell, ii. 168. [3] Tempelhof, v. 67.

"For four days there is livelier and livelier cannonading; new batteries getting opened in the Moschinska Garden and other points; on the Prussian part, great longing that the Magdeburg artillery were here. The Prussians are making diligently ready for it, in the mean while (refitting the old Trenches, 'old Envelope' dug by Maguire himself in the Anti-Schmettau time; these will do well enough): — the Prussians reinforce Holstein at the Weisse Hirsch, throw a new bridge across to him; and are busy day and night. Maguire, too, is most industrious, resisting and preparing: Thursday shuts up the Weistritz Brook (a dam being ready this long while back, needing only to be closed), and lays the whole South side of Dresden under water. Many rumors about Daun: coming, not coming; — must for certain come, but will possibly be slowish."

Friday 18*th*. "Joy to every Prussian soul: here are the heavy guns from Magdeburg. These, at any rate, are come; beds for them all ready; and now the cannonading can begin in right earnest. As it does with a vengeance. To Mitchell, and perhaps others, 'the King of Prussia says He will now be master of the Town in a few days. And the disposition he has made of his troops on the other side of the River is intended not only to attack Dresden on that side [and defend himself from Daun], but also to prevent the Garrison from retiring. . . . This morning, Friday, 18th, the Suburb of Pirna, the one street left of it, was set fire to, by Maguire; and burnt out of the way, as the others had been. Many of the wretched inhabitants had fled to our camp: "Let them lodge in Plauen, no fighting there, quiet artificial water expanses there instead." Many think the Town will not be taken; or that, if it should, it will cost very dear, — so determined seems Maguire.'[1] And, in effect, from this day onwards, the Siege became altogether fierce, and not only so, but fiery as well; and, though lasting in that violent form only four, or at the very utmost seven, days more, had near ruined Dresden from the face of the world."

[1] Mitchell, iii. 170, 171.

Saturday, 19th, "Maguire, touched to the quick by these new artilleries of the Prussians this morning, found good to mount a gun or two on the leads of the Kreuz-Kirche [Protestant High Church, where, before now, we have noticed Friedrich attending quasi-divine service more than once]; — that is to say, on the crown of Dresden; from which there is view into the bottom of Friedrich's trenches and operations. Others say, it was only two or three old Saxon cannon, which stand there, for firing on gala-days; and that they hardly fired on Friedrich more than once. For certain, this is one of the desirablest battery-stations, — if only Friedrich will leave it alone. Which he will not for a moment; but brings terrific howitzers to bear on it; cannon-balls, grenadoes; tears it to destruction, and the poor Kreuz-Kirche along with it. Kirche speedily all in flames, street after street blazing up round it, again and again for eight-and-forty hours coming; hapless Dresden, during two days and nights, a mere volcano henceforth." "By mistake all that, and without order of mine," says Friedrich once; — meaning, I think, all that of the Kreuz-Kirche: and perhaps wishing he could mean the bombardment altogether,[1] — who nevertheless got, and gets, most of the credit of the thing from a shocked outside world.

"This morning," same Saturday, 19th, "Daun is reported to have arrived; vanguard of him said to be at Schönfeld, over in *Thirsty-Sweetheart* Country yonder which Friedrich, going to reconnoitre, finds tragically indisputable: 'There, for certain; only five miles from Holstein's post at the *White Hart*, and no River between; — as the crow flies, hardly five from our own Camp. Perhaps it will be some days yet before he do anything?' So that Friedrich persists in his bombardment, only the more: 'By fire-torture, then! Let the bombarded Royalties assail Maguire, and Maguire give in; — it is our one chance left; and succeed we will and must!' Cruel, say you? — Ah, yes, cruel enough, not merciful at all. The soul of Friedrich, I perceive, is not in a bright mood at this time, but in a black and wrathful, worn

[1] Schöning, ii. 361: "To Prince Henri, at Giessen [Frankfurt Country], 23d July, 1760."

almost desperate against the slings and arrows of unjust Fate: 'Ahead, I say! If everybody will do miracles, cannot we perhaps still manage it, in spite of Fate?'" Mitchell is very sorry; but will forget and forgive those inexorable passages of war.

"I cannot think of the bombardment of Dresden without horror," says he; "nor of many other things I have seen. Misfortunes naturally sour men's temper [even royal men's]; and long continued, without interval, at last extinguish humanity." "We are now in a most critical and dangerous situation, which cannot long last: one lucky event, approaching to a miracle, may still save all: but the extreme caution and circumspection of Marshal Daun — !"[1]

If Daun could be swift, and end the miseries of Dresden, surely Dresden would be much obliged to him. It was ten days yet, after that of the Kreuz-Kirche, before Dresden quite got rid of its Siege: Daun never was a sudden man. By a kind of accident, he got Holstein hustled across the River that first night (July 19th), — not annihilated, as was very feasible, but pushed home, out of his way. Whereby the North side of Dresden is now open; and Daun has free communication with Maguire.

Maguire rose thereupon to a fine pitch of spirits; tried several things, and wished Daun to try; but with next to no result. For two days after Holstein's departure, Daun sat still, on his safe Northern shore; stirring nothing but his own cunctations and investigations, leaving the bombardment, or cannonade, to take its own course. One attempt he did make in concert with Maguire (night of Monday 21st), and one attempt only, of a serious nature; which, like the rest, was unsuccessful. And would not be worth mentioning, — except for the poor Regiment *Bernburg's* sake; Bernburg having got into strange case in consequence of it.

"This Attempt [night of 21st–22d July] was a combined sally and assault — Sally by Maguire's people, a General

[1] Mitchell, ii. 184, 185.

Nugent heading them, from the South or Plauen side of Dresden, and Assault by 4,000 of Daun's from the North side — upon Friedrich's Trenches. Which are to be burst in upon in this double way, and swept well clear, as may be expected. Friedrich, however, was aware of the symptoms, and had people ready waiting, — especially, had Regiment *Bernburg*, Battalions 1st and 2d; a Regiment hitherto without stain.

"Bernburg accordingly, on General Nugent's entering their trenches from the south side, falls altogether heartily on General Nugent; tumbles him back, takes 200 prisoners, Nugent himself one of them [who is considered to have been the eye of the enterprise, worth many hundreds this night]· all this Bernburg, in its usually creditable manner, does, as expected of it. But after, or during all this, when the Daun people from the north come streaming in, say four to one, both south and north, Bernburg looked round for support; and seeing none, had, after more or less of struggle, to retire as a defeated Bernburg, — Austrians taking the battery, and ruling supreme there for some time. Till Wedell, or somebody with fresh Battalions, came up; and, rallying Bernburg to him, retook their Battery, and drove out the Austrians, with a heavy loss of prisoners.[1]

"I did not hear that Bernburg's conduct was liable to the least fair censure. But Friedrich's soul is severe at this time; demanding miracles from everybody: 'You runaway Bernburg, shame on you!' — and actually takes the swords from them, and cuts off their Hat-tresses: 'There!' Which excited such an astonishment in the Prussian Army as was seldom seen before. And affected Bernburg to the length almost of despair, and breaking of heart, — in a way that is not ridiculous to me at all, but beautiful and pathetic. Of which there is much talk, now and long afterwards, in military circles. The sorrows of these poor Bernburgers, their desperate efforts to wash out this stigma, their actual washing of it out, not many weeks hence, and their magnificent joy on the occasion, — these are the one distinguishing point in Daun's relief of Dresden, which was otherwise quite a cunctatory, sedentary matter."

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 79.

Daun built three Bridges, — he had a broad stone one already, — but did little or nothing with them; and never himself came across at all. Merely shot out nocturnal Pandour Parties, and ordered up Lacy and the Reichsfolk to do the like, and break the night's rest of his Enemy. He made minatory movements, one at least, down the River, by his own shore, on Friedrich's Ammunition-Boats from Torgau, and actually intercepted certain of them, which was something; but, except this, and vague flourishings of the Pandour kind, left Friedrich to his own course.

Friedrich bombarded for a day or two farther; cannonaded, out of more or fewer batteries, for eight, or I think ten days more. Attacks from Daun there were to be, now on this side, now on that; many rumors of attack, but, except once only (midnight Pandours attempting the King's lodging, "a Farmhouse near Gruna," but to their astonishment rousing the whole Prussian Army "in the course of three minutes" [1]), rumor was mainly all. For guarding his siege-lines, Friedrich has to alter his position; to shift slightly, now fronting this way, now the other way; is "called always at midnight" (against these nocturnal disturbances), and "never has his clothes off." Nevertheless, continues his bombardment, and then his cannonading, till his own good time, which I think is till the 26th. His "ricochet-battery," which is good against Maguire's people, innocent to Dresden, he continued for three days more; — while gathering his furnitures about Plauen Country, making his arrangements at Meissen; — did not march till the night of June 29th. Altogether calmly; no Daun or Austrian molesting him in the least; his very sentries walking their rounds in the trenches till daylight; after which they also marched, unmolested, Meissen-ward.

Unfortunate Friedrich has made nothing of Dresden, then. After such a June and July of it, since he left the Meissen Country; after all these intricate manœuvrings, hot fierce

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 81 (who is very vivid, but does not date); Rödenbeck, ii. 24 (quotes similar account by another Eye-witness, and guesses it to be "night of July 22d–23d").

marchings and superhuman exertions, here is he returning to Meissen Country poorer than if he had stayed. Fouquet lost, Glatz unrelieved — Nay, just before marching off, what is this new phenomenon? Is this by way of "Happy journey to you!" Towards sunset of the 29th, exuberant joy-firing rises far and wide from the usually quiet Austrian lines, — "Meaning what, once more?" Meaning that Glatz is lost, your Majesty; that, instead of a siege of many weeks (as might have been expected with Fouquet for Commandant), it has held out, under Fouquet's Second, only a few hours; and is gone without remedy! Certain, though incredible. Imbecile Commandant, treacherous Garrison (Austrian deserters mainly), with stealthy Jesuits acting on them: no use asking what. Here is the sad Narrative, in succinct form.

Capture of Glatz (26th July, 1760).

"Loudon is a swift man, when he can get bridle; but the curb-hand of Daun is often heavy on him. Loudon has had Glatz blockaded since June 7th; since June 23d he has had Fouquet rooted away, and the ground clear for a Siege of Glatz. But had to abstain altogether, in the mean time; to take camp at Landshut, to march and manœuvre about, in support of Daun, and that heavy-footed gallop of Daun's which then followed: on the whole, it was not till Friedrich went for Dresden that the Siege-Artillery, from Olmütz, could be ordered forward upon Glatz; not for a fortnight more that the Artillery could come; and, in spite of Loudon's utmost despatch, not till break of day, July 26th, that the batteries could open. After which, such was Loudon's speed and fortune, — and so diligent had the Jesuits been in those seven weeks, — the 'Siege,' as they call it, was over in less than seven hours.

"One Colonel D'O [Piedmontese by nation, an incompetent person, known to loud Trenck during his detention here] was Commandant of Glatz, and had the principal Fortress, — for there are two, one on each side the Neisse River; — his Second was a Colonel Quadt, by birth Prussian, seemingly not very competent he either, who had command of the Old Fortress,

round which lies the Town of Glatz: a little Town, abounding in Jesuits; — to whose Virgin, if readers remember, Friedrich once gave a new gown; with small effect on her, as would appear. The Quadt-D'O garrison was 2,400, — and, if tales are true, it had been well bejesuited during those seven weeks.[1] At four in the morning, July 26th, the battering began on Quadt; Quadt, I will believe, responding what he could, — especially from a certain Arrowhead Redoubt (or *Flèche*) he has, which ought to have been important to him. After four or five hours of this, there was mutual pause, — as if both parties had decided upon breakfast before going farther.

"Quadt's Fortress is very strong, mostly hewn in the rock; and he has that important outwork of a *Flèche;* which is excellent for enfilading, as it extends well beyond the glacis; and, being of rock like the rest, is also abundantly defensible. Loudon's people, looking over into this *Flèche,* find it negligently guarded; Quadt at breakfast, as would seem: — and directly send for Harsch, Captain of the Siege, and even for Loudon, the General-in-Chief. Negligently guarded, sure enough; nothing in the *Flèche* but a few sentries, and these in the horizontal position, taking their *un*lawful rest there, after such a morning's work. 'Seize me that,' eagerly orders Loudon; 'hold that with firm grip!' Which is done; only to step in softly, two battalions of you, and lay hard hold. Incompetent Quadt, figure in what a flurry, rushing out to recapture his *Flèche,* — explodes instead into mere anarchy, whole Companies of him flinging down their arms at their Officers' feet, and the like. So that Quadt is totally driven in again, Austrians along with him; and is obliged to beat chamade; — D'O following the example, about an hour after, without even a capitulation. Was there ever seen such a defence! Major Unruh, one of a small minority, was Prussian, and stanch; here is Unruh's personal experience, — testimony on D'O's Trial, I suppose, — and now pretty much the one thing worth reading on this subject.

"*Major Unruh testifies:* 'At four in the morning, 26th July, 1760, the Enemy began to cannonade the Old Fortress [that of

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* v. 55.

Quadt]; and about nine, I was ordered with 150 men to clear the Envelope from Austrians. Just when I had got to the Damm-Gate, halt was called. I asked the Commandant, who was behind me, which way I should march; to the Crown-work or to the Envelope? Being answered, To the Envelope, I found on coming out at the Field-Gate nothing but an Austrian Lieutenant-Colonel and some men. He called to me, "There had been chamade beaten, and I was not to run into destruction (*mich unglücklich machen*)!" I offered him Quarter; and took him in effect prisoner, with 20 of his best men; and sent him to the Commandant, with request that he would keep my rear free, or send me reinforcement. I shot the Enemy a great many people here; chased him from the Field-Gate, and out of both the Envelope and the Redoubt called the Crane [that is the *Flèche* itself, only that the Austrians are mostly not now there, but gone *through* into the interior there!]— Returning to the Field-Gate, I found that the Commandant had beaten chamade a second time; there were marching in, by this Field-Gate, two battalions of the Austrian Regiment *Andlau;* I had to yield myself prisoner, and was taken to General Loudon. He asked me, "Don't you know the rules of war, then; that you fire after chamade is beaten?" I answered in my heat, "I knew of no chamade; what poltroonery or what treachery had been going on, I knew not!" Loudon answered, "You might deserve to have your head laid at your feet, Sir! Am I here to inquire which of you shows bravery, which poltroonery?"'[1] A blazing Loudon, when the fire is up!" —

After the Peace, D'O had Court-Martial, which sentenced him to death, Friedrich making it perpetual imprisonment: "Perhaps not a traitor, only a blockhead!" thought Friedrich. He had been recommended to his post by Fouquet. What Trenck writes of him is, otherwise, mostly lies.

Thus is the southern Key of Silesia (one of the two southern Keys, Neisse being the other) lost to Friedrich, for the first time; and Loudon is like to drive a trade there. "Will

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 652.

absolutely nothing prosper with us, then?" Nothing, seemingly, your Majesty! Heavier news Friedrich scarcely ever had. But there is no help. This too he has to carry with him as he can into the Meissen Country. Unsuccessful altogether; beaten on every hand. Human talent, diligence, endeavor, is it but as lightning smiting the Serbonian Bog? Smite to the last, your Majesty, at any rate; let that be certain. As it is, and has been. That is always something, that is always a great thing.

Friedrich intends no pause in those Meissen Countries. *July 30th*, on his march northward, he detaches Hülsen with the old 10,000 to take Camp at Schlettau as before, and do his best for defence of Saxony against the Reichsfolk, numerous, but incompetent; he himself, next day, passes on, leaving Meissen a little on his right, to Schieritz, some miles farther down, — intending there to cross Elbe, and make for Silesia without loss of an hour. Need enough of speed thither; more need than even Friedrich supposes! Yesterday, July 30th, Loudon's Vanguard came blockading Breslau, and this day Loudon himself; — though Friedrich heard nothing, anticipated nothing, of that dangerous fact, for a week hence or more.

Soltikof's and Loudon's united intentions on Silesia he has well known this long while; and has been perpetually dunning Prince Henri on the subject, to no purpose, — only hoping always there would probably be no great rapidity on the part of these discordant Allies. Friedrich's feelings, now that the contrary is visible, and indeed all through the Summer in regard to the Soltikof-Loudon Business, and the Fouquet-Henri method of dealing with it, have been painful enough, and are growing ever more so. Cautious Henri never would make the smallest attack on Soltikof, but merely keep observing him; — the end of which, what can the end of it be? urges Friedrich always: "Condense yourselves; go in upon the Russians, while they are in separate corps;" — and is very ill-satisfied with the languor of procedures there. As is the Prince with such reproaches, or implied reproaches, on said

languor. Nor is his humor cheered, when the King's bad predictions prove true. What has it come to? These Letters of King and Prince are worth reading, — if indeed you can, in the confusion of Schöning (a somewhat exuberant man, loud rather than luminous); — so curious is the Private Dialogue going on there at all times, in the background of the stage, between the Brothers. One short specimen, extending through the June and July just over, — specimen distilled faithfully out of that huge jumbling sea of Schöning, and rendered legible, — the reader will consent to.

Dialogue of Friedrich and Henri (from their Private Correspondence: June 7th–July 29th, 1760).

Friedrich (June 7th; before his first crossing Elbe: Henri at Sagan; he at Schlettau, scanning the waste of fatal possibilities). . . . Embarrassing? Not a doubt of that! "I own, the circumstances both of us are in are like to turn my head, three or four times a day." Loudon aiming for Neisse, don't you think? Fouquet all in the wrong. — "One has nothing for it but to watch where the likelihood of the biggest misfortune is, and to run thither with one's whole strength."

Henri. . . . "I confess I am in great apprehension for Colberg:" — shall one make thither, think you? Russians, 8,000 as the first instalment of them, have *arrived;* got to Posen under Fermor, June 1st: — so the Commandant of Glogau writes me (see enclosed).

Friedrich (June 9th). Commandant of Glogau writes impossibilities: Russians are not on march yet, nor will be for above a week.

"I cross Elbe, the 15th. I am compelled to undertake something of decisive nature, and leave the rest to chance. For desperate disorders desperate remedies. My bed is not one of roses. Heaven aid us: for human prudence finds itself fall short in situations so cruel and desperate as ours." [1]

Henri. Hm, hm, ha (Nothing but carefully collected rumors, and wire-drawn auguries from them, on the part of

[1] Schöning, ii. 313 ("Meissen Camp, 7th June, 1760"); ib. ii. 317 ("9th June").

Henri; very intense inspection of the chicken-bowels, — hardly ever without a shake of the head).

Friedrich (June 26th; has heard of the Fouquet disaster). . . . "Yesterday my heart was torn to pieces [news of Landshut, Fouquet's downfall there], and I felt too sad to be in a state for writing you a sensible Letter; but to-day, when I have come to myself a little again, I will send you my reflections. After what has happened to Fouquet, it is certain Loudon can have no other design but on Breslau [he designs Glatz first of all]: it will be the grand point, therefore, especially if the Russians too are bending thither, to save that Capital of Silesia. Surely the Turks must be in motion: — if so, we are saved; if not so, we are lost! To-day I have taken this Camp of Döbritz, in order to be more collected, and in condition to fight well, should occasion rise, — and in case all this that is said and written to me about the Turks is *true* [which nothing of it was], to be able to profit by it when the time comes." [1]

Henri (simultaneously, June 26th: Henri is forward from Sagan, through Frankfurt, and got settled at Landsberg, where he remains through the rest of the Dialogue). . . . Tottleben, with his Cossacks, scouring about, got a check from us, — nothing like enough. "By all my accounts, Soltikof, with the gross of the Russians, is marching for Posen. The other rumors and symptoms agree in indicating a separate Corps, under Fermor, who is to join Tottleben, and besiege Colberg: if both these Corps, the Colberg and the Posen one, act in concert, my embarrassment will be extreme. . . . I have just had news of what has befallen General Fouquet. Before this stroke, your affairs were desperate enough; now I see but too well what we have to look for." [2] (How comforting!)

Friedrich. "Would to God your prayers for the swift capture of Dresden had been heard; but unfortunately I must tell you, this stroke has failed me. . . . Dresden has been reduced to ashes, third part of the Altstadt lying burnt; — contrary to my intentions: my orders were, To spare the City.

[1] Schöning, ii. 341 ("Gross-Döbritz, 26th June, 1760").

[2] Ib. ii. 339 ("Landsberg, 26th June, 1760").

and play the Artillery against the works. My Minister Graf von Finck will have told you what occasioned its being set on fire." [1]

Henri (July 26th; Dresden Siege gone awry). . . . "I am to keep the Russians from Frankfurt, to cover Glogau, and prevent a besieging of Breslau! All that forms an overwhelming problem; — which I, with my whole heart, will give up to somebody abler for it than I am." [2]

Friedrich (29th July; quits the Trenches of Dresden this night). . . . "I have seen with pain that you represent everything to yourself on the black side. I beg you, in the name of God, my dearest Brother, don't take things up in their blackest and worst shape: — it is this that throws your mind into such an indecision, which is so lamentable. Adopt a resolution rather, what resolution you like, but stand by it, and execute it with your whole strength. I conjure you, take a fixed resolution; better a bad than none at all. . . . What is possible to man, I will do; neither care nor consideration nor effort shall be spared, to secure the result of my plans. The rest depends on circumstances. Amid such a number of enemies, one cannot always do what one will, but must let *them* prescribe." [3]

An uncomfortable little Gentleman; but full of faculty, if one can manage to get good of it! Here, what might have preceded all the above, and been preface to it, is a pretty passage from him; a glimpse he has had of Sans-Souci, before setting out on those gloomy marchings and cunctatory hagglings. Henri writes (at Torgau, April 26th, just back from Berlin and farewell of friends): —

"I mean to march the day after to-morrow. I took arrangements with General Fouquet [about that long fine-spun Chain of Posts, where we are to do such service?] — the Black Hussars cannot be here till to-morrow, otherwise I should have marched a day sooner. My Brother [poor little invalid Ferdi-

[1] Schöning, ii. 361 ("2d–3d July").

[2] Ib. ii. 369–371 ("Landsberg, 26th July").

[3] Ib. ii. 370–372 ("Leubnitz, before Dresden, 29th July, 1760").

nand] charged me to lay him at your feet. I found him weak and thin, more so than formerly. Returning hither, the day before yesterday, I passed through Potsdam; I went to Sans-Souci [April 24th, 1760]: — all is green there; the Garden embellished, and seemed to me excellently kept. Though these details cannot occupy you at present, I thought it would give you pleasure to hear of them for a moment." [1] Ah, yes; all is so green and blessedly silent there: sight of the lost Paradise, actually *it*, visible for a moment yonder, far away, while one goes whirling in this manner on the illimitable wracking winds! —

Here finally, from a distant part of the War-Theatre, is another Note; which we will read while Friedrich is at Schieritz. At no other place so properly; the very date of it, chief date (July 31st), being by accident synchronous with Schieritz: —

Duke Ferdinand's Battle of Warburg (31st July, 1760).

Duke Ferdinand has opened his difficult Campaign; and especially — just while that Siege of Dresden blazed and ended — has had three sharp Fights, which were then very loud in the Gazettes, along with it. Three once famous Actions; which unexpectedly had little or no result, and are very much forgotten now. So that bare enumeration of them is nearly all we are permitted here. Pitt has furnished 7,000 new English, this Campaign, — there are now 20,000 English in all, and a Duke Ferdinand raised to 70,000 men. Surely, under good omens, thinks Pitt; and still more think the Gazetteers, judging by appearances. Yes: but if Broglio have 130,000, what will it come to? Broglio is two to one; and has, before this, proved himself a considerable Captain.

Fight *first* is that of *Korbach* (July 10th): of Broglio, namely, who has got across the River Ohm in Hessen (to Ferdinand's great disgust with the General Imhof in command there), and is streaming on to seize the Diemel River, and menace Hanover; of Broglio, in successive sections, at a certain "Pass of Korbach," *versus* the Hereditary Prince (*Erbprinz* of Brunswick), who is waiting for him there in one good section, —

[1] Schöning, ii. 253 ("Torgau, 26th April, 1760").

and who beautifully hurls back one and another of the Broglio sections; but cannot hurl back the whole Broglio Army, *all* marching by sections that way; and has to retire, back foremost, fencing sharply, still in a diligently handsome manner, though with loss.[1] That is the Battle of Korbach, fought July 10th, — while Lacy streamed through Dresden, panting to be at Plauen Chasm, safe at last.

Fight *second* (July 16th) was a kind of revenge on the Erbprinz's part: Affair of *Emsdorf*, six days after, in the same neighborhood; beautiful too, said the Gazetteers; but of result still more insignificant. Hearing of a considerable French Brigade posted not far off, at that Village of Emsdorf, to guard Broglio's meal-carts there, the indignant Erbprinz shoots off for that; light of foot, — English horse mainly, and Hill Scots (*Berg-Schotten* so called, who have a fine free stride, in summer weather); — dashes in upon said Brigade (Dragoons of Bauffremont and other picked men), who stood firmly on the defensive; but were cut up, in an amazing manner, root and branch, after a fierce struggle, and as it were brought home in one's pocket. To the admiration of military circles, — especially of mess-rooms and the junior sort. "Elliot's light horse [part of the new 7,000], what a regiment! Unparalleled for willingness, and audacity of fence; lost 125 killed," — in fact, the loss chiefly fell on Elliot.[2] The *Berg-Schotten* too, — I think it was here that these kilted fellows, who had marched with such a stride, "came home mostly riding:" poor Beauffremont Dragoons being entirely cut up, or pocketed as prisoners, and their horses ridden in this unexpected manner! But we must not linger, — hardly even on *Warburg*, which was the *third* and greatest; and has still points of memorability, though now so obliterated.

"Warburg," says my Note on this latter, "is a pleasant little Hessian Town, some twenty-five miles west of Cassel, standing on the north or left bank of the Diemel, among fruitful knolls

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 105.

[2] Ib. ii. 109 (Prisoners got "were 2,661, including General and Officers 179," with all their furnitures whatsoever, "400 horses, 8 cannon," &c.).

and hollows. The famous '*Battle of Warburg*,' — if you try to inquire in the Town itself, from your brief railway-station, it is much if some intelligent inhabitant, at last, remembers to have heard of it! The thing went thus: Chevalier du Muy, who is Broglio's Rear-guard or Reserve, 30,000 foot and horse, with his back to the Diemel, and eight bridges across it in case of accident, has his right flank leaning on Warburg, and his left on a Village of Ossendorf, some two miles to northwest of that. Broglio, Prince Xavier of Saxony, especially Duke Ferdinand, are all vehemently and mysteriously moving about, since that Fight of Korbach; Broglio intent to have Cassel besieged, Du Muy keeping the Diemel for him; Ferdinand eager to have the Diemel back from Du Muy and him.

"Two days ago (July 29th), the Erbprinz crossed over into these neighborhoods, with a strong Vanguard, nearly equal to Du Muy; and, after studious reconnoitring and survey had, means, this morning (July 31st), to knock him over the Diemel again, if he can. No time to be lost; Broglio near and in such force. Duke Ferdinand too, quitting Broglio for a moment, is on march this way; crossed the Diemel, about midnight, some ten miles farther down, or eastward; will thence bend southward, at his best speed, to support the Erbprinz, if necessary, and beset the Diemel when got; — Erbprinz not, however, in any wise, to wait for him; such the pressure from Broglio and others. A most busy swift-going scene that morning; — hardly worth such describing at this date of time.

"The Erbprinz, who is still rather to northeastward, that is to rightward, not directly frontward, of Du Muy's lines; and whose plan of attack is still dark to Du Muy, commences [about 8 A.M., I should guess] by launching his British Legion so called, — which is a composite body, of Free-Corps nature, British some of it ('Colonel Beckwith's people,' for example), not British by much the most of it, but an aggregate of wild strikers, given to plunder too: — by launching his British Legion upon Warburg Town, there to take charge of Du Muy's right wing. Which Legion, 'with great rapidity, not only pitched the French all out, but clean plundered the poor Town;' and is a sad sore on Du Muy's right, who cannot

get it attended to, in the ominous aspects elsewhere visible. For the Erbprinz, who is a strategic creature, comes on, in the style of Friedrich, not straight towards Du Muy, but sweeps out in two columns round northward; privately intending upon Du Muy's left wing and front — left wing, right wing, (by British Legion), and front, all three; — and is well aided by a mist which now fell, and which hung on the higher ground, and covered his march, for an hour or more. This mist had not begun when he saw, on the knoll-tops, far off on the right, but indisputable as he flattered himself, — something of Ferdinand emerging! Saw this; and pours along, we can suppose, with still better step and temper. And bursts, pretty simultaneously, upon Du Muy's right wing and left wing, coercing his front the while; squelches both these wings furiously together; forces the coerced centre, mostly horse, to plunge back into the Diemel, and swim. Horse could swim; but many of the Foot, who tried, got drowned. And, on the whole, Du Muy is a good deal wrecked [1,500 killed, 2,000 prisoners, not to speak of cannon and flags], and, but for his eight bridges, would have been totally ruined.

"The fight was uncommonly furious, especially on Du Muy's left; 'Maxwell's Brigade' going at it, with the finest bayonet-practice, musketry, artillery-practice; obstinate as bears. On Du Muy's right, the British Legion, left wing, British too by name, had a much easier job. But the fight generally was of hot and stubborn kind, for hours, perhaps two or more; — and some say, would not have ended so triumphantly, had it not been for Duke Ferdinand's Vanguard, Lord Granby and the English Horse; who, warned by the noise ahead, pushed on at the top of their speed, and got in before the death. Granby and the Blues had gone at the high trot, for above five miles; and, I doubt not, were in keen humor when they rose to the gallop and slashed in. Mauvillon says, 'It was in this attack that Lord Granby, at the head of the Blues, his own regiment, had his hat blown off; a big bald circle in his head rendering the loss more conspicuous. But he never minded; stormed still on,' bare bald head among the helmets and sabres; 'and made it very evident that had he, instead of Sackville, led at

Minden, there had been a different story to tell. The English, by their valor,' adds he, 'greatly distinguished themselves this day. And accordingly they suffered by far the most; their loss amounting to 590 men:' or, as others count, — out of 1,200 killed and wounded, 800 were English."[1]

This of Granby and the bald head is mainly what now renders Warburg memorable. For, in a year or two, the excellent Reynolds did a Portrait of Granby; and by no means forgot this incident; but gives him bare-headed, bare and bald; the oblivious British connoisseur not now knowing why, as perhaps he ought. The Portrait, I suppose, may be in Belvoir Castle; the artistic Why of the baldness is this *Battle of Warburg*, as above. An Affair otherwise of no moment. Ferdinand had soon to quit the Diemel, or to find it useless for him, and to try other methods, — fencing gallantly, but too weak for Broglio; and, on the whole, had a difficult Campaign of it, against that considerable Soldier with forces so superior.

CHAPTER III.

BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ.

FRIEDRICH stayed hardly one day in Meissen Country; Silesia, in the jaws of destruction, requiring such speed from him. His new Series of Marches thitherward, for the next two weeks especially, with Daun and Lacy, and at last with Loudon too, for escort, are still more singular than the foregoing; a fortnight of Soldier History such as is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. Of his inward gloom one hears nothing. But the Problem itself approaches to the desperate;

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 114. Or better, in all these three cases, as elsewhere, Tempelhof's specific Chapter on Ferdinand (Tempelhof, iv. 101–122). Ferdinand's Despatch (to King George), in *Knesebeck*, ii. 96–98; — or in the Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 386, 387), where also is Lord Granby's Despatch.

needing daily new invention, new audacity, with imminent destruction overhanging it throughout. A March distinguished in Military Annals; — but of which it is not for us to pretend treating. Military readers will find it in *Tempelhof*, and the supplementary Books from time to time cited here. And, for our own share, we can only say, that Friedrich's labors strike us as abundantly Herculean; more Alcides-like than ever, — the rather as hopes of any success have sunk lower than ever. A modern Alcides, appointed to confront Tartarus itself, and be victorious over the Three-headed Dog. Daun, Lacy, Loudon coming on you simultaneously, open-mouthed, are a considerable Tartarean Dog! Soldiers judge that the King's resources of genius were extremely conspicuous on this occasion; and to all men it is in evidence that seldom in the Arena of this Universe, looked on by the idle Populaces and by the eternal Gods and Antigods (called Devils), did a Son of Adam fence better for himself, now and throughout.

This, his Third march to Silesia in 1760, is judged to be the most forlorn and ominous Friedrich ever made thither; real peril, and ruin to Silesia and him, more imminent than even in the old Leuthen days. Difficulties, complicacies very many, Friedrich can foresee: a Daun's Army and a Lacy's for escort to us; and such a Silesia when we do arrive. And there is one complicacy more which he does not yet know of; that of Loudon waiting ahead to welcome him, on crossing the Frontier, and increase his escort thenceforth! — Or rather, let us say, Friedrich, thanks to the despondent Henri and others, has escaped a great Silesian Calamity; — of which he will hear, with mixed emotions, on arriving at Bunzlau on the Silesian Frontier, six days after setting out. Since the loss of Glatz (July 26th), Friedrich has no news of Loudon; supposes him to be trying something upon Neisse, to be adjusting with his slow Russians; and, in short, to be out of the dismal account-current just at present. That is not the fact in regard to Loudon; that is far from the fact.

Loudon is trying a Stroke-of-hand on Breslau, in the Glatz Fashion, in the Interim (July 30th–August 3d).

Hardly above six hours after taking Glatz, swift Loudon, no Daun now tethering him (Daun standing, or sitting, "in relief of Dresden" far off), was on march for Breslau — Vanguard of him "marched that same evening (July 26th):" in the liveliest hope of capturing Breslau; especially if Soltikof, to whom this of Glatz ought to be a fine symbol and pledge, make speed to co-operate. Soltikof is in no violent enthusiasm about Glatz; anxious rather about his own Magazine at Posen, and how to get it carted out of Henri's way, in case of our advancing towards some Silesian Siege. "If we were not ruined last year, it was n't Daun's fault!" growls he often; and Montalembert has need of all his suasive virtues (which are wonderful to look at, if anybody cared to look at them, all flung into the sea in this manner) for keeping the barbarous man in any approach to harmony. The barbarous man had, after haggle enough, adjusted himself for besieging Glogau; and is surly to hear, on the sudden (order from Petersburg reinforcing Loudon), that it is Breslau instead. "Excellenz, it is not Cunctator Daun this time, it is fiery Loudon." "Well, Breslau, then!" answers Soltikof at last, after much suasion. And marches thither;[1] faster than usual, quickened by new temporary hopes, of Montalembert's raising or one's own: "What a place-of-arms, and place of victual, would Breslau be for us, after all!"

And really mends his pace, mends it ever more, as matters grow stringent; and advances upon Breslau at his swiftest: "To rendezvous with Loudon under the walls there, — within the walls very soon, and ourselves chief proprietor!" — as may be hoped. Breslau has a garrison of 4,000, only 1,000 of them stanch; and there are, among other bad items, 9,000 Austrian Prisoners in it. A big City with weak walls: another place to defend than rock-hewn little Glatz, — if there be no better than a D'O for Commandant in it! But perhaps there is.

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 87–89 ("Rose from Posen, July 26th")

"*Wednesday*, 30*th July*, Loudon's Vanguard arrived at Breslau; next day Loudon himself; — and besieged Breslau very violently, according to his means, till the Sunday following. Troops he has plenty, 40,000 odd, which he gives out for 50 or even 60,000; not to speak of Soltikof, 'with 75,000' (read 45,000), striding on in a fierce and dreadful manner to meet him here. 'Better surrender to Christian Austrians, had not you?' Loudon's Artillery is not come up, it is only struggling on from Glatz; Soltikof of his own has no Siege-Artillery; and Loudon judges that heavy-footed Soltikof, waited on by an alert Prince Henri, is a problematic quantity in this enterprise. 'Speedy oneself; speedy and fiery!' thinks Loudon: 'by violence of speed, of bullying and bombardment, perhaps we can still do it!' And Loudon tried all these things to a high stretch; but found in Tauentzien the wrong man.

"*Thursday*, 31*st*, Loudon, who has two bridges over Oder, and the Town begirt all round, summons Tauentzien in an awful sounding tone: 'Consider, Sir: no defence possible; a trading Town, you ought not to attempt defence of it: surrender on fair terms, or I shall, which God forbid, be obliged to burn you and it from the face of the world!' 'Pooh, pooh,' answers Tauentzien, in brief polite terms; 'you yourselves had no doubt it was a Garrison, when we besieged you here, on the heel of Leuthen; had you? Go to!' — Fiery Loudon cannot try storm, the Town having Oder and a wet ditch round it. He gets his bombarding batteries forward, as the one chance he has, aided by bullying. And to-morrow,

"*Friday*, *August* 1*st*, sends, half officially, half in the friendly way, dreadful messages again: a warning to the Mayor of Breslau (which was not signed by Loudon), 'Death and destruction, Sir, unless' — ! — warning to the Mayor; and, by the same private half-official messenger, a new summons to Tauentzien: 'Bombardment infallible; universal massacre by Croats; I will not spare the child in its mother's womb.' 'I am not with child,' said Tauentzien, 'nor are my soldiers! What is the use of such talk?' And about 10 that night, Loudon does accordingly break out into all the fire of bombardment he is master of. Kindles the Town in various

places, which were quenched again by Tauentzien's arrangements; kindles especially the King's fine Dwelling-house (Palace they call it), and adjacent streets, not quenchable till Palace and they are much ruined. Will this make no impression? Far too little.

"Next morning Loudon sends a private messenger of conciliatory tone: 'Any terms your Excellency likes to name. Only spare me the general massacre, and child in the mother's womb!' From all which Tauentzien infers that you are probably short of ammunition; and that his outlooks are improving. That day he gets guns brought to bear on General Loudon's own quarter; blazes into Loudon's sitting-room, so that Loudon has to shift else-whither. No bombardment ensues that night; nor next day anything but desultory cannonading, and much noise and motion; — and at night, *Sunday, 3d,* everything falls quiet, and, to the glad amazement of everybody, Loudon has vanished." [1]

Loudon had no other shift left. This Sunday his Russians are still five days distant; alert Henri, on the contrary, is, in a sense, come to hand. Crossed the Katzbach River this day, the Vanguard of him did, at Parchwitz; and fell upon our Bakery; which has had to take the road. "Guard the Bakery, all hands there," orders Loudon; "off to Striegau and the Hills with it;" — and is himself gone thither after it, leaving Breslau, Henri and the Russians to what fate may be in store for them. Henri has again made one of his winged marches, the deft creature, though the despondent; "march of 90 miles in three days [in the last three, from Glogau, 90; in the whole, from Landsberg, above 200], and has saved the State," says Retzow. "Made no camping, merely bivouacked;

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 90–100; Archenholtz, ii. 89–94; *Hofbericht von der Belagerung von Breslau im August* 1760 (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 688–698); also in *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 299–309: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 115–124), that is, in the *Old Newspapers*, extremely particular account, How "not only the finest Horse in Breslau, and the finest House [King's Palace], but the handsomest Man, and, alas, also the prettiest Girl [poor Jungfer Müller, shattered by a bomb-shell on the streets], were destroyed in this short Siege," — world-famous for the moment. Preuss, ii. 246.

halting for a rest four or five hours here and there;"[1] and on August 5th is at Lissa (this side the Field of Leuthen); making Breslau one of the gladdest of cities.

So that Soltikof, on arriving (village of Hundsfeld, August 8th), by the other side of the River, finds Henri's advanced guards intrenched over there, in Old Oder; no Russian able to get within five miles of Breslau, — nor able to do more than cannonade in the distance, and ask with indignation, "Where are the siege-guns, then; where is General Loudon? Instead of Breslau capturable, and a sure Magazine for us, here is Henri, and nothing but steel to eat!" And the Soltikof risen into Russian rages, and the Montalembert sunk in difficulties: readers can imagine these. Indignant Soltikof, deaf to suasion, with this dangerous Henri in attendance, is gradually edging back; always rather back, with an eye to his provisions, and to certain bogs and woods he knows of. But we will leave the Soltikof-Henri end of the line, for the opposite end, which is more interesting. — To Friedrich, till he got to Silesia itself, these events are totally unknown. His cunctatory Henri, by this winged march, when the moment came, what a service has he done! —

Tauentzien's behavior, also, has been superlative at Breslau; and was never forgotten by the King. A very brave man, testifies Lessing of him; true to the death: "Had there come but three, to rally with the King under a bush of the forest, Tauentzien would have been one." Tauentzien was on the ramparts once, in this Breslau pinch, giving orders; a bomb burst beside him, did not injure him. "Mark that place," said Tauentzien; and clapt his hat on it, continuing his orders, till a more permanent mark were put. In that spot, as intended through the next thirty years, he now lies buried.[2]

[1] Retzow, ii. 230 (very vague); in Tempelhof (iv. 89, 90, 95–97) clear and specific account.

[2] *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 72–75; Lessing's *Werke;* &c. &c.

Friedrich on March, for the Third Time, to rescue Silesia (August 1st–15th).

August 1st, Friedrich crossed the Elbe at Zehren, in the Schieritz vicinity, as near Meissen as he could; but it had to be some six miles farther down, such the liabilities to Austrian disturbance. All are across that morning by 5 o'clock (began at 2); whence we double back eastward, and camp that night at Dallwitz, — are quietly asleep there, while Loudon's bombardment bursts out on Breslau, far away! At Dallwitz we rest next day, wait for our Bakeries and Baggages; and *Sunday, August 3d*, at 2 in the morning, set forth on the forlornest adventure in the world.

The arrangements of the March, foreseen and settled beforehand to the last item, are of a perfection beyond praise; — as is still visible in the General Order, or summary of directions given out; which, to this day, one reads with a kind of satisfaction like that derivable from the Forty-seventh of Euclid: clear to the meanest capacity, not a word wanting in it, not a word superfluous, solid as geometry. "The Army marches always in Three Columns, left Column foremost: our First Line of Battle [in case we have fighting] is this foremost Column; Second Line is the Second Column; Reserve is the Third. All Generals' chaises, money-wagons, and regimental Surgeons' wagons remain with their respective Battalions; as do the Heavy Batteries with the Brigades to which they belong. When the march is through woody country, the Cavalry regiments go in between the Battalions [to be ready against Pandour operations and accidents].

"With the First Column, the Ziethen Hussars and Free-Battalion Courbière have always the vanguard; Möhring Hussars and Free-Battalion Quintus [speed to you, learned friend!] the rear-guard. With the Second Column always the Dragoon regiments Normann and Krockow have the vanguard; Regiment Czetteritz [Dragoons, poor Czetteritz himself, with his lost *Manuscript*, is captive since February last], the rear-guard. With the Third Column always the Dragoon regiment Holstein as head, and the ditto Finkenstein to close the Column. —

During every march, however, there are to be of the Second Column 2 Battalions joined with Column Third; so that the Third Column consists of 10 Battalions, the Second of 6, while on march.

"Ahead of each Column go three Pontoon Wagons; and daily are 50 work-people allowed them, who are immediately to lay Bridge, where it is necessary. The rear-guard of each Column takes up these Bridges again; brings them on, and returns them to the head of the Column, when the Army has got to camp. In the Second Column are to be 500 wagons, and also in the Third 500, so shared that each battalion gets an equal number. The battalions —"[1] . . . This may serve as specimen.

The March proceeded through the old Country; a little to left of the track in June past: Röder Water, Pulsnitz Water; Kamenz neighborhood, Bautzen neighborhood, — Bunzlau on Silesian ground. Daun, at Bischofswerda, had foreseen this March; and, by his Light people, had spoiled the Road all he could; broken all the Bridges, *half*-felled the Woods (to render them impassable). Daun, the instant he heard of the actual March, rose from Bischofswerda: forward, forward always, to be ahead of it, however rapid; Lacy, hanging on the rear of it, willing to give trouble with his Pandour harpies, but studious above all that it should not whirl round anywhere and get upon his, Lacy's, own throat. One of the strangest marches ever seen. "An on-looker, who had observed the march of these different Armies," says Friedrich, "would have thought that they all belonged to one leader. Feldmarschall Daun's he would have taken for the Vanguard, the King's for the main Army, and General Lacy's for the Rear-guard."[2] Tempelhof says: "It is given only to a Friedrich to march on those terms; between Two hostile Armies, his equals in strength, and a Third [Loudon's, in Striegau Country] waiting ahead."

The March passed without accident of moment; had not, from Lacy or Daun, any accident whatever. On the second

[1] In *Tempelhof* (iv. 125, 126) the entire Piece.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 56.

day, an Aide-de-Camp of Daun's was picked up, with Letters from Lacy (back of the cards visible to Friedrich). Once, — it is the third day of the March (August 6th, village of Rothwasser to be quarter for the night), — on coming toward Neisse River, some careless Officer, trusting to peasants, instead of examining for himself and building a bridge, drove his Artillery-wagons into the so-called ford of Neisse; which nearly swallowed the foremost of them in quicksands. Nearly, but not completely; and caused a loss of five or six hours to that Second Column. So that darkness came on Column Second in the woody intricacies; and several hundreds of the deserter kind took the opportunity of disappearing altogether. An unlucky, evidently too languid Officer; though Friedrich did not annihilate the poor fellow, perhaps did not rebuke him at all, but merely marked it in elucidation of his qualities for time coming. "This miserable village of Rothwasser" (headquarters after the dangerous fording of Neisse), says Mitchell, "stands in the middle of a wood, almost as wild and impenetrable as those in North America. There was hardly ground enough cleared about it for the encampment of the troops."[1] *Thursday, August 7th*, Friedrich — traversing the whole Country, but more direct, by Königsbrück and Kamenz this time — is at Bunzlau altogether. "Bunzlau on the Bober;" the *Silesian* Bunzlau, not the Bohemian or any of the others. It is some 30 miles west of Liegnitz, which again lies some 40 northwest of Schweidnitz and the Strong Places. Friedrich has now done 100 miles of excellent marching; and he has still a good spell more to do, — dragging "2,000 heavy wagons" with him, and across such impediments within and without. Readers that care to study him, especially for the next few days, will find it worth their while.

Tempelhof gives, as usual, a most clear Account, minute to a degree; which, supplemented by Mitchell and a Reimann Map, enables us as it were to accompany, and to witness with our eyes. Hitherto a March toilsome in the extreme, in spite of everything done to help it; starting at 3 or at 2 in the morning; resting to breakfast in some shady place, while the

[1] Mitchell, ii. 190; Tempelhof, iv. 131.

sun is high, frugally cooking under the shady woods, — "*Burschen abzukochen* here," as the Order pleasantly bears. All encamped now, at Bunzlau in Silesia, on Thursday evening, with a very eminent week's work behind them. "In the last five days, above 100 miles of road, and such road; five considerable rivers in it" — Bober, Queiss, Neisse, Spree, Elbe; and with such a wagon-train of 2,000 teams.[1]

Proper that we rest a day here; in view of the still swifter marchings and sudden dashings about, which lie ahead. It will be by extremely nimble use of all the limbs we have, — hands as well as feet, — if any good is to come of us now! Friedrich is aware that Daun already holds Striegau "as an outpost [Loudon thereabouts, unknown to Friedrich], these several days;" and that Daun personally is at Schmöttseifen, in our own old Camp there, twenty or thirty miles to south of us, and has his Lacy to leftward of him, partly even to rearward: rather in advance of *us*, both of them, — if we were for Landshut; which we are not. "Be swift enough, may not we cut through to Jauer, and get ahead of Daun?" counts Friedrich: "To Jauer, southeast of us, from Bunzlau here, is 40 miles; and to Jauer it is above 30 east for Daun: possible to be there before Daun! Jauer ours, thence to the Heights of Striegau and Hohenfriedberg Country, within wind of Schweidnitz, of Breslau: magazines, union with Prince Henri, all secure thereby?" So reckons the sanguine Friedrich; unaware that Loudon, with his corps of 35,000, has been summoned hitherward; which will make important differences! Loudon, Beck with a smaller Satellite Corps, both these, unknown to Friedrich, lie ready on the east of him: Loudon's Army on the east; Daun's, Lacy's on the south and west; three big Armies, with their Satellites, gathering in upon this King: here is a Three-headed Dog, in the Tartarus of a world he now has! On the fourth side of him is Oder, and the Russians, who are also perhaps building Bridges, by way of a supplementary or fourth head.

August 9th (Bunzlau to Goldberg), Friedrich, with his Three Columns and perfect arrangements, makes a long march: from

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 123–150.

Bunzlau at 3 in the morning; and at 5 afternoon arrives in sight of the Katzbach Valley, with the little Town of Goldberg some miles to right. Katzbach River is here; and Jauer, for to-morrow, still fifteen miles ahead. But on reconnoitring here, all is locked and bolted: Lacy strong on the Hills of Goldberg; Daun visible across the Katzbach; Daun, and behind him Loudon, inexpugnably posted: Jauer an impossibility! We have bread only for eight days; our Magazines are at Schweidnitz and Breslau: what is to be done? Get through, one way or other, we needs must! Friedrich encamps for the night; expecting an attack. If not attacked, he will make for Liegnitz leftward; cross the Katzbach there, or farther down at Parchwitz: — Parchwitz, Neumarkt, *Leuthen*, we have been in that country before now: — Courage!

August 10th–11th (to Liegnitz and back). At 5 A.M., Sunday, August 10th, Friedrich, nothing of attack having come, got on march again: down his own left bank of the Katzbach, straight for Liegnitz; unopposed altogether; not even a Pandour having attacked him overnight. But no sooner is he under way, than Daun too rises; Daun, Loudon, close by, on the other side of Katzbach, and keep step with us, on our right; Lacy's light people hovering on our rear: — three truculent fellows in buckram; fancy the feelings of the way-worn solitary fourth, whom they are gloomily dogging in this way! The solitary fourth does his fifteen miles to Liegnitz, unmolested by them; encamps on the Heights which look down on Liegnitz over the south; finds, however, that the Loudon-Daun people have likewise been diligent; that they now lie stretched out on their right bank, three or four miles up-stream or to rearward, and what is far worse, seven miles downwards, or ahead: that, in fact, they are a march nearer Parchwitz than he; — and that there is again no possibility. "Perhaps by Jauer, then, still? Out of this, and at lowest, into some vicinity of bread, it does behoove us to be!" At 11 that night Friedrich gets on march again; returns the way he came. And,

August 11th, At daybreak, is back to his old ground; nothing now to oppose him but Lacy, who is gone across from

Goldberg, to linger as rear of the Daun-Loudon march. Friedrich steps across on Lacy, thirsting to have a stroke at Lacy; who vanishes fast enough, leaving the ground clear. Could but our baggage have come as fast as we! But our baggage, Quintus guarding and urging, has to groan on for five hours yet; and without it, there is no stirring. Five mortal hours; — by which time, Daun, Lacy, Loudon are all up again; between us and Jauer, between us and everything helpful; — and Friedrich has to encamp in Seichau, — "a very poor Village in the Mountains," writes Mitchell, who was painfully present there, "surrounded on all sides by Heights; on several of which, in the evening, the Austrians took camp, separated from us by a deep ravine only."[1]

Outlooks are growing very questionable to Mitchell and everybody. "Only four days' provisions" (in reality six), whisper the Prussian Generals gloomily to Mitchell and to one another: "Shall we have to make for Glogau, then, and leave Breslau to its fate? Or perhaps it will be a second Maxen to his Majesty and us, who was so indignant with poor Finck?" My friends, no; a Maxen like Finck's it will never be: a very different Maxen, if any! But we hope better things.

Friedrich's situation, grasped in the Three-lipped Pincers in this manner, is conceivable to readers. Soltikof, on the other side of Oder, as supplementary or fourth lip, is very impatient with these three. "Why all this dodging, and fidgeting to and fro? You are above three to one of your enemy. Why don't you close on him at once, if you mean it at all? The end is, He will be across Oder; and it is I that shall have the brunt to bear: Henri and he will enclose me between two fires!" And in fact, Henri, as we know, though Friedrich does not or only half does, has gone across Oder, to watch Soltikof, and guard Breslau from any attempts of his, — which are far from *his* thoughts at this moment; — a Soltikof fuming violently at the thought of such cunctations, and of being made cat's-paw again. "Know, however, that I under-

[1] Mitchell, ii 194.

stand you," violently fumes Soltikof, "and that I won't. I fall back into the Trebnitz Bog-Country, on my own right bank here, and look out for my own safety." — "Patience, your noble Excellenz," answer they always; "oh, patience yet a little! Only yesterday (Sunday, 10th, the day after his arrival in this region), we had decided to attack and crush him; Sunday very early:[1] but he skipped away to Liegnitz. Oh, be patient yet a day or two: he skips about at such a rate!" Montalembert has to be suasive as the Muses and the Sirens. Soltikof gloomily consents to another day or two. And even, such his anxiety lest this swift King skip over upon *him*, pushes out a considerable Russian Division, 24,000 ultimately, under Czernichef, towards the King's side of things, towards Auras on Oder, namely, — there to watch for oneself these interesting Royal movements; or even to join with Loudon out there, if that seem the safer course, against them. Of Czernichef at Auras we shall hear farther on, — were these Royal movements once got completed a little.

Morning of August 12th, Friedrich has, in his bad lodging at Seichau, laid a new plan of route: "Towards Schweidnitz let it be; round by Pombsen and the southeast, by the Hill-roads, make a sweep flankward of the enemy!" — and has people out reconnoitring the Hill-roads. Hears, however, about 8 o'clock, That Austrians in strength are coming between us and Goldberg! "Intending to enclose us in this bad pot of a Seichau; no crossing of the Katzbach, or other retreat to be left us at all?" Friedrich strikes his tents; ranks himself; is speedily in readiness for dispute of such extremity; — sends out new patrols, however, to ascertain. "Austrians in strength" there are *not* on the side indicated; — whereupon he draws in again. But, on the other hand, the Hill-roads are reported absolutely impassable for baggage; Pombsen an impossibility, as the other places have been. So Friedrich sits down again in Seichau to consider; does not stir all day. To Mitchell's horror, who, "with great labor," burns all the legationary

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 137, 148–150.

ciphers and papers ("impossible to save the baggage if we be attacked in this hollow pot of a camp"), and feels much relieved on finishing.[1]

Towards sunset, General Bülow, with the Second Line (second column of march), is sent out Goldberg-way, to take hold of the passage of the Katzbach: and at 8 that night we all march, recrossing there about 1 in the morning; thence down our left bank to Liegnitz for the second time, — sixteen hours of it in all, or till noon of the 13th. Mitchell had been put with the Cavalry part; and "cannot but observe to your Lordship what a chief comfort it was in this long, dangerous and painful March," to have burnt one's ciphers and dread secrets quite out of the way.

And thus, *Wednesday, August 13th,* about noon, we are in our old Camp; Head-quarter in the southern suburb of Liegnitz (a wretched little Tavern, which they still show there, on mythical terms): main part of the Camp, I should think, is on that range of Heights, which reaches two miles southward, and is now called "*Siegesberg* (Victory Hill)," from a modern Monument built on it, after nearly 100 years. Here Friedrich stays one day, — more exactly, 30 hours; — and his shifting, next time, is extremely memorable.

Battle, in the Neighborhood of Liegnitz, does ensue (Friday morning, 15th August, 1760).

Daun, Lacy and Loudon, the Three-lipped Pincers, have of course followed, and are again agape for Friedrich, all in scientific postures: Daun in the Jauer region, seven or eight miles south; Lacy about Goldberg, as far to southwest; Loudon "between Jeschkendorf and Koischwitz," northeastward, somewhat closer on Friedrich, with the Katzbach intervening. That Czernichef, with an additional 24,000, to rear of Loudon, is actually crossing Oder at Auras, with an eye to junction, Friedrich does not hear till to-morrow.[2]

[1] Mitchell, ii. 144; Tempelhof, iv. 144.

[2] Tempelhof, iv. 148–151; Mitchell, ii. 197.

The scene is rather pretty, if one admired scenes. Liegnitz, a square, handsome, brick-built Town, of old standing, in good repair (population then, say 7,000), with fine old castellated edifices and aspects: pleasant meeting, in level circumstances, of the Katzbach valley with the Schwartz-wasser (*Black-water*) ditto, which forms the north rim of Liegnitz; pleasant mixture of green poplars and brick towers, — as seen from that "Victory Hill" (more likely to be "Immediate-Ruin Hill!") where the King now is. Beyond Liegnitz and the Schwartzwasser, northwestward, right opposite to the King's, rise other Heights called of Pfaffendorf, which guard the two streams *after* their uniting. Kloster Wahlstatt, a famed place, lies visible to southeast, few miles off. Readers recollect one Blücher "Prince of Wahlstatt," so named from one of his Anti-Napoleon victories gained there? Wahlstatt was the scene of an older Fight, almost six centuries older,[1] — a then Prince of Liegnitz *versus* hideous Tartar multitudes, who rather beat him; and has been a *Cloister* Wahlstatt ever since. Till Thursday, 14th, about 8 in the evening, Friedrich continued in his Camp of Liegnitz. We are now within reach of a notable Passage of War.

Friedrich's Camp extends from the Village of Schimmelwitz, fronting the Katzbach for about two miles, northeastward, to his Head-quarter in Liegnitz Suburb: Daun is on his right and rearward, now come within four or five miles; Loudon to his left and frontward, four or five, the Katzbach separating Friedrich and him; Lacy lies from Goldberg northeastward, to within perhaps a like distance rearward: that is the position on Thursday, 14th. Provisions being all but run out; and three Armies, 90,000 (not to count Czernichef and his 24,000 as a fourth) watching round our 30,000, within a few miles; there is no staying here, beyond this day. If even this day it be allowed us? This day, Friedrich had to draw out, and stand to arms for some hours; while the Austrians appeared extensively on the Heights about, apparently intending an attack; till it proved to be nothing: only an elaborate reconnoitring by Daun; and we returned to our tents again.

[1] April 9th, 1241 (Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*).

Friedrich understands well enough that Daun, with the facts now before him, will gradually form his plan, and also, from the lie of matters, what his plan will be: many are the times Daun has elaborately reconnoitred, elaborately laid his plan; but found, on coming to execute, that his Friedrich was off in the interim, and the plan gone to air. Friedrich has about 2,000 wagons to drag with him in these swift marches: Glogau Magazine, his one resource, should Breslau and Schweidnitz prove unattainable, is forty-five long miles northwestward. "Let us lean upon Glogau withal," thinks Friedrich; "and let us be out of this straightway! March to-night; towards Parchwitz, which is towards Glogau too. Army rest till daybreak on the Heights of Pfaffendorf yonder, to examine, to wait its luck: let the empty meal-wagons jingle on to Glogau; load themselves there, and jingle back to us in Parchwitz neighborhood, should Parchwitz not have proved impossible to our manœuvrings, — let us hope it may not!" — Daun and the Austrians having ceased reconnoitring, and gone home, Friedrich rides with his Generals, through Liegnitz, across the Schwartzwasser, to the Pfaffendorf Heights. "Here, Messieurs, is our first halting-place to be: here we shall halt till daybreak, while the meal-wagons jingle on!" And explains to them orally where each is to take post, and how to behave. Which done, he too returns home, no doubt a wearied individual; and at 4 of the afternoon lies down to try for an hour or two of sleep, while all hands are busy packing, according to the Orders given.

It is a fact recorded by Friedrich himself, and by many other people, That, at this interesting juncture, there appeared at the King's Gate, King hardly yet asleep, a staggering Austrian Officer, Irish by nation, who had suddenly found good to desert the Austrian Service for the Prussian — ("Sorrow on them: a pack of" — what shall I say?) — Irish gentleman, bursting with intelligence of some kind, but evidently deep in liquor withal. "Impossible; the King is asleep," said the Adjutant on duty; but produced only louder insistence from the drunk Irish gentleman. "As much as all your heads are worth; the King's own safety, and not a moment to lose!"

What is to be done? They awaken the King: "The man is drunk, but dreadfully in earnest, your Majesty." "Give him quantities of weak tea [Tempelhof calls it tea, but Friedrich merely warm water]; then examine him, and report if it is anything." Something it was: "Your Majesty to be attacked, for certain, this night!" what his Majesty already guessed: — something, most likely little; but nobody to this day knows. Visible only, that his Majesty, before sunset, rode out reconnoitring with this questionable Irish gentleman, now in a very flaccid state; and altered nothing whatever in prior arrangements; — and that the flaccid Irish gentleman staggers out of sight, into dusk, into rest and darkness, after this one appearance on the stage of history.[1]

From about 8 in the evening, Friedrich's people got on march, in their several columns, and fared punctually on; one column through the streets of Liegnitz, others to left and to right of that; to left mainly, as remoter from the Austrians and their listening outposts from beyond the Katzbach River; — where the camp-fires are burning extremely distinct to-night. The Prussian camp-fires, they too are all burning uncommonly vivid; country people employed to feed them; and a few hussar sentries and drummers to make the customary sounds for Daun's instruction, till a certain hour. Friedrich's people are clearing the North Suburb of Liegnitz, crossing the Schwartzwasser: artillery and heavy wagons all go by the Stone-Bridge at Töpferberg (*Potter-hill*) there; the lighter people by a few pontoons farther down that stream, in the Pfaffendorf vicinity. About one in the morning, all, even the right wing from Schimmelwitz, are safely across.

Schwartzwasser, a River of many tails (boggy most of them, Schnelle or *Swift* Deichsel hardly an exception), gathering itself from the southward for twenty or more miles, attains its maximum of north at a place called Waldau, not far northwest of Töpferberg. Towards this Waldau, Lacy is aiming all night; thence to pounce on our "left wing," — which he will find to consist of those empty watch-fires merely. Down from Waldau, past Töpferberg and Pfaffendorf (*Priest*-town, or as

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 63; Tempelhof, iv. 154.

we should call it, "Preston"), which are all on its northern or left bank, Schwartzwasser's course is in the form of an irregular horse-shoe; high ground to its northern side, Liegnitz and hollows to its southern; till in an angular way it do join Katzbach, and go with that, northward for Oder the rest of its course. On the brow of these horse-shoe Heights, — which run parallel to Schwartzwasser one part of them, and nearly parallel to Katzbach another (though above a mile distant, these latter, from *it*), — Friedrich plants himself: in Order of Battle; slightly altering some points of the afternoon's program, and correcting his Generals, "Front rather so and so; see where their fires are, yonder!" Daun's fires, Loudon's fires; vividly visible both: — and, singular to say, there is nothing yonder either but a few sentries and deceptive drums! All empty yonder too, even as our own Camp is; all gone forth, even as we are; we resting here, and our meal-wagons jingling on Glogau way!

Excellency Mitchell, under horse-escort, among the lighter baggage, is on Kuchelberg Heath, in scrubby country, but well north behind Friedrich's centre: has had a dreadful march; one comfort only, that his ciphers are all burnt. The rest of us lie down on the grass; — among others, young Herr von Archenholtz, ensign or lieutenant in Regiment *Forcade:* who testifies that it is one of the beautifulest nights, the lamps of Heaven shining down in an uncommonly tranquil manner; and that almost nobody slept. The soldier-ranks all lay horizontal, musket under arm; chatting pleasantly in an undertone, or each in silence revolving such thoughts as he had. The Generals amble like observant spirits, hoarsely imperative.[1] Friedrich's line, we observed, is in the horse-shoe shape (or *parabolic*, straighter than horse-shoe), fronting the waters. Ziethen commands in that smaller Schwartzwasser part of the line, Friedrich in the Katzbach part, which is more in risk. And now, things being moderately in order, Friedrich has himself sat down — I think, towards the middle or convex part of his lines — by a watch-fire he has found there; and, wrapt in his cloak, his many thoughts melting into haze, has

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 100–111.

sunk into a kind of sleep. Seated on a drum, some say; half asleep by the watch-fire, time half-past 2, — when a Hussar Major, who has been out by the Bienowitz, the Pohlschildern way, northward, reconnoitring, comes dashing up full speed: "The King? where is the King?" "What is it, then?" answers the King for himself. "Your Majesty, the Enemy in force, from Bienowitz, from Pohlschildern, coming on our Left Wing yonder; has flung back all my vedettes: is within 500 yards by this time!"

Friedrich springs to horse; has already an Order speeding forth, "General Schenkendorf and his Battalion, their cannon, to the crown of the Wolfsberg, on our left yonder; swift!" How excellent that every battalion (as by Order that we read) "has its own share of the heavy cannon always at hand!" ejaculate the military critics. Schenkendorf, being nimble, was able to astonish the Enemy with volumes of case-shot from the Wolfsberg, which were very deadly at that close distance. Other arrangements, too minute for recital here, are rapidly done; and our Left Wing is in condition to receive its early visitors, — Loudon or whoever they may be. It is still dubious to the History-Books whether Friedrich was in clear expectation of Loudon here; though of course he would now guess it was Loudon. But there is no doubt Loudon had not the least expectation of Friedrich; and his surprise must have been intense, when, instead of vacant darkness (and some chance of Prussian baggage, which he had heard of), Prussian musketries and case-shot opened on him.

Loudon had, as per order, quitted his Camp at Jeschkendorf, about the time Friedrich did his at Schimmelwitz; and, leaving the lights all burning, had set forward on his errand; which was (also identical with Friedrich's), to seize the Heights of Pfaffendorf, and be ready there when day broke. Scouts having informed him that the Prussian Baggage was certainly gone through to Töpferberg, — more his scouts did not know, nor could Loudon guess, — "We will snatch that Baggage!" thought Loudon; and with such view has been speeding all he could; no vanguard ahead, lest he alarm the Baggage escort: Loudon in person, with the Infantry of the Reserve, striding

on ahead, to devour any Baggage-escort there may be. Friedrich's reconnoitring Hussar parties had confirmed this belief: "Yes, yes!" thought Loudon. And now suddenly, instead of Baggage to capture, here, out of the vacant darkness, is Friedrich in person, on the brow of the Heights where we intended to form! —

Loudon's behavior, on being hurled back with his Reserve in this manner, everybody says, was magnificent. Judging at once what the business was, and that retreat would be impossible without ruin, he hastened instantly to form himself, on such ground as he had, — highly unfavorable ground, uphill in part, and room in it only for Five Battalions (5,000) of front; — and came on again, with a great deal of impetuosity and good skill; again and ever again, three times in all. Had partial successes; edged always to the right to get the flank of Friedrich; but could not, Friedrich edging conformably. From his right-hand, or northeast part, Loudon poured in, once and again, very furious charges of Cavalry; on every repulse, drew out new Battalions from his left and centre, and again stormed forward: but found it always impossible. Had his subordinates all been Loudons, it is said, there was once a fine chance for him. By this edging always to the northeastward on his part and Friedrich's, there had at last a considerable gap in Friedrich's Line established itself, — not only Ziethen's Line and Friedrich's Line now fairly fallen asunder, but, at the Village of Panten, in Friedrich's own Line, a gap where anybody might get in. One of the Austrian Columns was just entering Panten when the Fight began: in Panten that Column has stood cogitative ever since; well to left of Loudon and his struggles; but does not, till the eleventh hour, resolve to push through. At the eleventh hour; — and lo, in the nick of time, Möllendorf (our Leuthen-and-Hochkirch friend) got his eye on it; rushed up with infantry and cavalry; set Panten on fire, and blocked out that possibility and the too cogitative Column.

Loudon had no other real chance: his furious horse-charges and attempts were met everywhere by corresponding counter-

fury. Bernburg, poor Regiment Bernburg, see what a figure it is making! Left almost alone, at one time, among those horse-charges; spending its blood like water, bayonet-charging, platooning as never before; and on the whole, stemming invincibly that horse-torrent, — not unseen by Majesty, it may be hoped; who is here where the hottest pinch is. On the third repulse, which was worse than any before, Loudon found he had enough; and tried it no farther. Rolled over the Katzbach, better or worse; Prussians catching 6,000 of him, but not following farther: threw up a fine battery at Bienowitz, which sheltered his retreat from horse: — and went his ways, sorely but not dishonorably beaten, after an hour and half of uncommonly stiff fighting, which had been very murderous to Loudon. Loss of 10,000 to him: 4,000 killed and wounded; prisoners 6,000; 82 cannon, 28 flags, and other items; the Prussian loss being 1,800 in whole.[1] By 5 o'clock, the Battle, this Loudon part of it, was quite over; Loudon (35,000) wrecking himself against Friedrich's Left Wing (say half of his Army, some 15,000) in such conclusive manner. Friedrich's Left Wing alone has been engaged hitherto. And now it will be Ziethen's turn, if Daun and Lacy still come on.

By 11 last night, Daun's Pandours, creeping stealthily on, across the Katzbach, about Schimmelwitz, had discerned with amazement that Friedrich's Camp appeared to consist only of watch-fires; and had shot off their speediest rider to Daun, accordingly; but it was one in the morning before Daun, busy marching and marshalling, to be ready at the Katzbach by daylight, heard of this strange news; which probably he could not entirely believe till seen with his own eyes. What a spectacle! One's beautiful Plan exploded into mere imbroglio of distraction; become one knows not what! Daun's watch-fires too had all been left burning; universal stratagem, on both sides, going on; producing — tragically for some of us — a *Tragedy* of Errors, or the Mistakes of a Night! Daun sallied out again, in his collapsed, upset condition, as soon as possible: pushed on, in the track of Friedrich; warning Lacy to push on. Daun,

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 159.

though within five miles all the while, had heard nothing of the furious Fight and cannonade; "southwest wind having risen," so Daun said, and is believed by candid persons, — not by the angry Vienna people, who counted it impossible: "Nonsense; you were not deaf; but you loitered and haggled, in your usual way; perhaps not sorry that the brilliant Loudon should get a rebuff!"

Emerging out of Liegnitz, Daun did see, to northeastward, a vast pillar or mass of smoke, silently mounting, but could do nothing with it. "Cannon-smoke, no doubt; but fallen entirely silent, and not wending hitherward at all. Poor Loudon, alas, must have got beaten!" Upon which Daun really did try, at least upon Ziethen; but could do nothing. Poured cavalry across the Stone-bridge at the Töpferberg: who drove in Ziethen's picket there; but were torn to pieces by Ziethen's cannon. Ziethen across the Schwartzwasser is alert enough. How form in order of battle here, with Ziethen's batteries shearing your columns longitudinally, as they march up? Daun recognizes the impossibility; wends back through Liegnitz to his Camp again, the way he had come. Tide-hour missed again; ebb going uncommonly rapid! Lacy had been about Waldau, to try farther up the Schwartzwasser on Ziethen's right: but the Schwartzwasser proved amazingly boggy; not accessible on any point to heavy people, — "owing to bogs on the bank," with perhaps poor prospect on the other side too!

And, in fact, nothing of Lacy more than of Daun, could manage to get across: nothing except two poor Hussar regiments; who, winding up far to the left, attempted a snatch on the Baggage about Hummeln, — Hummeln, or Kuchel of the Scrubs. And gave a new alarm to Mitchell, the last of several during this horrid night; who has sat painfully blocked in his carriage, with such a Devil's tumult going on to eastward, and no sight, share or knowledge to be had of it. Repeated hussar attacks there were on the Baggage here, Loudon's hussars also trying: but Mitchell's Captain was miraculously equal to the occasion; and had beaten them all off. Mitchell, by magnanimous choice of his own, has been in many Fights by the side

of Friedrich; but this is the last he will ever be in or near; — this miraculous one of Liegnitz, 3 to 4½ A.M., Friday, August 15th, 1760.

Never did such a luck befall Friedrich before or after. He was clinging on the edge of slippery abysses, his path hardly a foot's-breadth, mere enemies and avalanches hanging round on every side: ruin likelier at no moment of his life; — and here is precisely the quasi-miracle which was needed to save him. Partly by accident too; the best of management crowned by the luckiest of accidents.[1]

Friedrich rested four hours on the Battle-field, — if that could be called rest, which was a new kind of diligence highly wonderful. Diligence of gathering up accurately the results of the Battle; packing them into portable shape; and marching off with them in one's pocket, so to speak. Major-General Saldern had charge of this, a man of many talents; and did it consummately. The wounded, Austrian as well as Prussian, are placed in the empty meal-wagons; the more slightly wounded are set on horseback, double in possible cases: only the dead are left lying: 100 or more meal-wagons are left, their teams needed for drawing our 82 new cannon; — the wagons we split up, no Austrians to have them; usable only as firewood for the poor Country-folk. The 4 or 5,000 good muskets lying on the field, shall not we take them also? Each cavalry soldier slings one of them across his back, each baggage driver one: and the muskets too are taken care of. About 9 A.M., Friedrich, with his 6,000 prisoners, new cannon-teams, sick-wagon teams, trophies, properties, is afoot again. One of the succinctest of Kings.

I should have mentioned the joy of poor Regiment Bernburg; which rather affected me. Loudon gone, the miracle of Battle done, and this miraculous packing going on, — Friedrich riding about among his people, passed along the front of Bernburg, the eye of him perhaps intimating, "I saw you, *Bursche;*"

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 151–171; Archenholtz, ubi suprà; *Ho bericht von der Schlacht so am* 15 *August*, 1760, *bey Liegnitz, vorgefallen* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 698–703); &c. &c.

but no word coming from him. The Bernburg Officers, tragically tressless in their hats, stand also silent, grim as blackened stones (all Bernburg black with gunpowder): "In us also is no word; unless our actions perhaps speak?" But a certain Sergeant, Fugleman, or chief Corporal, stept out, saluting reverentially: "Regiment Bernburg, *Ihro Majestät*—?" "Hm; well, you did handsomely. Yes, you shall have your side-arms back; all shall be forgotten and washed out!" "And you are again our Gracious King, then?" says the Sergeant, with tears in his eyes.—"*Gewiss*, Yea, surely!"[1] Upon which, fancy what a peal of sound from the ecstatic throat and heart of this poor Regiment. Which I have often thought of; hearing mutinous blockheads, "glorious Sons of Freedom" to their own thinking, ask their natural commanding Officer, "Are not we as good as thou? Are not all men equal?" Not a whit of it, you mutinous blockheads; very far from it indeed!

This was the breaking of Friedrich's imprisonment in the deadly rock-labyrinths; this success at Liegnitz delivered him into free field once more. For twenty-four hours more, indeed, the chance was still full of anxiety to him; for twenty-four hours Daun, could he have been rapid, still had the possibilities in hand;—but only Daun's Antagonist was usually rapid. About 9 in the morning, all road-ready, this latter Gentleman "gave three Salvos, as Joy-fire, on the field of Liegnitz;" and, in the above succinct shape,—leaving Ziethen to come on, "with the prisoners, the sick-wagons and captured cannon," in the afternoon,—marched rapidly away. For Parchwitz, with our best speed: Parchwitz is the road to Breslau, also to Glogau,—to Breslau, if it be humanly possible! Friedrich has but two days' bread left; on the Breslau road, at Auras, there is Czernichef with 24,000; there are, or there may be, the Loudon Remnants rallied again, the Lacy Corps untouched, all Daun's Force, had Daun made any despatch at all. Which Daun seldom did. A man slow to resolve, and seeking his luck in leisure.

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 162–164.

All judges say, Daun ought now to have marched, on this enterprise of still intercepting Friedrich, without loss of a moment. But he calculated Friedrich would probably spend the day in *Te-deum*-ing on the Field (as is the manner of some); and that, by to-morrow, things would be clearer to one's own mind. Daun was in no haste; gave no orders, — did not so much as send Czernichef a Letter. Czernichef got one, however. Friedrich sent him one; that is to say, sent him one *to intercept*. Friedrich, namely, writes a Note addressed to his Brother Henri: "Austrians totally beaten this day; now for the Russians, dear Brother; and swift, do what we have agreed on!"[1] Friedrich hands this to a Peasant, with instructions to let himself be taken by the Russians, and give it up to save his life. Czernichef, it is thought, got this Letter; and perhaps rumor itself, and the delays of Daun, would, at any rate, have sent him across. Across he at once went, with his 24,000, and burnt his Bridge. A vanished Czernichef; — though Friedrich is not yet sure of it: and as for the wandering Austrian Divisions, the Loudons, Lacys, all is dark to him.

So that, at Parchwitz, next morning (August 16th), the question, "To Glogau? To Breslau?" must have been a kind of sphinx-enigma to Friedrich; dark as that, and, in case of error, fatal. After some brief paroxysm of consideration, Friedrich's reading was, "To Breslau, then!" And, for hours, as the march went on, he was noticed "riding much about," his anxieties visibly great. Till at Neumarkt (not far from the Field of *Leuthen*), getting on the Heights there, — towards noon, I will guess, — what a sight! Before this, he had come upon Austrian Out-parties, Beck's or somebody's, who did not wait his attack: he saw, at one point, "the whole Austrian Army on march (the tops of its columns visible among the knolls, three miles off, impossible to say whitherward);" and fared on all the faster, I suppose, such a bet depending; — and, in fine, galloped to the Heights of Neumarkt for a view: "Dare we believe it? Not an Austrian there!" And might be, for the moment, the gladdest of Kings. Secure now of Breslau, of junction with Henri: fairly winner of the bet; —

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 67.

and can at last pause, and take breath, very needful to his poor Army, if not to himself, after such a mortal spasm of sixteen days! Daun had taken the Liegnitz accident without remark; usually a stoical man, especially in other people's misfortunes; but could not conceal his painful astonishment on this new occasion, — astonishment at unjust fortune, or at his own sluggardly cunctations, is not said.

Next day (August 17th), Friedrich encamps at Hermannsdorf, head-quarter the Schloss of Hermannsdorf, within seven miles of Breslau; continues a fortnight there, resting his wearied people, himself not resting much, watching the dismal miscellany of entanglements that yet remain, how these will settle into groups, — especially what Daun and his Soltikof will decide on. In about a fortnight, Daun's decision did become visible; Soltikof's not in a fortnight, nor ever clearly at all. Unless it were To keep a whole skin, and gradually edge home to his victuals. As essentially it was, and continued to be; creating endless negotiations, and futile overtures and messagings from Daun to his barbarous Friend, endless suasions and troubles from poor Montalembert, — of which it would weary every reader to hear mention, except of the result only.

Friedrich, for his own part, is little elated with these bits of successes at Liegnitz or since; and does not deceive himself as to the difficulties, almost the impossibilities, that still lie ahead. In answer to D'Argens, who has written ("at midnight," starting out of bed "the instant the news came"), in zealous congratulation on Liegnitz, here is a Letter of Friedrich's: well worth reading, — though it has been oftener read than almost any other of his. A Letter which D'Argens never saw in the original form; which was captured by the Austrians or Cossacks;[1] which got copied everywhere, soon stole into print, and is ever since extensively known.

[1] See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 198 (D'Argens himself, "19th October" following), and ib. 191 n.; Rödenbeck, ii. 31, 36; — mention of it in Voltaire, Montalembert, &c.

Friedrich to Marquis d'Argens (at Berlin).

"HERMANNSDORF, near Breslau, 27th August, 1760.

"In other times, my dear Marquis, the Affair of the 15th would have settled the Campaign; at present it is but a scratch. There will be needed a great Battle to decide our fate: such, by all appearance, we shall soon have; and then you may rejoice, if the event is favorable to us. Thank you, meanwhile, for all your sympathy. It has cost a deal of scheming, striving and much address to bring matters to this point. Don't speak to me of dangers; the last Action costs me only a Coat [torn, useless, only one skirt left, by some rebounding cannon-ball?] and a Horse [shot under me]: that is not paying dear for a victory.

"In my life, I was never in so bad a posture as in this Campaign. Believe me, miracles are still needed if I am to overcome all the difficulties which I still see ahead. And one is growing weak withal. 'Herculean' labors to accomplish at an age when my powers are forsaking me, my weaknesses increasing, and, to speak candidly, even hope, the one comfort of the unhappy, begins to be wanting. You are not enough acquainted with the posture of things, to know all the dangers that threaten the State: I know them, and conceal them; I keep all the fears to myself, and communicate to the Public only the hopes, and the trifle of good news I may now and then have. If the stroke I am meditating succeed [stroke on Daun's Anti-Schweidnitz strategies, of which anon], then, my dear Marquis, it will be time to expand one's joy; but till then let us not flatter ourselves, lest some unexpected bit of bad news depress us too much.

"I live here [Schloss of Hermannsdorf, a seven miles west of Breslau] like a Military Monk of La Trappe: endless businesses, and these done, a little consolation from my Books. I know not if I shall outlive this War: but should it so happen, I am firmly resolved to pass the remainder of my life in solitude, in the bosom of Philosophy and Friendship. When the roads are surer, perhaps you will write me oftener. I know not where our winter-quarters this time are to be! My

House in Breslau is burnt down in the Bombardment [Loudon's, three weeks ago]. Our enemies grudge us everything, even daylight, and air to breathe: some nook, however, they must leave us; and if it be a safe one, it will be a true pleasure to have you again with me.

"Well, my dear Marquis, what has become of the Peace with France [English Peace]! Your Nation, you see, is blinder than you thought: those fools will lose their Canada and Pondicherry, to please the Queen of Hungary and the Czarina. Heaven grant Prince Ferdinand may pay them for their zeal! And it will be the innocent that suffer, the poor officers and soldiers, not the Choiseuls and — . . . But here is business come on me. Adieu, dear Marquis; I embrace you. — F."[1]

Two Events, of opposite complexion, a Russian and a Saxon, Friedrich had heard of while at Hermannsdorf, before writing as above. The Saxon Event is the pleasant one, and comes first.

Hülsen on the Dürrenberg, August 20th. "August 20th, at Strehla, in that Schlettau-Meissen Country, the Reichsfolk and Austrians made attack on Hülsen's Posts, principal Post of them the Dürrenberg (*Dry-Hill*) there, — in a most extensive manner; filling the whole region with vague artillery-thunder, and endless charges, here, there, of foot and horse; which all issued in zero and minus quantities; Hülsen standing beautifully to his work, and Hussar Kleist especially, at one point, cutting in with masterly execution, which proved general overthrow to the Reichs Project; and left Hülsen master of the field and of his Dürrenberg, *plus* 1,217 prisoners and one Prince among them, and one cannon: a Hülsen who has actually given a kind of beating to the Reichsfolk and Austrians, though they were 30,000 to his 10,000, and had counted on making a new Maxen of it."[2] Friedrich writes a glad laudatory Letter to Hülsen: "Right, so; give them more of that when they apply next!"[3]

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 191.

[2] Archenholtz, ii. 114; *Bericht von der am* 20 *August* 1760 *bey Strehla vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 703–719).

[3] Letter in *Schöning*, ii. 396, "Hermsdorf" (Hermannsdorf), "27th August, 1760."

This is a bit of sunshine to the Royal mind, dark enough otherwise. Had Friedrich got done here, right fast would he fly to the relief of Hülsen, and recovery of Saxony. Hope, in good moments, says, "Hülsen will be able to hold out till then!" Fear answers, "No, he cannot, unless you get done here extremely soon!"—The Russian Event, full of painful anxiety to Friedrich, was a new Siege of Colberg. That is the sad fact; which, since the middle of August, has been becoming visibly certain.

Second Siege of Colberg, August 26th. "Under siege again, that poor Place; and this time the Russians seem to have made a vow that take it they will. Siege by land and by sea; land-troops direct from Petersburg, 15,000 in all (8,000 of them came by ship), with endless artillery; and near 40 Russian and Swedish ships-of-war, big and little, blackening the waters of poor Colberg. August 26th [the day before Friedrich's writing as above], they have got all things adjusted,—the land-troops covered by redoubts to rearward, ships moored in their battering-places;—and begin such a bombardment and firing of red-hot balls upon Colberg as was rarely seen. To which, one can only hope old Heyde will set a face of gray-steel character, as usual; and prove a difficult article to deal with, till one get some relief contrived for him.[1]

CHAPTER IV.

DAUN IN WRESTLE WITH FRIEDRICH IN THE SILESIAN HILLS.

In spite of Friedrich's forebodings, an extraordinary recoil, in all Anti-Friedrich affairs, ensued upon Liegnitz; everything taking the backward course, from which it hardly recovered, or indeed did not recover at all, during the rest of this Campaign. Details on the subsequent Daun-Friedrich movements

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 73–83), "*Tagebuch* of Siege, 26th August–18th September," and other details.

— which went all aback for Daun, Daun driven into the Hills again, Friedrich hopeful to cut off his bread, and drive him quite through the Hills, and home again — are not permitted us. No human intellect in our day could busy itself with understanding these thousand-fold marchings, manœuvrings, assaults, surprisals, sudden facings-about (retreat changed to advance); nor could the powerfulest human memory, not exclusively devoted to study the Art Military under Friedrich, remember them when understood. For soldiers, desirous not to be sham-soldiers, they are a recommendable exercise; for them I do advise Tempelhof and the excellent German Narratives and Records. But in regard to others — A sample has been given: multiply that by the ten, by the threescore and ten; let the ingenuous imagination get from it what will suffice. Our first duty here to poor readers, is to elicit from that sea of small things the fractions which are cardinal, or which give human physiognomy and memorability to it; and carefully suppress all the rest.

Understand, then, that there is a general going-back on the Austrian and Russian part. Czernichef we already saw at once retire over the Oder. Soltikof bodily, the second day after, deaf to Montalembert, lifts himself to rearward; takes post behind bogs and bushy grounds more and more inaccessible;[1] followed by Prince Henri with his best impressiveness for a week longer, till he seem sufficiently remote and peaceably minded: "Making home for Poland, he," thinks the sanguine King; "leave Goltz with 12,000 to watch him. The rest of the Army over hither!" Which is done, August 27th; General Forcade taking charge, instead of Henri, — who is gone, that day or next, to Breslau, for his health's sake. "Prince Henri really ill," say some; "Not so ill, but in the sulks," say others: — partly true, both theories, it is now thought; impossible to settle in what degree true. Evident it is, Henri sat quiescent in Breslau, following regimen, in more or less pathetic humor, for two or three months to come; went afterwards to Glogau, and had private theatricals;

[1] "August 18th, to Trebnitz, on the road to Militsch" (Tempelhof, iv. 167).

and was no more heard of in this Campaign. Greatly to his Brother's loss and regret; who is often longing for "your recovery" (and return hither), to no purpose.

Soltikof does, in his heart, intend for Poland; but has to see the Siege of Colberg finish first; and, in decency even to the Austrians, would linger a little: "Willing I always, if only *you* prove feasible!" Which occasions such negotiating, and messaging across the Oder, for the next six weeks, as — as shall be omitted in this place. By intense suasion of Montalembert, Soltikof even consents to undertake some sham movement on Glogau, thereby to alleviate his Austrians across the River; and staggers gradually forward a little in that direction: — sham merely; for he has not a siege-gun, nor the least possibility on Glogau; and Golt. with the 12,000 will sufficiently take care of him in that quarter.

Friedrich, on junction with Forcade, has risen to perhaps 50,000; and is now in some condition against the Daun-Loudon-Lacy Armies, which cannot be double his number. These still hang about, in the Breslau-Parchwitz region; gloomy of humor; and seem to be aiming at Schweidnitz, — if that could still prove possible with a Friedrich present. Which it by no means does; though they try it by their best combinations; — by "a powerful Chain of Army-posts, isolating Schweidnitz, and uniting Daun and Loudon;" by "a Camp on the Zobtenberg, as crown of the same;" — and put Friedrich on his mettle. Who, after survey of said Chain, executes (night of August 30th) a series of beautiful manœuvres on it, which unexpectedly conclude its existence: — "with unaccountable hardihood," as Archenholtz has it, physiognomically *true* to Friedrich's general style just now, if a little incorrect as to the case in hand, "sees good to march direct, once for all, athwart said Chain; right across its explosive cannonadings and it, — counter-cannonading, and marching rapidly on; such a march for insolence, say the Austrians!"[1] Till, in this way,

[1] Archenholtz (ii. 115-116); who is in a hurry, dateless, and rather confuses a subsequent *day* (September 18th) with this "night of August 30th." See *Retzow*, ii. 26; and still better, *Tempelhof*, iv. 203.

the insolent King has Schweidnitz under his protective hand again; and forces the Chain to coil itself wholly together, and roll into the Hills for a safe lodging. Whither he again follows it: with continual changes of position, vying in inaccessibility with your own; threatening your meal-wagons; trampling on your skirts in this or the other dangerous manner; marching insolently up to your very nose, more than once ("Dittmannsdorf, September 18th," for a chief instance), and confusing your best schemes.[1]

This "insolent" style of management, says Archenholtz, was practised by Julius Cæsar on the Gauls; and since his time by nobody, — till Friedrich, his studious scholar and admirer, revived it "against another enemy." "It is of excellent efficacy," adds Tempelhof; "it disheartens your adversary, and especially his common people, and has the reverse effect on your own; confuses him in endless apprehensions, and details of self-defence; so that he can form no plan of his own, and his overpowering resources become useless to him." Excellent efficacy, — only you must be equal to doing it; not unequal, which might be very fatal to you!

For about five weeks, Friedrich, eminently practising this style, has a most complex multifarious Briarean wrestle with big Daun and his Lacy-Loudon Satellites; who have a troublesome time, running hither, thither, under danger of slaps, and finding nowhere an available mistake made. The scene is that intricate Hill-Country between Schweidnitz and Glatz (kind of *glacis* from Schweidnitz to the Glatz Mountains): Daun, generally speaking, has his back on Glatz, Friedrich on Schweidnitz; and we hear of encampings at Kunzendorf, at *Bunzelwitz*, at *Burkersdorf*, — places which will be more famous in a coming Year. Daun makes no complaint of his Lacy-Loudon or other satellite people; who are diligently circumambient all of them, as bidden; but are unable, like Daun himself, to do the least good; and have perpetually, Daun and they, a bad life of it beside this Neighbor. The outer world, especially the Vienna outer world, is naturally a little

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 193–231; &c. &c.: in *Anonymous of Hambury*, iv. 222–235, "Diary of the *Austrian* Army" (3d–8th September).

surprised: "How is this, Feldmarschall Daun? Can you do absolutely nothing with him, then; but sit pinned in the Hills, eating sour herbs!"

In the Russians appears no help. Soltikof on Glogau, we know what that amounts to! Soltikof is evidently intending home, and nothing else. To all Austrian proposals, — and they have been manifold, as poor Montalembert knows too well, — the answer of Soltikof was and is: "Above 90,000 of you circling about, helping one another to do Nothing. Happy were you, not a doubt of it, could *we* be wiled across to you, to get worried in your stead!" Daun begins to be extremely ill-off; provisions scarce, are far away in Bohemia; and the roads daily more insecure, Friedrich aiming evidently to get command of them altogether. Think of such an issue to our once flourishing Campaign 1760! Daun is vigilance itself against such fatality; and will do anything, except risk a Fight. Here, however, is the fatal posture: Since September 18th, Daun sees himself considerably cut off from Glatz, his provision-road more and more insecure; — and for fourteen days onward, the King and he have got into a dead-lock, and sit looking into one another's faces; Daun in a more and more distressed mood, his provender becoming so uncertain, and the Winter season drawing nigh. The sentries are in mutual view: each Camp could cannonade the other; but what good were it? By a tacit understanding they don't. The sentries, outposts and vedettes forbear musketry; on the contrary, exchange tobaccoes sometimes, and have a snatch of conversation. Daun is growing more and more unhappy. To which of the gods, if not to Soltikof again, can he apply?

Friedrich himself, successful so far, is abundantly dissatisfied with such a kind of success; — and indeed seems to be less thankful to his stars than in present circumstances he ought. Profoundly wearied we find him, worn down into utter disgust in the Small War of Posts: "Here we still are, nose to nose," exclaims he (see Letters *to Henri*), "both of us in unattackable camps. This Campaign appears to me more unsupportable than any of the foregoing. Take what trouble and care I like, I can't advance a step in regard to

great interests; I succeed only in trifles. . . . Oh for good news of your health: I am without all assistance here; the Army must divide again before long, and I have none to intrust it to." [1]

And *to D'Argens*, in the same bad days: "Yes, yes, I escaped a great danger there [at Liegnitz]. In a common War it would have signified something; but in this it is a mere skirmish; my position little improved by it. I will not sing Jeremiads to you; nor speak of my fears and anxieties, but can assure you they are great. The crisis I am in has taken another shape; but as yet nothing decides it, nor can the development of it be foreseen. I am getting consumed by slow fever; I am like a living body losing limb after limb. Heaven stand by us: we need it much.[2] . . . You talk always of my person, of my dangers. Need I tell you, it is not necessary that I live; but it is that I do my duty, and fight for my Country to save it if possible. In many *little* things I have had luck: I think of taking for my motto, *Maximus in minimis, et minimus in maximis*. A worse Campaign than any of the others: I know not sometimes what will become of it. But why weary you with such details of my labors and my sorrows? My spirits have forsaken me. All gayety is buried with the Loved Noble Ones whom my heart was bound to. Adieu."

Or, again, *to Henri:* Berlin? Yes; I am trying something in bar of that. Have a bad time of it, in the interim. "Our means, my dear Brother, are so eaten away; far too short for opposing the prodigious number of our enemies set against us: — if we must fall, let us date our destruction from the infamous Day of Maxen!"

Is in such health, too, all the while: "Am a little better, thank you; yet have still the" — what shall we say (dreadful biliary affair)? — "*hémorrhoïdes aveugles:* nothing that, were it not for the disquietudes I feel: but all ends in this world, and so will these. . . . I flatter myself your health is recovering. For these three days in continuance I have had so terri-

[1] Schöning, ii. 416.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 193 ("Dittmannsdorf, 18th September," day after, or day of finishing, that cannonade).

ble a cramp, I thought it would choke me; — it is now a little gone. No wonder the chagrins and continual disquietudes I live in should undermine and at length overturn the robustest constitution." [1]

Friedrich, we observe, has heard of certain Russian-Austrian intentions on Berlin; but, after intense consideration, resolves that it will behoove him to continue here, and try to dislodge Daun, or help Hunger to dislodge him; which will be the remedy for Berlin and all things else. There are news from Colberg of welcome tenor: could Daun be sent packing, Soltikof, it is probable, will not be in much alacrity for Berlin! — September 18th, at Dittmannsdorf, was the first day of Daun's dead-lock: ever since, he has had to sit, more and more hampered, pinned to the Hills, eating sour herbs; nothing but Hunger ahead, and a retreat (battle we will not dream of), likely to be very ruinous, with a Friedrich sticking to the wings of it. Here is the Note on Colberg: —

September 18th, Colberg Siege raised. "The same September 18th, what a day at Colberg too! it is the twenty-fourth day of the continual bombardment there. Colberg is black ashes, most of its houses ruins, not a house in it uninjured. But Heyde and his poor Garrison, busy day and night, walk about in it as if fire-proof; with a great deal of battle still left in them. The King, I know not whether Heyde is aware, has contrived something of relief; General Werner coming: — the fittest of men, if there be possibility. When, see, September 18th, uneasy motion in the Russian intrenchments (for the Russians too are intrenched against attack): Something that has surprised the Russians yonder. Climb, some of you, to the highest surviving steeple, highest chimney-top if no steeple survive: — Yonder *is* Werner come to our relief, O God the Merciful!"

"Werner, with 5,000, was detached from Glogau (September 5th), from Goltz's small Corps there; has come as on wings, 200 miles in thirteen days. And attacks now, as with wings,

[1] Schöning, ii. 419: "2d October." Ib. ii. 410: "16th September." Ib. ii. 403.

the astonished Russian 15,000, who were looking for nothing like him, — with wings, with claws, and with beak; and in a highly aquiline manner, fierce, swift, skilful, storms these intrenched Russians straightway, scatters them to pieces, — and next day is in Colberg, the Siege raising itself with great precipitation; leaving all its artilleries and furnitures, rushing on shipboard all of it that can get, — the very ships-of-war, says Archenholtz, hurrying dangerously out to sea, as if the Prussian Hussars might possibly take *them*. A glorious Werner! A beautiful defence, and ditto rescue; which has drawn the world's attention." [1]

Heyde's defence of Colberg, Werner's swift rescue of it, are very celebrated this Autumn. Medals were struck in honor of them at Berlin, not at Friedrich's expense, but under Friedrich's patronage; who purchased silver or gold copies, and gave them about. Veteran Heyde had a Letter from his Majesty, and one of these gold Medals; — what an honor! I do not hear that Heyde got any other reward, or that he needed any. A beautiful old Hero, voiceless in History; though very visible in that remote sphere, if you care to look.

That is the news from Colberg; comfortable to Friedrich; not likely to inspire Soltikof with new alacrity in behalf of Daun. It remains to us only to add, that Friedrich, with a view to quicken Daun, shot out (September 24th, after nightfall, and with due mystery) a Detachment towards Neisse, — 4,000 or so, who call themselves 15,000, and affect to be for Mähren ultimately. "For Mähren, and my bit of daily bread!" Daun may well think; and did for some time think, or partly did. Pushed off one small detachment really thither, to look after Mähren; and (September 29th) pushed off another bigger; Lacy namely, with 15,000, pretending to be thither, — but who, the instant they were out of Friedrich's sight, have whirled, at a rapid pace, quite into the opposite direction: as will shortly be seen! Daun has now other irons in the fire. Daun, ever since this fatal Dead-lock in the Hills, has been

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 634; Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 73–83), *Tagebuch* of Siege.

shrieking hoarsely to the Russians, day and night; who at last take pity on him, — or find something feasible in his proposals.

The Russians make a Raid on Berlin, for Relief of Daun and their own Behoof (October 3d–12th, 1760).

Powerful entreaties, influences are exercised at Petersburg, and here in the Russian Camp: "Noble Russian Excellencies, for the love of Heaven, take this man off my windpipe! A sally into Brandenburg: oh, could not you? Lacy shall accompany; seizure of Berlin, were it only for one day!" Soltikof has fallen sick, — and, indeed, practically vanishes from our affairs at this point; — Fermor, who has command in the interim, finally consents: "Our poor siege of Colberg, what an end is come to it! What an end is the whole Campaign like to have! Let us at least try this of Berlin, since our hands are empty." The joy of Daun, of Montalembert, and of everybody in Austrian Court and Camp may be conceived.

Russians to the amount of 20,000, Czernichef Commander; Tottleben Second in command, a clever soldier, who knows Berlin: these are to start from Sagan Country, on this fine Expedition, and to push on at the very top of their speed. September 20th, Tottleben, with 3,000 of them as Vanguard, does accordingly cross Oder, at Beuthen in Sagan Country; and strides forward direct upon Berlin: Lacy, with 15,000, has started from Silesia, we saw how, above a week later (September 29th), but at a still more furious rate of speed. Soltikof, — theoretically Soltikof, but practically Fermor, should the dim German Books be ambiguous to any studious creature, — with the Main Army (which by itself is still a 20,000 odd), moves to Frankfurt, to support the swift Expedition, and be within two marches of it. Here surely is a feasibility! Berlin, for defence, has nothing but weak palisades; and of effective garrison 1,200 men.

And feasible, in a sort, this thing did prove; indisputably delivering Daun from strangulation in the Silesian Moun-

tains; filling the Gazetteer mind with loud emotion of an empty nature; and very much affecting many poor people in Berlin and neighborhood. Making a big Chapter in Berlin Local History; though compressible to small bulk for strangers, who have no specific sympathies in that locality.

"*Friday, 3d October,* 1760, Tottleben, with his hasty Vanguard of 3,000, preceded by hastier rumor, comes circling round Berlin environs; takes post at the Halle Gate [West side of the City]; summons Rochow [the same old Commandant of Haddick's time]; — requires instant admittance; ransom of Four million Thalers, and other impossible things. Berlin has been putting itself in some posture; repairing its palisades, throwing up bits of redoubts in front of the gates; and, though sounding with alarms and uncertainties, shows a fine spirit of readiness for the emergency. Rochow is still Commandant, the same old Rochow who shrunk so questionably in Haddick's time: but Rochow has no Court to tremble for at present; Queen and Royal Family, Archives, Principal Ministries, Directorium in a body, went all to Magdeburg again, on the Kunersdorf Disaster last year, and are safe from such insults. The spirit of the population, it appears, even of the rich classes, some of whom are very rich, is extraordinary. Besides Rochow, moreover, there are, by accident, certain Generals in Berlin: Seidlitz and two others, recovering from their Kunersdorf hurts, who step into the breach with heart admirably willing, if with limbs still lame. Then there is old Field-marshal Lehwald [Anti-Russian at Gross Jägersdorf, but dismissed as too old], who is official Governor of Berlin, who succeeded poor Keith in that honorable office: all these were strong for defence; — and do not now grudge, great men as they are, to take each his Gate of Berlin, his small redoubt thrown up there, and pass the night and the day in doing his utmost with it.

"Rochow refuses the surrender, and the Four Millions pure specie; and Tottleben, about 3 P.M. in an intermittent way, and about 5 in a constant, begins bombarding — grenadoes, red-hot balls, what he can; — and continues the same till 3

next morning. Without result to speak of; Seidlitz and Consorts making good counter-play; the poor old 1,200 of Garrison growing almost young again with energy, under their Seidlitzes; and the population zealously co-operating, especially quenching all fires that rose. What greatly contributed withal was the arrival of Prince Eugen overnight. Eugen of Würtemberg [cadet of that bad Duke] had been engaged driving home the Swedes, but instantly quitted that with a 5,000 he had; and has marched this day, — his Vanguard has, mostly Horse, whom the Foot will follow to-morrow, — a distance of forty miles, on this fine errand. Delicate manœuvring, by these wearied horsemen, to enter Berlin amid uncertain jostlings, under the shine of Russian bombardment; ecstatic welcome to them, when they did get in, — instant subscription for fat oxen to them; a just abundance of beef to them, of generous beer I hope not more than an abundance: phenomena which, with others of the like, could be dwelt on, had we room.[1]

"Tottleben, under these omens, found it would not do; wended off towards his Czernichef next morning; eastward again as far as Cöpenik, Prince Eugen attending him in a minatory manner: and, in Berlin for the moment, the bad ten hours were over. For four days more, the fate of things hung dubious; hope soon fading again, but not quite going out till the fifth day. And this, in fact, was mainly all of bombardment that the City had to suffer; though its fate of capture was not to be averted. Is not Tottleben gone? Yes; but Lacy, marching at a rate he never did before (except from Bischofswerda), is arrived in the environs this same evening, cautious but furious. The King is far away; what are Eugen's 5,000 against these?

"On the other hand, Hülsen, leaving his Saxon affairs to their chance, — which, alas, are about extinct, at any rate; except Wittenberg, all Saxony gone from us! — Hülsen is on winged march hitherward with about 9,000. 'How would the King come on wings, like an eagle from the Blue, if

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 266–290; Archenholtz, ii. 122–148; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103–149, 350–352; &c. &c.

he were but aware!' thought everybody, and said. Hülsen did arrive on the 8th; so that there are now 14,000 of us. Hülsen did; — but no King could; the King is just starting (October 4th, the King, on these bad rumors about Saxony, about Berlin, quitted the attempt on Daun; October 7th, got on march hitherward; has finished his first march hitherward, — Daun gradually preparing to attend him in the distance), — when Hülsen arrives. And here are all their Lacys, Czernichefs fairly assembled; five to two of us, — 35,000 of them against our 14,000.

"Hülsen and Eugen, drawn out in their skilfulest way, manœuvred about, all this Wednesday, 8th; attempted, did not attempt; found on candid examination, That 14,000 *versus* 35,000 ran a great risk of being worsted; that, in such case, the fate of the City might be still more frightful; and that, on the whole, their one course was that of withdrawing to Spandau, and leaving poor Berlin to capitulate as it could. Capitulation starts again with Tottleben that same night Gotzkowsky, a magnanimous Citizen and Merchant-Prince, stepping forth with beautiful courageous furtherances of every kind; and it ends better than one could have hoped: Ransom — not of Four Millions pure specie (which would have been £600,000): 'Gracious Sir, it is beyond our utmost possibility!' — but of One and a Half Million in modern Ephraim coin; with a £30,000 of douceur-money to the common man, Russian and Austrian, for his forbearance; — 'for the rest, we are at your Excellency's mercy, in a manner!' And so,

"*Thursday, October 9th*, about 7 in the morning, Tottleben marches in; exactly six days since he first came circling to the Halle Gate and began bombarding. Tottleben, knowing Friedrich, knew the value of despatch; and, they say, was privately no enemy to Berlin, remembering old grateful days here. For Tottleben has himself been in difficulties; indeed, was never long out of them, during the long stormy life he had. Not a Russian at all; though I suppose Father of the now Russian Tottlebens whom one hears of: this one was a poor Saxon Gentleman, Page once to poor old drunken Weissenfels, whom, for a certain fair soul's sake, we sigh to re-

member! Weissenfels dying, Tottleben became a soldier of Polish Majesty's; — acceptable soldier, but disagreed with Brühl, for which nobody will like him worse. Disagreed with Brühl; went into the Dutch service (may have been in Fontenoy for what I know); was there till Aix-la-Chapelle, till after Aix-la-Chapelle; kindly treated, and promoted in the Dutch Army; but with outlooks, I can fancy, rather dull. Outlooks probably dull in such an element, — when, being a handsome fellow in epaulettes (Major-General, in fact, though poor), he, diligently endeavoring, caught the eye of a Dutch West-Indian Heiress; soft creature with no end of money; whom he privately wedded, and ran away with. To the horror of her appointed Dutch Lover and Friends; who prosecuted the poor Major-General with the utmost rigor, not of Law only. And were like to be the ruin of his fair West-Indian and him; when Friedrich, about 1754 as I guess, gave him shelter in Berlin; finding no insupportable objection in what the man had done. The rather, as his Heiress and he were rich. Tottleben gained general favor in Berlin society wished, in 1756, to take service with Friedrich on the breaking out of this War. 'A Colonel with me, yes,' said Friedrich. But Tottleben had been Major-General among the Dutch, and could not consent to sink; had to go among the Russians for a Major-Generalcy; and there and elsewhere, for many years coming, had many adventures, mostly troublesome, which shall not be memorable to us here.[1]

"Lacy, who, after hovering about in these vicinities for four days, had now actually come up, so soon as Eugen and Hülsen withdrew, — was deeply disgusted at the Terms of Capitulation; angry to find that Tottleben had concluded without him; and, in fact, flew into open rage at the arrangements Tottleben had made for himself and for others. 'No admittance, except on order from his Excellency!' said the Russian Sentry to Lacy's Austrians: upon which, Lacy forced the Gate, and violently marched in. Took lodging, to his own mind, in the Friedrichstadt quarter; and was fearfully truculent upon person and property, during his short stay. A scandal to be

[1] Sketch of Tottleben's Life, in *Rödenbeck*, ii. 69–72.

seen, how his Croats and loose hordes went openly ravening about, bent on mere housebreaking, street-robbery and insolent violence. So that Tottleben had fairly to fire upon the vagabonds once or twice; and force on the unwilling Lacy some coercion of them within limits. For the three days of his continuance, — it was but three days in all, — Lacy was as the evil genius of Berlin; Tottleben and his Russians the good. Their discipline was so excellent; all Cossacks and loose rabble strictly kept out beyond the Walls. To Bachmann, Russian Commandant, the Berliners, on his departure, had gratefully got ready a money-gift of handsome amount: 'By no means,' answered Bachmann: 'your treatment was according to the mildness of our Sovereign Czarina. For myself, if I have served you in anything, the fact that for three days I have been Commandant of the Great Friedrich's Capital is more than a reward to me.'

"Tottleben and Lacy, during those three days of Russian and Austrian joint dominion, had a stormy time of it together. 'Destroy the *Lager-Haus*,' said Lacy: Lager-Haus, where they manufacture their soldiers' uniforms; it is the parent of all cloth-manufacturing in Prussia; set up by Friedrich Wilhelm, — not on free-trade principles. 'The Lager-Haus, say you? I doubt, it is now private property; screened by our Capitulation;' — which it proves to be. 'You shall blow up the Arsenal!' said Lacy, with vehemence and truculence. A noble edifice, as travellers yet know: fancy its fragments flying about among the populous streets, plunging through the roofs of Palaces, and great houses all round. Lacy was inexorable; Tottleben had to send a Russian Party (one wishes they had been Croats) on this sad errand. They proceeded to the Powder-Magazine for explosive material, as preliminary; they were rash in handling the gunpowder there, which blew up in their hands; sent itself and all of them into the air; and saved the poor Arsenal: 'Not powder enough now left for our own artillery uses,' urged Tottleben.

"Saxon and Austrian Parties were in the Palaces about, — at Potsdam, at Charlottenburg, Schönhausen (the Queen's), at Friedrichsfeld (the Margraf Karl's), some of whom behaved

well, some horribly ill. In Charlottenburg, certain Saxon Brühl-Dragoons, who by their conduct might have been Dragoons of Attila, smashed the furnitures, the doors, cutting the Pictures, much maltreating the poor people; and, what was reckoned still more tragical, overset the poor Polignac Collection of Antiques and Classicalities; not only knocking off noses and arms, but beating them small, lest reparation by cement should be possible. Their Officers, Pirna people, looking quietly on. A scandalous proceeding, thought everybody, friend or foe, — especially thought Friedrich; whose indignation at this ruin of Charlottenburg came out in way of reprisal by and by. At Potsdam, on the other hand, Prince Esterhazy, with perhaps Hungarians among his people, behaved like a very Prince; received from the Castellan an Attestation that he had scrupulously respected everything; and took, as souvenir, only one Picture of little value; Prince de Ligne, who was under him, carrying off, still more daintily, one goose-quill, immortal by having been a pen of the Great Friedrich's.

"Tottleben, with no feeling other than Official tempered by Human, was in great contrast with Lacy, and very beneficent to Berlin during the three days it lay under the *tribula*, or harrow of War. But the Tutelary Angel of Berlin, then and afterwards for weeks and months, till all scores got settled, was the Gotzkowsky mentioned above." Whom we shall see again helpful at Leipzig; a man worth marking in these tumults. "If Tottleben was the temporal Armed King, this Gotzkowsky was the Spiritual King, *Papa* or Universal Father, armed only with charities, pieties, prayers, ever shiningly attended by self-sacrifices on Gotzkowsky's part; which averted woes innumerable (Lager-Haus only one of a long list); and which 'surpassed all belief,' write the Berlin Magistracy, as if in tears over such heroism. Truly a Prince of Merchants, this Gotzkowsky, not for his vast enterprises, and the mere 1,500 workmen he employs, but for the still greater heart that dwells in him. Had begun as a travelling Pedler; used to call at Reinsberg, with female haberdasheries exquisitely chosen ('*gallanterie* wares' the Germans call them), for the then Princess Royal; not unnoticed by Friedrich, who recognized

the broad sense, solidity and great thoughts of the man. Of all which Friedrich has known far more since then, in various branches of Prussian commerce improved by Gotzkowsky's managements. A truly notable Gotzkowsky; became bankrupt at last, one is sorry to hear; and died in affliction and neglect, — short of the humblest wages for so much good work done in the world![1]

"Gotzkowsky's House was like a general storeroom for everybody's preciosities; his time, means, self were the refuge of all the needy. In Zorndorf time, when this Czernichef [if readers can remember], who is now so supreme, — Czernichef, Soltikof and others, — had nothing for it but to lodge in the cellars of burnt Cüstrin, Gotzkowsky, with ready money, with advice, with assuagement, had been their *Deus ex machinâ:* and now Czernichef remembers it; and Gotzkowsky, as Papa, has to go with continual prayers, negotiations, counsellings, expedients, and be the refuge of all unjustly suffering men Berlin has immensities of trade in war-furnitures: the capitals circulating are astonishing to Archenholtz; million on the back of million; no such city in Germany for trade. The desire of the Three-days Lacy Government is towards any Lager-Haus; any mass of wealth, which can be construed as Royal or connected with Royalty. Ephraim and Itzig, mint-masters of that copper-coinage; rolling in foul wealth by the ruin of their neighbors; ought not these to bleed? Well, yes, — if anybody; and copiously if you like! I should have said so: but the generous Gotzkowsky said in his heart, 'No;' and again pleaded and prevailed. Ephraim and Itzig, foul swollen creatures, were not broached at all; and their gratitude was, That, at a future day, Gotzkowsky's day of bankruptcy, they were hardest of any on Gotzkowsky.

"Archenholtz and the Books are enthusiastically copious upon Gotzkowsky and his procedures; but we must be silent. This Anecdote only, in regard to Freedom of the Press, — to the so-called 'air we breathe, not having which we die!' Would modern Friends of Progress believe it? Because, in former

[1] Preuss, ii. 257, &c. &c.; *Geschichte eines Patriotischen Kaufmanns* (Berlin, 1769, by Gotzkowsky himself).

stages of this War, the Berlin Newspapers have had offensive expressions (scarcely noticeable to the microscope in our day, and below calculation for smallness) upon the Russian and Austrian Sovereigns or Peoples, — the Able Editors (there are only Two) shall now in person, here in the market-place of Berlin, actually run the gantlet for it, — 'run the rods (*Gassen-laufen'*), as the fashion now is; which is worse than *gantlet*, not to speak of the ignominy. That is the barbaric Russian notion: 'who are you, ill-formed insolent persons, that give a loose to your tongue in that manner? Strip to the waistband, swift! Here is the true career opened for you: on each hand, one hundred sharp rods ranked waiting you; run your courses there, — no hurry more than you like!' The alternative of death, I suppose, was open to these Editors; Roman death at least, and martyrdom for a new Faith (Faith in the Loose Tongue), very sacred to the Democratic Ages now at hand. But nobody seems to have thought of it; Editors and Public took the thing as a sorrow incident to this dangerous Profession of the Tongue Loose (or looser than usual); which nobody yet knew to be divine. The Editors made passionate enough lamentation, in the stript state; one of them, with loud weeping, pulled off his wig, showed ice-gray hair; 'I am in my 68th year!' But it seems nothing would have steaded them, had not Gotzkowsky been busy interceding. By virtue of whom there was pardon privately in readiness: to the ice-gray Editor complete pardon; to the junior quasi-complete; only a few switches to assert the principle, and dismissal with admonition." [1]

The pleasant part of the fact is, that Gotzkowsky's powerful intercessions were thenceforth no farther needed. The same day, Saturday, October 11th, a few hours after this of the *Gassen-laufen*, news arrived full gallop: "The King is coming!" After which it was beautiful to see how all things got to the gallop; and in a no-time Berlin was itself again. That same evening, Saturday, Lacy took the road, with extraordi-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103–148; Rödenbeck, ii. 41–54; Archenholtz, ii. 130–147; Preuss, *ubi suprà*: &c. &c.

nary velocity, towards Torgau Country, where the Reichsfolk, in Hülsen's absence, are supreme; and, the second evening after, was got 60 miles thitherward. His joint dominion had been of Two days. On the morning of Sunday, 12th, went Tottleben, who had businesses, settlements of ransom and the like, before marching. Tottleben, too, made uncommon despatch; marched, as did all these invasive Russians, at the rate of thirty miles a day; their Main Army likewise moving off from Frankfurt to a safer distance. Friedrich was still five marches off; but there seemed not a moment to lose.

The Russian spoilings during the retreat were more horrible than ever: "The gallows gaping for us; and only this one opportunity, if even this!" thought the agitated Cossack to himself. Our poor friend Nüssler had a sad tale to tell of them;[1] as who had not? Terror and murder, incendiary fire and other worse unnamable abominations of the Pit. One old Half-pay gentleman, whom I somewhat respect, desperately barricaded himself, amid his domestics and tenantries, Wife and Daughters assisting: "Human Russian Officers can enter here; Cossacks no, but shall kill us first. Not a Cossack till all of us are lying dead!"[2] And kept his word; the human Russians owning it to be proper.

In Guben Country, "at Gross-Muckro, October 15th," the day after passing Guben, Friedrich first heard for certain, That the Russians had been in Berlin, and also that they were gone, and that all was over. He made two marches farther, — not now direct for Berlin, but direct for Saxony *and* it; — to Lübben, 50 or 60 miles straight south of Berlin; and halted there some days, to adjust himself for a new sequel. "These are the things," exclaims he, sorrowfully, to D'Argens, "which I have been in dread of since Winter last; this is what gave the dismal tone to my Letters to you. It has required not less than all my philosophy to endure the reverses, the provocations, the outrages, and the whole scene of atrocious things

[1] In Büsching, *Beitrage*, i. 400, 401, account of their sacking of Nüssler's pleasant home and estate, "Weissensee, near Berlin."

[2] Archenholtz, ii. 150.

that have come to pass."[1] Friedrich's grief about Berlin we need not paint; though there were murmurs afterwards, "Why did not he start sooner?" which he could not, in strict reason, though aware that these savageries were on march. He had hoped the Eugen-Hülsen appliances, even should all else fail, might keep them at bay. And indeed, in regard to these latter, it turned only on a hair. Montalembert calculating, vows, on his oath, "Can assure you, M. l'Ambassadeur, *puis bien vous assurer comme si j'étais devant Dieu*, as if I stood before God,"[2] that, from first to last, it was my doing; that but for me, at the very last, the Russians, on sight of Hülsen and Eugen, and no Lacy come, would have marched away!

Friedrich's orderings and adjustings, dated Lübben, where his Army rested after this news from Berlin, were manifold; and a good deal still of wrecks from the Berlin Business fell to his share. For instance, one thing he had at once ordered: "Your Bill of a Million-and-half to the Russians, don't pay it, or any part of it! When Bamberg was ransomed, Spring gone a year, — Reich and Kaiser, did they respect our Bill we had on Bamberg? Did not they cancel it, and flatly refuse?" Friedrich is positive on the point, "Reprisal our clear remedy!" But Berlin itself was in alarm, for perhaps another Russian visit; Berlin and Gotzkowsky were humbly positive the other way. Upon which a visit of Gotskowsky to the Royal Camp: "Merchants' Bills are a sacred thing, your Majesty!" urged Gotzkowsky. Who, in his zeal for the matter, undertook dangerous visits to the Russian Quarters, and a great deal of trouble, peril and expense, during the weeks following. Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, "in mere bribes to the Russian Officials, spent about £6,000 of his own," for one item. But he had at length convinced his Majesty that Merchants' Bills were a sacred thing, in spite of Bamberg and desecrative individualities; and that this Million-and-half must be paid. Friedrich was struck with Gotzkowsky and his view of the facts. Friedrich, from his own distressed funds, handed

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 199: "22d October."

[2] Montalembert, ii. 108.

to Gotzkowsky the necessary Million-and-half, commanding only profound silence about it; and to Gotzkowsky himself a present of 150,000 thalers (£20,000 odd);[1] and so the matter did at last end.

It had been a costly business to Berlin, and to the King, and to the poor harried Country. To Berlin, bombardment of ten hours; alarm of discursive siege-work in the environs for five days; foreign yoke for three days; lost money to the amounts above stated; what loss in wounds to body or to peace of mind, or whether any loss that way, nobody has counted. The Berlin people rose to a more than Roman height of temper, testifies D'Argens;[2] so that perhaps it was a gain. The King's Magazines and War-furnitures about Berlin are wasted utterly, — Arsenal itself not blown up, we well know why; — and much Hunnish ruin in Charlottenburg, with damage to Antiques, — for which latter clause there shall, in a few months, be reprisal, if it please the Powers!

Of all this Montalembert declares, "Before God, that he, Montalembert, is and was the mainspring." And indeed, Tempelhof, without censure of Montalembert and his vocation, but accurately computing time and circumstance, comes to the same conclusion; — as thus: "*October 8th*, seeing no Lacy come, Czernichef, had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence, had fixed for returning to Cöpenik: whom cautious Lacy would have been obliged to imitate. Suppose Czernichef had, *October 9th*, got to Cöpenik, — Eugen and Hülsen remain at Berlin; Czernichef could not have got back thither before the 11th; on the 11th was news of Friedrich's coming; which set all on gallop to the right about."[3] So that really, before God, it seems Montalembert must have the merit of this fine achievement: — the one fruit, so far as I can discover, of his really excellent reasonings, eloquences, patiences, sown broadcast, four or five long years, on such a field as fine human talent never had before. I declare to you, M. l'Ambassadeur,

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 146.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 195–199: "D'Argens to the King: Berlin, 19th October, 1760," — an interesting Letter of details.

[3] Tempelhof, iv. 277.

this excellent vulture-swoop on Berlin, and burning or reburning of the Peasantry of the Mark, is due solely to one poor zealous gentleman! —

What was next to follow out of *this*, — in Torgau neighborhood, where Daun now stands expectant, — poor M. de Montalembert was far from anticipating; and will be in no haste to claim the merit of before God or man.

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF TORGAU.

AFTER Hülsen's fine explosion on the Dürrenberg, August 20th, on the incompetent Reichs Generals, there had followed nothing eminent; new futilities, attemptings and desistings, advancings and recoilings, on the part of the Reich; Hülsen solidly maintaining himself, in defence of his Torgau Magazine and Saxon interests in those regions, against such overwhelming odds, till relief and reinforcement for them and him should arrive; and gaining time, which was all he could aim at in such circumstances. Had the Torgau Magazine been bigger, perhaps Hülsen might have sat there to the end. But having solidly eaten out said Magazine, what could Hülsen do but again move rearward? [1] Above all, on the alarm from Berlin, which called him off double-quick, things had to go their old road in that quarter. Weak Torgau was taken, weak Wittenberg besieged. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg, all that Country, by the time the Russians left Berlin, was again the Reich's. Eugen and Hülsen, hastening for relief of Wittenberg, the instant Berlin was free, found Wittenberg a heap of ruins, out of which the Prussian garrison, very hunger urging, had issued the day before, as prisoners of war. Nothing more to be done by Eugen, but take post, within reach of Magdeburg and victual, and wait new Order from the King.

[1] *Hofbericht von dem Rückzug des General-Lieutenants von Hülsen aus dem Lager bey Torgau* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 755–784).

The King is very unquestionably coming on; leaves Lübben thitherward October 20th.[1] With full fixity of purpose as usual; but with as gloomy an outlook as ever before. Daun, we said, is now arrived in those parts: Daun and the Reich together are near 100,000; Daun some 60,000, — Loudon having stayed behind, and gone southward, for a stroke on Kosel (if Goltz will permit, which he won't at all!), — and the Reich 35,000. Saxony is all theirs; cannot they maintain Saxony? Not a Town or a Magazine now belongs to Friedrich there, and he is in number as 1 to 2. "Maintain Saxony; indisputably you can!" that is the express Vienna Order, as Friedrich happens to know. The Russians themselves have taken Camp again, and wait visibly, about Landsberg and the Warta Country, till they see Daun certain of executing said Order; upon which they intend, they also, to winter in those Elbe-Prussian parts, and conjointly to crush Friedrich into great confinement indeed. Friedrich is aware of this Vienna Order; which is a kind of comfort in the circumstances. The intentions of the hungry Russians, too, are legible to Friedrich; and he is much resolved that said Order shall be impossible to Daun. "Were it to be possible, we are landless. Where are our recruits, our magazines, our resources for a new Campaign? We may as well die, as suffer that to be possible!" Such is Friedrich's fixed view. He says to D'Argens: —

"You, as a follower of Epicurus, put a value on life; as for me, I regard death from the Stoic point of view. Never shall I see the moment that forces me to make a disadvantageous Peace; no persuasion, no eloquence, shall ever induce me to sign my dishonor. Either I will bury myself under the ruins of my Country, or if that consolation appears too sweet to the Destiny that persecutes me, I shall know how to put an end to my misfortunes when it is impossible to bear them any longer. I have acted, and continue to act, according to that interior voice of conscience and of honor which directs all my steps: my conduct shall be, in every time, conformable to

[1] Rödenbeck, ii. 35: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 241–245) Friedrich's Two Marches, towards and from Berlin (7th–17th October, to Lübben; thence, 20th October–3d November, to Torgau).

those principles. After having sacrificed my youth to my Father, my ripe years to my Country, I think I have acquired the right to dispose of my old age. I have told you, and I repeat it, Never shall my hand sign a humiliating Peace. Finish this Campaign I certainly will, resolved to dare all, and to try the most desperate things either to succeed or to find a glorious end (*fin glorieuse*)." [1]

Friedrich had marched from Lübben, after three days' settling of affairs, *October 20th ;* arrived at Jessen, on the Elbe, within wind of Wittenberg, in two days more. "He formed a small magazine at Düben," says Archenholtz; "and was of a velocity, a sharpness," — like lightning, in a manner! Friedrich is uncommonly dangerous when crushed into a corner, in this way; and Daun knows that he is. Friedrich's manœuvrings upon Daun — all readers can anticipate the general type of them. The studious military reader, if England boasts any such, will find punctual detail of them in *Tempelhof* and the German Books. For our poor objects, here is a Summary which may suffice: —

From Lübben, having winded up these bad businesses, — and reinforced Goltz, at Glogau, to a 20,000 for Silesia's sake, to look towards Kosel and Loudon's attempts there, — Friedrich gathered himself into proper concentration; and with all the strength now left to him pushed forward (20th October) towards Wittenberg, and recovery of those lost Saxon Countries. To Wittenberg from Lübben is some 60 miles; — can be done, nearly, in a couple of days. With the King, after Goltz is furnished, there are about 30,000; Eugen and Hülsen, not idle for their own part, wait in those far Western or Ultra-Wittenberg regions (in and beyond Dessau Country), to join him with their 14,000, when they get signal. Joined with these, he will be 44,000; he will then cross Elbe somewhere, probably not where Daun and the Reich imagine, and be in contact with his Problem; with what a pitch of willingness nobody

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 202 ("Kemberg, 28th October, 1760," a week and a day before Torgau).

need be told! Daun, in Torgau Country, has one of the best positions; nor is Daun a man for getting flurried.

The poor Reichs Army, though it once flattered itself with intending to dispute Friedrich's passage of the Elbe, and did make some detachings and manœuvrings that way, on his approach to Wittenberg (October 22d–23d), — took a safer view, on his actual arrival there, on his re-seizure of that ruined place, and dangerous attitude on the right bank below and above. Safer view, on salutary second thoughts; — and fell back Leipzig-way, southward to Düben, 30 or 40 miles. Whence rapidly to Leipzig itself, 30 or 40 more, on his actually putting down his bridges over Elbe. Friedrich's crossing-place was Schanzhaus, in Dessau Country, between Roslau and Klikau, 12 or 15 miles below Wittenberg; about midway between Wittenberg and the inflow of the Mulda into Elbe. He crossed *October 26th*, no enemy within wind at all; Daun at Torgau in his inexpugnable Camp, Reichsfolk at Düben, making towards Leipzig at their best pace. And is now wholly between Elbe and Mulda; nothing but Mulda and the Anhalt Countries and the Halle Country now to rear of him.

At Jonitz, next march southward, he finds the Eugen-Hülsen people ready. We said they had not been idle while waiting signal: of which here is one pretty instance. Eugen's Brother, supreme Reigning Duke of Würtemberg, — whom we parted with at Fulda, last Winter, on sore terms; but who again, zealous creature, heads his own little Army in French-Austrian service, in still more eclipsed circumstances ("No subsidy at all, this Year, say your august Majesties? Well, I must do without: a volunteer; and shall need only what I can make by forced contributions!" which of course he is diligent to levy wherever possible), — has latterly taken Halle Country in hand, very busy raising contributions there: and Eugen hears, not without interest, that certain regiments or detachments of his, pushed out, are lying here, there, superintending that salutary work, — within clutch, perhaps, of Kleist the Hussar! Eugen despatches Kleist upon him; who pounces with his usual fierce felicity upon these people. To such alarm of his poor Serenity and poor Army, that Serenity flies off homeward

at once, and out of these Wars altogether; where he never had other than the reverse of business to be, and where he has played such a farce-tragedy for four years back. Eugen has been heard to speak, — theoretically, and in excited moments, — of "running such a fellow through the body, were one near him:" but it is actually Eugen in person that sends him home from these Wars: which may be counted a not unfraternal or unpatriotic procedure; being of indisputable benefit to the poor Sovereign man himself, and to everybody concerned with him.

Hearing that Friedrich was across, Daun came westward that same day (October 26th), and planted himself at Eilenburg; concluding that the Reichsfolk would now be in jeopardy first of all. Which was partly the fact; and indeed this Daun movement rather accelerated the completion of it. Without this the Reichs Army might have lived another day. It had quitted Düben, and gone in all haste for Leipzig, at 1 in the morning (not by Eilenburg, of which or of Daun's arrival there it knows nothing), — "at 1 in the morning of the 27th," or in fact, so soon as news could reach it at the gallop, That Friedrich was across. And now Friedrich, seeing Daun out in this manner, judged that a junction was contemplated; and that one could not be too swift in preventing it. October 29th, with one diligent march, Friedrich posted himself at Düben; there, in a sort now between Daun and the Reichsfolk, detached Hülsen with a considerable force to visit these latter in Leipzig itself; and began with all diligence forming "a small Magazine in Düben," Magdeburg and the current of the Elbe being hitherto his only resource in that kind. By the time of Hülsen's return, this little operation will be well forward, and Daun will have declared himself a little.

Hülsen, evening of October 30th, found Leipzig in considerable emotion, the Reichsfolk taking refuge in it: not the least inclined to stand a push, when Hülsen presented himself. Night of 30th–31st, there was summoning and menacing; Reich endeavoring to answer in firm style; but all the while industriously packing up to go. By 5 in the morning, things had come to extremity; — morning, happily for some of us,

was dark mist. But about 5 o'clock, Hülsen (or Hülsen's Second) coming on with menace of fire and sword upon these poor Reichspeople, found the Reichspeople wholly vanished in the mist. Gone bodily; in full march for the spurs of the Metal-Mountain Range again; — concluding, for the fourth time, an extremely contemptible Campaign. Daun, with the King ahead of him, made not the least attempt to help them in their Leipzig difficulty; but retired to his strong Camp at Torgau; feels his work to lie *there*, — as Friedrich perceives of him, with some interest.

Hülsen left a little garrison in Leipzig (friend Quintus a part of it);[1] and returned to the King; whose small Magazine at Düben, and other small affairs there, — Magdeburg with boats, and the King with wagons, having been so diligent in carrying grain thither, — are now about completed. From Daun's returning to Torgau, Friedrich infers that the cautious man has got Order from Court to maintain Torgau at all costs, — to risk a battle rather than go. "Good: he shall have one!" thinks Friedrich. And, *November 2d*, in four columns, marches towards Torgau; to Schilda, that night, which is some seven miles on the southward side of Torgau. The King, himself in the vanguard as usual, has watched with eager questioning eye the courses of Daun's advanced parties, and by what routes they retreat; discerns for certain that Daun has no views upon Düben or our little Magazine; and that the tug of wrestle for Torgau, which is to crown this Campaign into conquest of Saxony, or shatter it into zero like its foregoers on the Austrian part, and will be of death-or-life nature on the Prussian part, ought to ensue to-morrow. Forward, then!

This Camp of Torgau is not a new place to Daun. It was Prince Henri's Camp last Autumn; where Daun tried all his efforts to no purpose; and though hugely outnumbering the Prince, could make absolutely nothing of it. Nothing, or less; and was flowing back to Dresden and the Bohemian Frontier, uncheered by anything, till that comfortable Maxen Incident

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 290.

turned up. Daun well knows the strength of this position. Torgau and the Block of Hill to West, called Hill of Siptitz: — Hülsen, too, stood here this Summer; not to mention Finck and Wunsch, and their beating the Reichspeople here. A Hill and Post of great strength; not unfamiliar to many Prussians, nor to Friedrich's studious considerations, though his knowledge of it was not personal on all points; — as To-morrow taught him, somewhat to his cost.

"Tourists, from Weimar and the Thüringian Countries," says a Note-book, sometimes useful to us, "have most likely omitted Rossbach in their screaming railway flight eastward; and done little in Leipzig but endeavor to eat dinner, and, still more vainly, to snatch a little sleep in the inhuman dormitories of the Country. Next morning, screaming Dresden-ward, they might, especially if military, pause at Oschatz, a stage or two before Meissen, where again are objects of interest. You can look at Hubertsburg, if given that way, — a Royal Schloss, memorable on several grounds; — at Hubertsburg, and at other features, in the neighborhood of Oschatz. This done, or this left not done, you strike off leftward, that is northward, in some open vehicle, for survey of Torgau and its vicinities and environs. Not above fifteen miles for you; a drive singular and pleasant; time enough to return and be in Dresden for dinner.

"Torgau is a fine solid old Town; Prussian military now abundant in it. In ancient Heathen times, I suppose, it meant the *Gau*, or District, of *Thor;* Capital of that Gau, — part of which, now under Christian or quasi-Christian circumstances, you have just been traversing, with Elbe on your right hand. Innocent rural aspects of Humanity, Boor's life, Gentry's life, all the way, not in any holiday equipment; on the contrary, somewhat unkempt and scraggy, but all the more honest and inoffensive. There is sky, earth, air, and freedom for your own reflections: a really agreeable kind of Gau; pleasant, though in part ugly. Large tracts of it are pine-wood, with pleasant Villages and fine arable expanses interspersed. Schilda and many Villages you leave to right and left. Old-fashioned Villages, with their village industries visible around; laboring

each in its kind, — not too fast; probably with extinct tobacco-pipe hanging over its chin (*kalt-rauchend*, 'smoking *cold*,' as they phrase it).

"Schilda has an absurd celebrity among the Germans: it is the Gotham of Teutschland; a fountain of old broad-grins and homely and hearty rustic banter; welling up from the serious extinct Ages to our own day; '*Schilt*bürger' (Inhabitant of *Schilda*) meaning still, among all the Teutsch populations, a man of calmly obstinate whims and delusions, of notions altogether contrary to fact, and agreeable to himself only; resolutely pushing his way through life on those terms: amid horse-laughter, naturally, and general wagging of beards from surrounding mankind. Extinct mirth, not to be growled at or despised, in Ages running to the shallow, which have lost their mirth, and become all one snigger of mock-mirth. For it is observable, the more solemn is your background of *dark*, the brighter is the play of all human genialities and coruscations on it, — of genial mirth especially, in the hour for mirth. Who the *Doctor Bordel* of Schilda was, I do not know: but they have had their Bordel, as Gotham had; — probably various Bordels; industrious to pick up those Spiritual fruits of the earth. For the records are still abundant and current; fully more alive than those of Gotham here are. — And yonder, then, is actually Schilda of the absurd fame. A small, cheerful-looking human Village, in its Island among the Woods; you see it lying to the right: — a clean brick-slate congeries, with faint smoke-canopy hanging over it, indicating frugal dinner-kettles on the simmer; — and you remember kindly those good old grinnings, over good *Schiltbürger*, good *Wise Men of Gotham*, and their learned Chroniclers, and unlearned Peasant Producers, who have contributed a wrinkle of human Fun to the earnest face of Life.

"After Schilda, and before, you traverse long tracts of Pine Forest, all under forest management; with long straight stretches of sandy road (one of which is your own), straight like red tape-strings, intersecting the wide solitudes: dangerous to your topographies, — for the finger-posts are not always there, and human advice you can get none. Nothing but the

stripe of blue sky overhead, and the brown one of tape (or sand) under your feet: the trees poor and mean for most part, but so innumerable, and all so silent, watching you all like mute witnesses, mutely whispering together; no voice but their combined whisper or big forest *sough* audible to you in the world: — on the whole, your solitary ride there proves, unexpectedly, a singular deliverance from the mad railway, and its iron bedlamisms and shrieking discords and precipitances; and is soothing, and pensively welcome, though sad enough, and in outward features ugly enough. No wild boars are now in these woods, no chance of a wolf: " — what concerns us more is, that Friedrich's columns, on the 3d of November, had to march up through these long lanes, or tape-stripes of the Torgau Forest; and that one important column, one or more, took the wrong turn at some point, and was dangerously wanting at the expected moment! —

"Torgau itself stands near Elbe; on the shoulder, eastern or Elbe-ward shoulder, of a big mass of Knoll, or broad Height, called of Siptitz, the main Eminence of the Gau. Shoulder, I called it, of this Height of Siptitz; but more properly it is on a continuation, or lower ulterior height dipping into Elbe itself, that Torgau stands. Siptitz Height, nearly a mile from Elbe, drops down into a straggle of ponds; after which, on a second or final rise, comes Torgau dipping into Elbe. Not a shoulder strictly, but rather a *cheek*, with *neck* intervening; — neck *goitry* for that matter, or quaggy with ponds! The old Town stands high enough, but is enlaced on the western and southern side by a set of lakes and quagmires, some of which are still extensive and undrained. The course of the waters hereabouts, and of Elbe itself, has had its intricacies: close to northwest, Torgau is bordered, in a straggling way, by what they call *Old Elbe;* which is not now a fluent entity, but a stagnant congeries of dirty waters and morasses. The Hill of Siptitz abuts in that aqueous or quaggy manner; its forefeet being, as it were, at or in Elbe River, and its sides, to the South and to the North for some distance each way, considerably enveloped in ponds and boggy difficulties.

"Plenty of water all about, but I suppose mostly of bad

quality; at least Torgau has declined drinking it, and been at the trouble to lay a pipe, or *Röhrgraben*, several miles long, to bring its culinary water from the western neighborhoods of Siptitz Height. Along the southern side of Siptitz Height goes leisurely an uncomfortable kind of Brook, called the '*Röhrgraben* (Pipe-Ditch);' the meaning of which unexpected name you find to be, That there is a *Service-Pipe* laid cunningly at the bottom of this Brook; lifting the Brook at its pure upper springs, and sending it along, in secret tubular quasi-bottled condition; leaving the fouler drippings from the neighborhood to make what 'brook' they still can, over its head, and keep it out of harm's way till Torgau get it. This is called the *Röhrgraben*, this which comes running through Siptitz Village, all along by the southern base of Siptitz Hill; to the idle eye, a dirtyish Brook, ending in certain notable Ponds eastward: but to the eye of the inquiring mind, which has pierced deeper, a Tube of rational Water, running into the throats of Torgau, while the so-called Brook disembogues at discretion into the *Entefang* (Duck-trap), and what Ponds or reedy Puddles there are," — of which, in poor Wunsch's fine bit of fighting, last Year, we heard mention. Let readers keep mind of them.

The Hill Siptitz, with this *Röhrgraben* at the southern basis of it, makes a very main figure in the Battle now imminent. Siptitz Height is, in fact, Daun's Camp; where he stands intrenched to the utmost, repeatedly changing his position, the better to sustain Friedrich's expected attacks. It is a blunt broad-backed Elevation, mostly in vineyard, perhaps on the average 200 feet above the general level, and of five or six square miles in area: length, east to west, from Grosswig neighborhood to the environs of Torgau, may be about three miles; breadth, south to north, from the Siptitz to the Zinna neighborhoods, above half that distance. The Height is steepish on the southern side, all along to the southwest angle (which was Daun's left flank in the great Action coming), but swells up with easier ascent on the west, north and other sides. Let the reader try for some conception of its environment and it, as the floor or arena of a great transaction this day.

Daun stands fronting southward along these Siptitz Heights, looking towards Schilda and his dangerous neighbor; heights, woods, ponds and inaccessibilities environing his Position and him. One of the strongest positions imaginable; which, under Prince Henri, proved inexpugnable enough to some of us. A position not to be attacked on that southern front, nor on either of its flanks: — where can it be attacked? Impregnable, under Prince Henri in far inferior force: how will you take it from Daun in decidedly superior? A position not to be attacked at all, most military men would say; — though One military man, in his extreme necessity, must and will find a way into it.

One fault, the unique military man, intensely pondering, discovers that it has: it is too small for Daun; not area enough for manœuvring 65,000 men in it; who will get into confusion if properly dealt with. A most comfortable light-flash, the *eureka* of this terrible problem. "We will attack it on rear and on front simultaneously; that is the way to handle it!" Yes; simultaneously, though that is difficult, say military judges; perhaps to Prussians it may be possible. It is the opinion of military judges who have studied the matter, that Friedrich's plan, could it have been perfectly executed, might have got not only victory from Daun, but was capable to fling his big Army and him pell-mell upon the Elbe Bridge, that is to say, in such circumstances, into Elbe River, and swallow him bodily at a frightful rate! That fate was spared poor Daun.

Monday, 3d November, 1760, at half-past 6 in the morning Friedrich is on march for this great enterprise. The march goes northward, in Three Columns, with a Fourth of Baggage; through the woods, on four different roads; roads, or combinations of those intricate sandy avenues already noticed. Northward all of it at first; but at a certain point ahead (at crossing of the Eilenburg-Torgau Road, namely), the March is to divide itself in two. Half of the force is to strike off rightward there with Ziethen, and to issue on the south side of Siptitz Hill; other half, under Friedrich himself, to continue northward,

long miles farther, and then at last bending round, issue — simultaneously with Ziethen, if possible — upon Siptitz Hill from the north side. We are about 44,000 strong, against Daun, who is 65,000.

Simultaneously with Ziethen, so far as humanly possible: that is the essential point! Friedrich has taken every pains that it shall be correct, in this and all points; and to take double assurance of hiding it from Daun, he yesternight, in dictating his Orders on the other heads of method, kept entirely to himself this most important Ziethen portion of the Business. And now, at starting, he has taken Ziethen in his carriage with him a few miles, to explain the thing by word of mouth. At the Eilenburg road, or before it, Ziethen thinks he is clear as to everything; dismounts; takes in hand the mass intrusted to him; and strikes off by that rightward course: "Rightward, Herr Ziethen; rightward till you get to Klitschen, your first considerable island in this sea of wood; at Klitschen strike to the left into the woods again, — your road is called the Butter-Strasse (*Butter-Street*); goes by the northwest side of Siptitz Height; reach Siptitz by the Butter-Street, and then do your endeavor!"

With the other Half of his Army, specially with the First Column of it, Friedrich proceeds northward on his own part of the adventure. Three Columns he has, besides the Baggage one: in number about equal to Ziethen's; if perhaps otherwise, rather the chosen Half; about 8,000 grenadier and footguard people, with Kleist's Hussars, are Friedrich's own Column. Friedrich's Column marches nearest the Daun positions; the Baggage-column farthest; and that latter is to halt, under escort, quite away to left or westward of the disturbance coming; the other Two Columns, Hülsen's of foot, Holstein's mostly of horse, go through intermediate tracks of wood, by roads more or less parallel; and are all, Friedrich's own Column, still more the others, to leave Siptitz several miles to right, and to end, not *at* Siptitz Height, but several miles past it, and then wheeling round, begin business from the northward or rearward side of Daun, while Ziethen attacks or menaces his front, — simultaneously, if possible. Friedrich's

march, hidden all by woods, is more than twice as far as Ziethen's, — some 14 or 15 miles in all; going straight northward 10 miles; thence bending eastward, then southward through woods; to emerge about Neiden, there to cross a Brook (Striebach), and strike home on the north side of Daun. The track of march is in the shape somewhat of a shepherd's crook; the long *handle* of it, well away from Siptitz, reaches up to Neiden, this is the straight or wooden part of said crook; after which comes the bent, catching, or iron part, — intended for Daun and his fierce flock. Ziethen has hardly above six miles; and ought to be deliberate in his woodlands, till the King's party have time to get round.

The morning, I find, is wet; fourteen miles of march: fancy such a Promenade through the dripping Woods; heavy, toilsome, and with such errand ahead! The delays were considerable; some of them accidental. Vigilant Daun has Detachments watching in these Woods: — a General Ried, who fires cannon and gets off: then a General St. Ignon and the St. Ignon Regiment of Dragoons; who, being *between* Column First and Column Second, cannot get away; but, after some industry by Kleist and those of Column Two, are caught and pocketed, St. Ignon himself prisoner among the rest. This delay may perhaps be considered profitable: but there were other delays absolutely without profit. For example, that of having difficulties with your artillery-wagons in the wet miry lanes; that of missing your road, at some turn in the solitary woods; which latter was the sad chance of Column Third, fatally delaying it for many hours.

Daun, learning by those returned parties from the Woods what the Royal intentions on him are, hastily whirls himself round, so as to front north, and there receive Friedrich: best line northward for Friedrich's behoof; rear line or second-best will now receive Ziethen or what may come. Daun's arrangements are admitted to be prompt and excellent. Lacy, with his 20,000, — who lay, while Friedrich's attack was expected from south, at Loswig, as advanced guard, east side of the *Grosse Teich* (supreme pond of all, which is a continuation of the Duck-trap, *Entefang*, and hangs like a chief goitre

on the goitry neck of Torgau), — Lacy is now to draw himself north and westward, and looking into the Entefang over his left shoulder (so to speak), be rear-guard against any Ziethen or Prussian party that may come. Daun's baggage is all across the Elbe, all in wagons since yesterday; three Bridges hanging for Daun and it, in case of adverse accident. Daun likewise brings all or nearly all his cannon to the new front, for Friedrich's behoof: 200 new pieces hither; Archenholtz says 400 in whole; certainly such a weight of artillery as never appeared in Battle before. Unless Friedrich's arrangements prove punctual, and his stroke be emphatic, Friedrich may happen to fare badly. On the latter point, of emphasis, there is no dubiety for Friedrich: but on the former, — things are already past doubt, the wrong way! For the last hour or so of Friedrich's march there has been continual storm of cannonade and musketry audible from Ziethen's side: — "Ziethen engaged!" thinks everybody; and quickens step here, under this marching music from the distance. Which is but a wrong reading or mistake, nothing more; the real phenomenon being as follows: Ziethen punctually got to Klitschen at the due hour; struck into the *Butter-Strasse*, calculating his paces; but, on the edge of the Wood found a small Austrian party, like those in Friedrich's route; and, pushing into it, the Austrian party replied with cannon before running. Whereupon Ziethen, not knowing how inconsiderable it was, drew out in battle-order; gave it a salvo or two; drove it back on Lacy, in the Duck-trap direction, — a long way east of Butter-Street, and Ziethen's real place; — unlucky that he followed it so far! Ziethen followed it; and got into some languid dispute with Lacy: dispute quite distant, languid, on both sides, and consisting mainly of cannon; but lasting in this way many precious hours. This is the phenomenon which friends in the distance read to be, "Ziethen engaged!" Engaged, yes, and alas with what? What Ziethen's degree of blame was, I do not know. Friedrich thought it considerable: — "Stupid, stupid, *mein lieber!*" which Ziethen never would admit; — and, beyond question, it was of high detriment to Friedrich this day. Such accidents, say

military men, are inherent, not to be avoided, in that double form of attack: which may be true, only that Friedrich had no choice left of forms just now.

About noon Friedrich's Vanguard (Kleist and Hussars), about 1 o'clock Friedrich himself, 7 or 8,000 Grenadiers, emerged from the Woods about Neiden. This Column, which consists of choice troops, is to be Front-line of the Attack. But there is yet no Second Column under Hülsen, still less any Third under Holstein, come in sight: and Ziethen's cannonade is but too audible. Friedrich halts; sends Adjutants to hurry on these Columns; — and rides out reconnoitring, questioning peasants; earnestly surveying Daun's ground and his own. Daun's now right wing well eastward about Zinna had been Friedrich's intended point of attack; but the ground, out there, proves broken by boggy brooks and remnant stagnancies of the Old Elbe: Friedrich finds he must return into the Wood again; and attack Daun's left. Daun's left is carefully drawn down *en potence*, or gallows-shape there; and has, within the Wood, carefully built by Prince Henri last year, an extensive Abatis, or complete western wall, — only the north part of which is perhaps now passable, the Austrians having in the cold time used a good deal of it as firewood lately. There, on the northwest corner of Daun, across that weak part of the Abatis, must Friedrich's attack lie. But Friedrich's Columns are still fatally behind, — Holstein, with all the Cavalry we have, so precious at present, is wandering by wrong paths; took the wrong turn at some point, and the Adjutant can hardly find him at all, with his precept of "Haste, Haste!"

We may figure Friedrich's humor under these ill omens. Ziethen's cannonade becomes louder and louder; which Friedrich naturally fancies to be death or life to him, — not to mean almost nothing, as it did. "*Mein Gott*, Ziethen is in action, and I have not my Infantry up!"[1] cried he. And at length decided to attack as he was: Grenadiers in front, the chosen of his Infantry; Ramin's Brigade for second line; and, except

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 303.

about 800 of Kleist, no Cavalry at all. His battalions march out from Neiden hand, through difficult brooks, Striebach and the like, by bridges of Austrian build, which the Austrians are obliged to quit in hurry. The Prussians are as yet perpendicular to Daun, but will wheel rightward, into the Domitsch Wood again; and then form, — parallel to Daun's northwest shoulder; and to Prince Henri's Abatis, which will be their first obstacle in charging. Their obstacles in forming were many and intricate; ground so difficult, for artillery especially: seldom was seen such expertness, such willingness of mind. And seldom lay ahead of men such obstacles *after* forming! Think only of one fact: Daun, on sight of their intention, has opened 400 pieces of Artillery on them, and these go raging and thundering into the hem of the Wood, and to whatever issues from it, now and for hours to come, at a rate of deafening uproar and of sheer deadliness, which no observer can find words for.

Archenholtz, a very young officer of fifteen, who came into it perhaps an hour hence, describes it as a thing surpassable only by Doomsday: clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down on you, with horrid crash; the Forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal death-peal; comparable to the Trump of Doom. Friedrich himself, who is an old hand, said to those about him: "What an infernal fire (*höllisches Feuer*)! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? I never."[1] Friedrich is between the Two Lines of his Grenadiers, which is his place during the attack: the first Line of Grenadiers, behind Prince Henri's Abatis, is within 800 yards of Daun; Ramin's Brigade is to rear of the Second Line, as a Reserve. Horse they have none, except the 800 Kleist Hussars; who stand to the left, outside the Wood, fronted by Austrian Horse in hopeless multitude. Artillery they have, in effect, none: their Batteries, hardly to be got across these last woody difficulties of trees growing and trees felled, did rank outside the Wood, on their left; but could do absolutely nothing (gun-carriages and gunners, officers and men, being alike blown away); and when

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 304; Archenholtz, ii. 164.

Tempelhof saw them afterwards, they never had been fired at all. The Grenadiers have their muskets, and their hearts and their right-hands.

With amazing intrepidity, they, being at length all ready in rank within 800 yards, rush into the throat of this Fire-volcano; in the way commanded, — which is the alone way: such a problem as human bravery seldom had. The Grenadiers plunge forward upon the throat of Daun; but it is into the throat of his iron engines and his tearing billows of cannon-shot that most of them go. Shorn down by the company, by the regiment, in those terrible 800 yards, — then and afterwards. Regiment *Stutterheim* was nearly all killed and wounded, say the Books. You would fancy it was the fewest of them that ever got to the length of selling their lives to Daun, instead of giving them away to his 400 cannon. But it is not so. The Grenadiers, both Lines of them, still in quantity, did get into contact with Daun. And sold him their lives, hand to hand, at a rate beyond example in such circumstances; — Daun having to hurry up new force in streams upon them; resolute to purchase, though the price, for a long while, rose higher and higher.

At last the 6,000 Grenadiers, being now reduced to the tenth man, had to fall back. Upon which certain Austrian Battalions rushed down in chase, counting it Victory come: but were severely admonished of that mistake; and driven back by Ramin's people, who accompanied them into their ranks, and again gave Daun a great deal of trouble before he could overpower them. This is Attack First, issuing in failure first: one of the stiffest bits of fighting ever known. Began about 2 in the afternoon; ended, I should guess, rather after 3.

Daun, by this time, is in considerable disorder of line; though his 400 fire-throats continue belching ruin, and deafening the world, without abatement. Daun himself had got wounded in the foot or leg during this Attack, but had no time to mind it: a most busy, strong and resolute Daun; doing his very best. Friedrich, too, was wounded, — nobody will tell me in which of these attacks; — but I think not now, at least will not speak of it now. What his feelings were, as this

Grenadier Attack went on, — a struggle so unequal, but not to be helped, from the delays that had risen, — nobody, himself least of all, records for us: only by this little symptom: Two Grandsons of the Old Dessauer's are Adjutants of his Majesty, and well loved by him; one of them now at his hand, the other heading his regiment in this charge of Grenadiers. Word comes to Friedrich that this latter one is shot dead. On which Friedrich, turning to the Brother, and not hiding his emotion, as was usual in such moments, said: "All goes ill to-day; my friends are quitting me. I have just heard that your Brother is killed (*Tout va mal aujourd'hui; mes amis me quittent. On vient de m'annoncer la mort de votre frère*)!"[1] Words which the Anhalt kindred, and the Prussian military public, treasured up with a reverence strange to us. Of Anhalt perhaps some word by and by, at a fitter season.

Shortly after 3, as I reckon the time, Hülsen's Column did arrive: choice troops these too, the Pomeranian *Manteuffel*, one regiment of them; — young Archenholtz of *Forcade* (first Battalion here, second and third are with Ziethen, making vain noise) was in this Column; came, with the others, winding to the Wood's edge, in such circuits, poor young soul; rain pouring, if that had been worth notice; cannon-balls plunging, boughs crashing, such a *Todes-Posaune*, or Doomsday-Thunder, broken loose: — they did emerge steadily, nevertheless, he says, "like sea-billows or flow of tide, under the smoky hurricane." Pretty men are here too, Manteuffel Pommerners; no hearts stouter. With these, and the indignant Remnants which waited for them, a new assault upon Daun is set about. And bursts out, on that same northwest corner of him; say about half-past 3. The rain is now done, "blown away by the tremendous artillery," thinks Archenholtz, if that were any matter.

The Attack, supported by a few more Horse (though Column Three still fatally lingers), and, I should hope, by some practicable weight of Field-batteries, is spurred by a grimmer kind of indignation, and is of fiercer spirit than ever. Think how Manteuffel of Foot will blaze out; and what is the humor of

[1] Preuss, ii. 226.

those once overwhelmed Remnants, now getting air again! Daun's line is actually broken in this point, his artillery surmounted and become useless; Daun's potence and north front are reeling backwards, Prussians in possession of their ground. "The field to be ours!" thinks Friedrich, for some time. If indeed Ziethen had been seriously busy on the southern side of things, instead of vaguely cannonading in that manner! But resolute Daun, with promptitude, calls in his Reserve from Grosswig, calls in whatsoever of disposable force he can gather; Daun rallies, rushes again on the Prussians in overpowering number; and, in spite of their most desperate resistance, drives them back, ever back; and recovers his ground.

A very desperate bout, this Second one; probably the toughest of the Battle: but the result again is Daun's; the Prussians palpably obliged to draw back. Friedrich himself got wounded here; — poor young Archenholtz too, *only* wounded, not killed, as so many were: — Friedrich's wound was a contusion on the breast; came of some spent bit of case-shot, deadened farther by a famed pelisse he wore, — "which saved my life," he said afterwards to Henri. The King himself little regarded it (mentioning it only to Brother Henri, on inquiry and solicitation), during the few weeks it still hung about him. The Books intimate that it struck him to the earth, void of consciousness for some time, to the terror of those about him; and that he started up, disregarding it altogether in this press of business, and almost as if ashamed of himself, which imposed silence on people's tongues. In military circles there is still, on this latter point, an Anecdote; which I cannot confirm or deny, but will give for the sake of Berenhorst and his famed Book on the *Art of War*. Berenhorst — a natural son of the Old Dessauer's, and evidently enough a chip of the old block, only gone into the articulate-speaking or intellectual form — was, for the present, an Adjutant or Aide-de-camp of Friedrich's; and at this juncture was seen bending over the swooned Friedrich, perhaps with an over-pathos or elaborate something in his expression of countenance: when Friedrich reopened his indignant eyes: "*Was macht Er hier?*" cried Friedrich: "*Er sammle Fuyards!* What have you to do here? Go and

gather runaways" (be of some real use, can't you)! — which unkind cut struck deep into Berenhorst, they say; and could never after be eradicated from his gloomy heart. It is certain he became Prince Henri's Adjutant soon after, and that in his *Kriegskunst,* amidst the clearest orthodox admiration, he manifests, by little touches up and down, a feeling of very fell and pallid quality against the King; and belongs, in a peculiarly virulent though taciturn way, to the Opposition Party. His Book, next to English Lloyd's (or perhaps superior, for Berenhorst is of much the more cultivated intellect, highly condensed too, though so discursive and far-read, were it not for the vice of perverse diabolic temper), seemed, to a humble outsider like myself, greatly the strongest-headed, most penetrating and humanly illuminative I had had to study on that subject. Who the weakest-headed was (perhaps *Jomini,* among the widely circulating kind?), I will not attempt to decide, so great is the crush in that bad direction. To return.

This Second Attack is again a repulse to the indignant Friedrich; though he still persists in fierce effort to recover himself: and indeed Daun's interior, too, it appears, is all in a whirl of confusion; his losses too having been enormous: — when, see, here at length, about half-past 4, Sun now down, is the tardy Holstein, with his Cavalry, emerging from the Woods. Comes wending on yonder, half a mile to north of us; straight eastward or Elbe-ward (according to the order of last night), leaving us and our death-struggles unregarded, as a thing that is not on his tablets, and is no concern of Holstein's. Friedrich halts him, not quite too late; organizes a new and third Attack. Simultaneous universal effort of foot and horse upon Daun's Front; Holstein himself, who is almost at Zinna by this time, to go upon Daun's right wing. This is Attack Third; and is of sporadic intermittent nature, in the thickening dusk and darkness: part of it successful, none of it beaten, but nowhere the success complete. Thus, in the extreme west or leftmost of Friedrich's attack, *Spaen* Dragoons, — one of the last Horse Regiments of Holstein's Column, — *Spaen* Dragoons, under their Lieutenant-Colonel Dalwig (a beautiful manœuvrer, who has stormed through many fields, from Mollwitz onwards),

cut in, with an admired impetuosity, with an audacious skill, upon the Austrian Infantry Regiments there; broke them to pieces, took two of them in the lump prisoners; bearded whole torrents of Austrian cavalry rushing up to the rescue, — and brought off their mass of prisoner regiments and six cannon; — the Austrian rescuers being charged by some new Prussian party, and hunted home again.[1] "Had these Prussian Horse been on their ground at 2 o'clock, and done as now, it is very evident," says Tempelhof, "what the Battle of Torgau had by this time been!"

Near by, too, farther rightwards, if in the bewildering indistinctness I might guess where (but the where is not so important to us), Baireuth Dragoons, they of the 67 standards at Striegau long since, plunged into the Austrian Battalions at an unsurpassable rate; tumbled four regiments of them (Regiment *Kaiser*, Regiment *Neipperg*, — nobody now cares which four) heels over head, and in few minutes took the most of them prisoners; bringing them home too, like Dalwig, through crowds of rescuers. Eastward, again, or Elbe-ward, Holstein has found such intricacies of ground, such boggy depths and rough steeps, his Cavalry could come to no decisive sabring with the Austrian; but stood exchanging shot; — nothing to be done on that right wing of Daun.

Daun's left flank, however, does appear, after Three such Attacks, to be at last pretty well ruined: Tempelhof says, "Daun's whole Front Line was tumbled to pieces; disorder had, sympathetically, gone rearward, even in those eastern parts; and on the western and northwestern the Prussian Horse Regiments were now standing in its place." But, indeed, such charging and recharging, pulsing and repulsing, has there been hereabouts for hours past, the rival Hosts have got completely interpenetrated; Austrian parties, or whole regiments, are to rear of those Prussians who stand ranked here, and in victorious posture, as the Night sinks. Night is now sinking on this murderous day: "Nothing more to be made of it; try it again to-morrow!" thinks the King; gives Hülsen charge of bivouacking and re-arranging these scattered people;

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 305.

and rides with escort northwestward to Elsnig, north of Neiden, well to rear of this bloody arena, — in a mood of mind which may be figured as gloomy enough.

Daun, too, is home to Torgau, — I think, a little earlier, — to have his wound dressed, now that the day seems to him secure. Buccow, Daun's second, is killed; Daun's third is an Irish Graf O'Donnell, memorable only on this one occasion; to this O'Donnell, and to Lacy, who is firm on his ground yonder, untouched all day, the charge of matters is left. Which cannot be a difficult one, hopes Daun. Daun, while his wound is dressing, speeds off a courier to Vienna. Courier did enter duly there, with glorious trumpeting postilions, and universal Hep-hep-hurrah; kindling that ardently loyal City into infinite triumph and illumination, — for the space of certain hours following.

Hülsen meanwhile has been doing his best to get into proper bivouac for the morrow; has drawn back those eastward horse regiments, drawn forward the infantry battalions; forward, I think, and well rightward, where, in the daytime, Daun's left flank was. On the whole, it is northwestward that the general Prussian Bivouac for this night is; the extremest *south*western-most portion of it is Infantry, under General Lestwitz; a gallant useful man, who little dreams of becoming famous this dreary uncertain night.

It is 6 o'clock. Damp dusk has thickened down into utter darkness, on these terms: — when, lo, cannonade and musketade from the south, audible in the Lestwitz-Hülsen quarters: seriously loud; red glow of conflagration visible withal, — some unfortunate Village going up ("Village of Siptitz, think you?"); and need of Hülsen at his fastest! Hülsen, with some readiest Foot Regiments, circling round, makes thitherward; Lestwitz in the van. Let us precede him thither, and explain a little what it was.

Ziethen, who had stood all day making idle noises, — of what a fatal quality we know, if Ziethen did not, — waiting for the King's appearance, must have been considerably displeased with himself at nightfall, when the King's fire gradu-

ally died out farther and farther north, giving rise to the saddest surmises. Ziethen's Generals, Saldern and the Leuthen Möllendorf, are full of gloomy impatience, urgent on him to try something. "Push westward, nearer the King? Some stroke at the enemy on their south or southwestern side, where we have not molested them all day? No getting across the Röhrgraben on them, says your Excellenz? Siptitz Village, and their Battery there, is on *our* side of the Röhrgraben: — *um Gottes Willen*, something, Herr General!" Ziethen does finally assent: draws leftward, westward; unbuckles Saldern's people upon Siptitz; who go like sharp hounds from the slip; fasten on Siptitz and the Austrians there, with a will; wrench these out, force them to abandon their Battery, and to set Siptitz on fire, while they run out of it. Comfortable bit of success, so far, — were not Siptitz burning, so that we cannot get through. "Through, no: and were we through, is not there the Röhrgraben?" thinks Ziethen, not seeing his way.

How lucky that, at this moment, Möllendorf comes in, with a discovery to westward; discovery of our old friend "the Butter-Street," — it is nothing more, — where Ziethen should have marched this morning: there would he have found a solid road across the Röhrgraben, free passage by a bridge between two bits of ponds, at the *Schäferei* (Sheep-Farm) of Siptitz yonder. "There still," reports Möllendorf, "the solid road is; unbeset hitherto, except by me Möllendorf!" Thitherward all do now hasten, Austrians, Prussians: but the Prussians are beforehand; Möllendorf is master of the Pass, deploying himself on the other side of it, and Ziethen and everybody hastening through to support him there, and the Austrians making fierce fight in vain. The sound of which has reached Hülsen, and set Lestwitz and him in motion thither.

For the thing is vital, if we knew it. Close ahead of Möllendorf, when he is through this Pass, close on Möllendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the southwest corner of Siptitz Height. Southwest corner, highest point of it; summit and key of all that Battle area; rules it all, if you get cannon thither. It hangs steepish on the

southern side, over the Röhrgraben, where this Möllendorf-Austrian fight begins; but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side, — a fine saddle-shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle; Domitsch Wood the crupper part; summit of this Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep: — it is here (on the southern saddle-flap, so to speak), gradually mounting westward to the crupper-and-pommel part, that the agony now is.

And here, in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind: not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hülsen, come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire; "beating the Prussian march, they," sharply on all their drums, — Prussian march, rat-tat-tan, sharply through the gloom of Chaos in that manner; and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Möllendorf's, to Ziethen's left and the saddle-flap there, and fall on. The night is pitch-dark, says Archenholtz; you cannot see your hand before you. Old Hülsen's bridle-horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off: no horse left; and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon; and so rides, and arrives; right welcome the sight of him, doubt not! And the fight rages still for an hour or more.

To an observant Möllendorf, watching about all day, the importance and all-importance of Siptitz Summit, if it can be got, is probably known; to Daun it is alarmingly well known, when he hears of it. Daun is zealously urgent on Lacy, on O'Donnell; who do try what they can; send reinforcements, and the like; but nothing that proves useful. O'Donnell is not the man for such a crisis: Lacy, too, it is remarked, has always been more expert in ducking out of Friedrich's way than in fighting anybody.[1] In fine, such is the total darkness, the difficulty, the uncertainty, most or all of the reinforcements sent halted short, in the belly of the Night, uncertain where; and their poor friends got altogether beaten and driven away.

About 9 at night, all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward,

[1] Archenholtz's sour remark.

eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till 10); and that all-important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled themselves, in a kind of half-moon shape, close on the suburbs of Torgau; the Prussians in a parallel half-moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time; not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him; that he will have to send a second Courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all across and standing on wheels. With excellent despatch and order Daun winds himself across, — all of him that is still coherent; and indeed, in the distant parts of the Battle-field, wandering Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the River's voice in the great darkness, — and Daun's loss in prisoners, though great, was less than could have been expected: 8,000 in all.

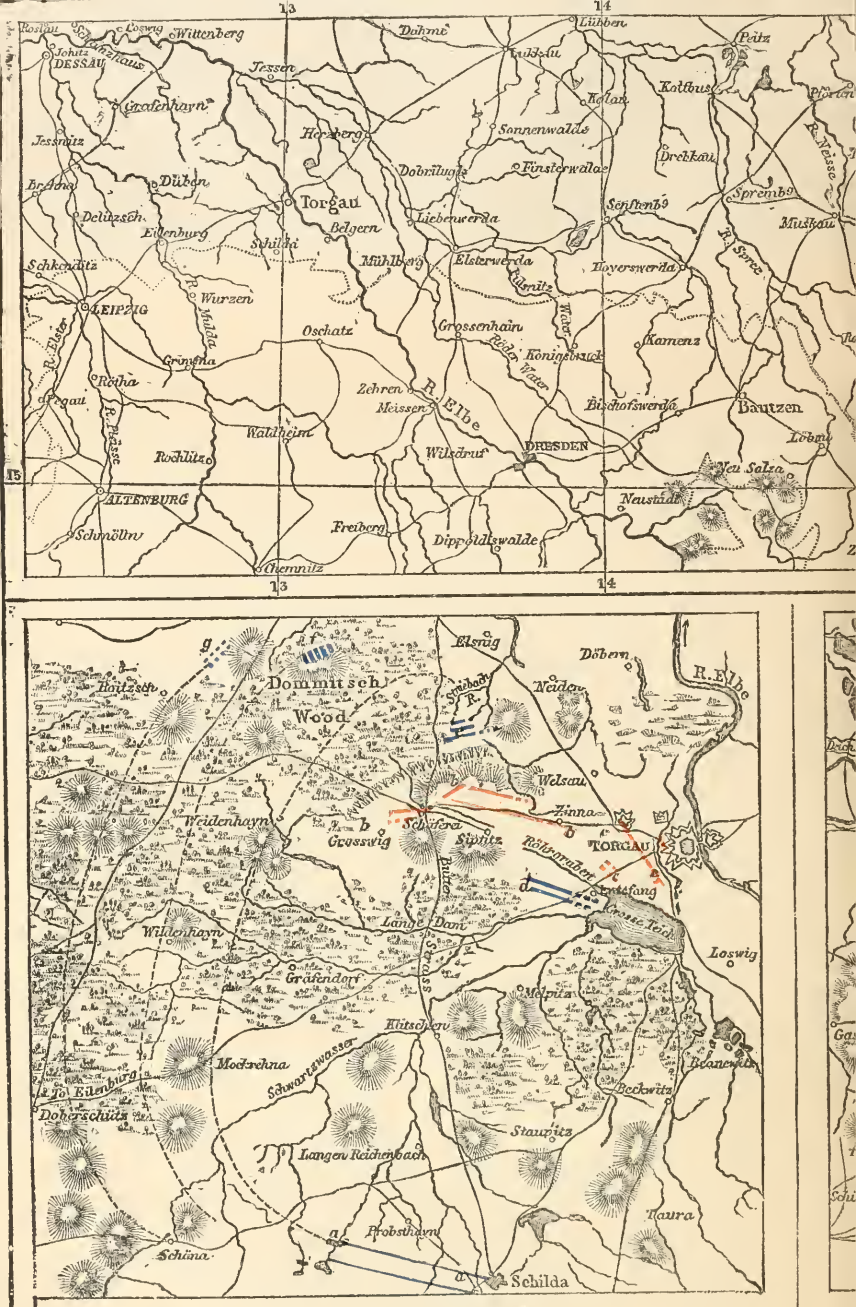
Till towards one in the morning, the Prussians, in their half-moon, had not learned what he was doing. About one they pushed into Torgau, and across the Town Bridge; found 26 pontoons, — all the rest packed off except these 26; — and did not follow farther. Lacy retreated by the other or left bank of the River, to guard against attempts from that side. Next day there was pursuit of Lacy; some prisoners and furnitures got from him, but nothing of moment: Daun and Lacy joined at Dresden; took post, as usual, behind their inaccessible Plauen Chasms. Sat there, in view of the chasing Prussians, without farther loss than this of Torgau, and of a Campaign gone to water again. What an issue, for the third time![1] —

On Torgau-field, behind that final Prussian half-moon, there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express.

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 291–318; Archenholtz, ii. 159–174; Retzow, ii. 299 et seq.; *Umständliche Beschreibung &c.* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 823–848): in *Helden-Geschichte*, or in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 245–300), the Daun *Despatches*, the Lists, &c.

Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground; not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the happier that were dead. "Unutterable!" says Archenholtz; who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty; lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it: water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their Staff-Officers, seeking to re-form their Battalions; to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory; but in the dark who needed mind them? — they went raving elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word-of-command saw itself futile. Pitch darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn: farther back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather: "Peace and truce between us; to-morrow morning we will see which are prisoners, which are captors." So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

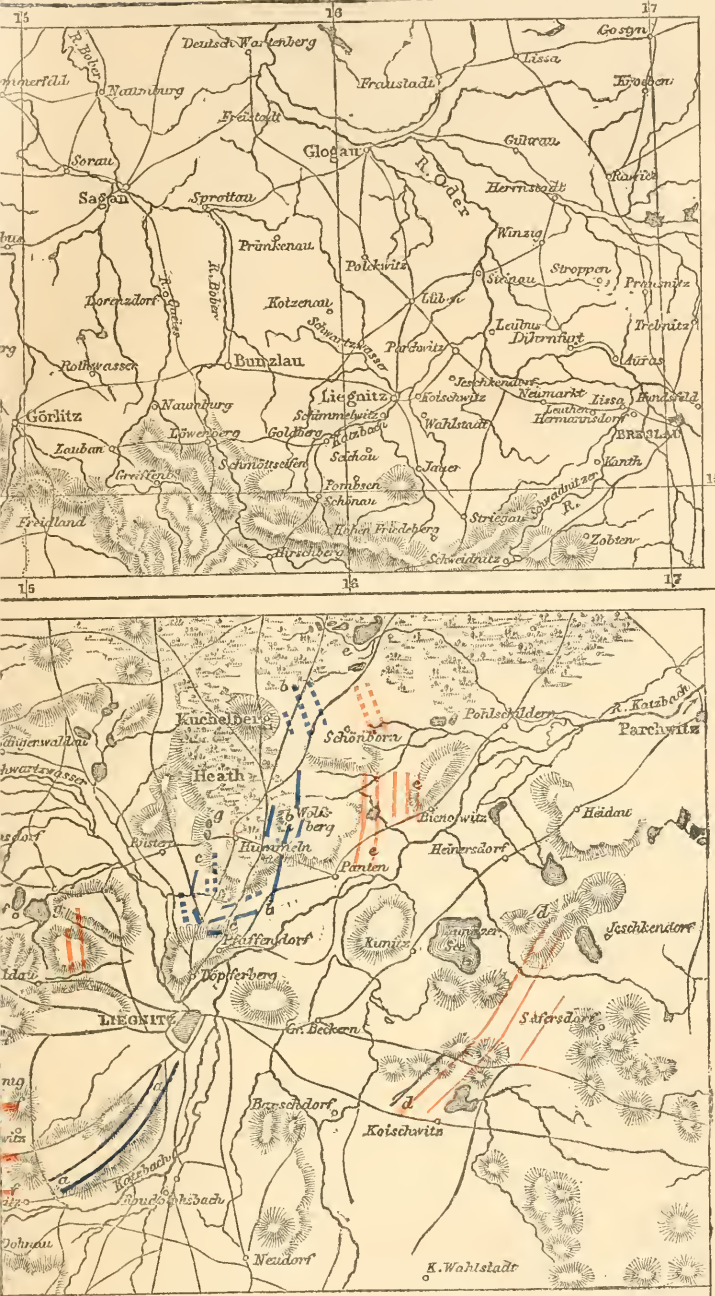
Friedrich, at Elsnig, found every hut full of wounded, and their surgeries, and miseries silent or loud. He himself took shelter in the little Church; passed the night there. Busy about many things; — "using the altar," it seems, "by way of writing-table [self or secretaries kneeling, shall we fancy, on those new terms?], and the stairs of it as seat." Of the final Ziethen-Lestwitz effort he would scarcely hear the musketry or cannonade, being so far away from it. At what hour, or from whom first, he learned that the Battle of Torgau had become Victory in the night-time, I know not: the Anecdote-Books send him out in his cloak, wandering up and down before daybreak; standing by the soldiers' fires; and at length, among the Woods, in the faint incipiency of dawn, meeting a Shadow which proves to be Ziethen himself in the body, with embraces and congratulations: — evidently mythical, though dramatic. Reach him the news soon did; and surely none



BATTLE OF TORGAU.

3rd NOVEMBER. 1760.

a.a. Prussian Camp at Schilda.
b b.b. Austrian Army. *c.c.c.* Rearguard under Lacy.
d. Prussian Detachment under Ziethen.
e. Friedrich's Division beginning the attack.
f Hulsen's Infantry. *g.* Holstein's Cavalry.



BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ.

15TH AUGUST, 1760.

a. a. Prussian Camp, left with fires burning.
b. b. Prussian Main Army. c. c, Ziethen's Division.
d. d Loudon's Camp. also left with fires burning.
e. e. Loudon's Army attacked by the Prussians.
f. f. Approach of Daun. g. g. Lacy's Cavalry.

could be welcomer. Head-quarters change from the altar-steps in Elsnig Church to secular rooms in Torgau. Ziethen has already sped forth on the skirts of Lacy; whole Army follows next day; and, on the War-theatre it is, on the sudden, a total change of scene. Conceivable to readers without the details.

Hopes there were of getting back Dresden itself; but that, on closer view, proved unattemptable. Daun kept his Plauen Chasm, his few square miles of ground beyond; the rest of Saxony was Friedrich's, as heretofore. Loudon had tried hard on Kosel for a week; storming once, and a second time, very fiercely, Goltz being now near; but could make nothing of it; and, on wind of Goltz, went his way.[1] The Russians, on sound of Torgau, shouldered arms, and made for Poland. Daun, for his own share, went to Vienna this Winter; in need of surgery, and other things. The population there is rather disposed to be grumbly on its once heroic Fabius; wishes the Fabius were a little less cunctatory. But Imperial Majesty herself, one is proud to relate, drove out, in Old Roman spirit, some miles, to meet him, her defeated ever-honored Daun, and to inquire graciously about his health, which is so important to the State.[2]

Torgau was Daun's last Battle: Daun's last battle; and, what is more to the joy of readers and their Editor here, was Friedrich's last, — so that the remaining Two Campaigns may fairly be condensed to an extreme degree; and a few Chapters more will deliver us altogether from this painful element! —

Daun lost at Torgau, by his own account, "about 11,000 men," — should have said, according to Tempelhof, and even to neutral persons, "above 12,000 killed and wounded, *plus* 8,000 prisoners, 45 cannon, 29 flags, 1 standard (or horse-flag)," [3] which brings him to at least 20,000 minus; — the Prussian loss, heavy enough too, being, by Tempelhof's admission, "between 13 and 14,000, of whom 4,000 prisoners." The sore loss, not

[1] *Hofbericht von der Belagerung von Kosel, im October* 1760 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 798–804): began "October 21st;" ended "at daybreak, October 27th."

[2] Archenholtz, ii. 179.

[3] Tempelhof, iv. 213; Kausler, p. 726.

so computable in arithmetic, — but less sore to Daun, perhaps, than to most people, — is that of being beaten, and having one's Campaign reduced to water again. No Conquest of Saxony, any more than of Silesia, possible to Daun, this Year. In Silesia, thanks to Loudon, small thanks to Loudon's Chief, they have got Glatz: Kosel they could not get; fiery Loudon himself stormed and blazed to no purpose there, and had to hurry home on sight of Goltz and relief. Glatz is the net sum-total. Daun knows all this; but in a stoical arithmetical manner, and refuses to be flurried by it.

Friedrich, as we said, had hoped something might be done in Saxony on the defeated Daun; — perhaps Dresden itself be got back from him, and his Army altogether sent to winter in Bohemia again? But it proved otherwise. Daun showed not the least disposition to quit his Plauen Chasm, or fall into discouragement: and after some weeks of diligent trial, on Friedrich's part, and much running about in those central and Hillward parts, Friedrich found he would have to be content with his former allotment of Saxon territory, and to leave the Austrians quiet in theirs. Took winter-quarters accordingly, and let the Enemy take. Cantoned himself, in that Meissen-Freyberg Country, in front of the Austrians and their impassable Plauens and Chasms: — pretty much as in the past Year, only that the Two Armies lay at a greater distance, and were more peaceable, as if by mutual consent.

Head-quarter of the King is Leipzig; where the King did not arrive till December 8th, — such adjusting and arranging has he had, and incessant running to and fro. He lived in the "Apel House, *New* Neumarkt, No. 16;"[1] the same he had occupied in 1757, in the Rossbach time. "*Ach!* how lean your Majesty has grown!" said the Mistress of it, at sight of him again (mythically, I should fancy, though it is in the Anecdote-Books). "Lean, *ja wohl*," answered he: "and what wonder, with Three Women [Theresa, Czarina, Pompadour] hanging on the throat of me all this while!" But we propose to look in upon him ourselves, in this Apel House, on more authentic terms, by and by. Read, meanwhile, these Two

[1] Rödenbeck, ii. 65.

bits of Autograph, thrown off incidentally, at different places, in the previous busy journeyings over Meissen-Freyberg Country: —

1. *Friedrich to Marquis d'Argens* (at Berlin).

"MEISSEN, 10th November, 1760.

. . . "I drove the enemy to the Gates of Dresden; they occupy their Camp of last Year; all my skill is not enough to dislodge them," — [Chasm of Plauen, "a place impregnable, were it garrisoned by chimney-sweeps," says the King once]. "We have saved our reputation by the Day of Torgau: but don't imagine our enemies are so disheartened as to desire Peace. Duke Ferdinand's affairs are not in a good way [missed Wesel, of which presently; — and, alas also, George II. died, this day gone a fortnight, which is far worse for us, if we knew it!] — I fear the French will preserve through Winter the advantages they gained during the Campaign.

"In a word, I see all black, as if I were at the bottom of a tomb. Have some compassion on the situation I am in; conceive that I disguise nothing from you, and yet that I do not detail to you all my embarrassments, my apprehensions and troubles. Adieu, dear Marquis; write to me sometimes, — don't forget a poor devil, who curses ten times a day his fatal existence, and could wish he already were in those Silent Countries from which nobody returns with news."[1]

2. The Second, of different complexion, is a still more interesting little Autograph, date elsewhere, farther on, in those wanderings. Madam Camas, Widow of the Colonel Camas whom we knew twenty years ago, is "Queen's *Ober-Hofmeisterinn* (Lady in Chief)," — to whom the King's Letters are always pretty: —

Friedrich to Madam Camas (at Magdeburg, with the Queen's Majesty).

"NEUSTADT, 18th November, 1760.

"I am exact in answering, and eager to satisfy you [in that matter of the porcelain: you shall have a breakfast-set, my

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 204, 205.

good Mamma; six coffee-cups, very pretty, well diapered, and tricked out with all the little embellishments which increase their value. On account of some pieces which they are adding to the set, you will have to wait a few days; but I flatter myself this delay will contribute to your satisfaction, and produce for you a toy that will give you pleasure, and make you remember your old Adorer. It is curious how old people's habits agree. For four years past I have given up suppers, as incompatible with the Trade I am obliged to follow; and in marching days, my dinner consists of a cup of chocolate.

"We hurried off, like fools, quite inflated with our Victory, to try if we could not chase the Austrians out of Dresden: they made a mockery of us from the tops of their mountains. So I have withdrawn, like a bad little boy, to conceal myself, out of spite, in one of the wretchedest villages in Saxony. And here the first thing will be to drive the Circle gentlemen, [Reichs Army] out of Freyberg into Chemnitz, and get ourselves room to quarter and something to live upon. It is, I swear to you, a dog of a life [or even a she-dog, *chienne de vie*], the like of which nobody but Don Quixote ever led before me. All this tumbling and toiling, and bother and confusion that never ceases, has made me so old, that you would scarcely know me again. On the right side of my head the hair is all gray; my teeth break and fall out; I have got my face wrinkled like the falbalas of a petticoat; my back bent like a fiddle-bow; and spirit sad and downcast like a monk of La Trappe. I forewarn you of all this, lest, in case we should meet again in flesh and bone, you might feel yourself too violently shocked by my appearance. There remains to me nothing but the heart, — which has undergone no change, and which will preserve, so long as I breathe, its feelings of esteem and of tender friendship for my good Mamma. Adieu."[1] — To which add only this on Duke Ferdinand, "whose affairs," we just heard, "are not in a good way:" —

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 144.

Fight of Kloster Kampen (Night of October 15th–16th); *Wesel not to be had by Duke Ferdinand.*

After *Warburg* (July 31st, while Friedrich was on the eve of crossing Elbe on new adventures, Dresden Siege having failed him), Duke Ferdinand made no figure to the Gazetteers; fought no Battle farther; and has had a Campaign, which is honorable only to judges of a higher than the Gazetteer sort.

By Warburg Ferdinand had got the Diemel; on the north bank of which he spread himself out, impassable to Broglio, who lay trying on the opposite bank: — "No Hanover by this road." Broglio thereupon drew back a little; pushed out circuitously from his right wing, which reaches far eastward of Ferdinand, a considerable Brigade, — circuitously, round by the Weser-Fulda Country, and beyond the embouchure of Diemel, — to try it by that method. Got actually a few miles into Hanoverian territory, by that method; laid hold of Göttingen, also of Münden, which secures a road thither: and at Göttingen there, "ever since August 4th," Broglio has been throwing up works, and shooting out hussar-parties to a good distance; intending, it would seem, to maintain himself, and to be mischievous, in that post. Would, in fact, fain entice Ferdinand across the Weser, to help Göttingen. "Across Weser, yes; — and so leave Broglio free to take Lippstadt from me, as he might after a short siege," thinks Ferdinand always; "which would beautifully shorten Broglio's communication [quite direct then, and without interruption, all the way to Wesel], and make Hanover itself, Hanover and Brunswick, the central Seat of War!" Which Ferdinand, grieved as he is for Göttingen, will by no means consent to.

Ferdinand, strong only as one to two, cannot hinder Broglio, though he tries variously; and is much at a loss, seeing Broglio irrepressibly busy this way, all through August and on into September; — has heard, however, from Wesel, through secret partisans there, that Wesel, considered altogether out of risk, is left in a very weak condition; weak in garrison,

weak even in gunners. Reflecting upon which, in his difficulties, Ferdinand asks himself, "A sudden stroke at Wesel, 200 miles away, might it not astonish Broglio, who is so busy on us just here?"—and, September 22d, despatches the Hereditary Prince on that errand. A man likely for it, if there be one in the world:—unable to do it, however, as the issue told. Here is what I find noted.

"*September 22d*, the Erbprinz, with a chosen Corps of 15,000, mostly English, left these Diemel regions towards Wesel, at his speediest. September 29th, Erbprinz and vanguard, Corps rapidly following, are got to Dorsten, within 20 miles of Wesel. A most swift Erbprinz; likely for such work. And it is thought by judges, Had he had either siege-artillery or scaling apparatus, he might really have attacked Wesel with good chance upon it. But he has not even a ladder ready, much less a siege-gun. Siege-guns are at Bielefeld [come from Bremen, I suppose, by English boating, up the Weser so far]; but that is six score miles of wheel-carriage; roads bad, and threatening to be worse, as it is equinoctial weather. There is nothing for it but to wait for those guns.

"The Erbprinz, hopefully waiting, does his endeavor in the interim; throws a bridge over the Rhine, pounces upon Cleve garrison (prisoners, with their furnitures), pounces upon this and that; 'spreads terror' on the French thereabouts 'up to Düsseldorf and Köln,'—and on Broglio himself, so far off, the due astonishment. 'Wesel to be snatched,—ye Heavens! Our Netherlands road cut off: Düsseldorf, Köln, our Rhine Magazines, all and sundry, fallen to the hawks,—who, the lighter-winged of them, might pay visits in France itself!' Broglio has to suspend his Göttingen operations, and detach Marquis de Castries with (say ultimately, for Castries is to grow and gather by the road) 35,000, to relieve Wesel. Castries marches double-quick; weather very rainy;—arrives in those parts *October 13th*;—hardly a gun from Bielefeld come to hand yet, Erbprinz merely filling men with terror. And so,

"*October 14th*, after two weeks and a day, the Hereditary Prince sees, not guns from Bielefeld, but Castries pushing into Wesel a 7,000 of additional garrison,—and the Enter-

prise on Wesel grown impossible. Impossible, and probably far more; Castries in a condition to devour us, if he prove sharp. It behooves the Hereditary Prince to be himself sharp; — which he undoubtedly was, in this sharp crisis. Next day, our Erbprinz, taking survey of Castries in his strong ground of Kloster Kampen, decides, like a gallant fellow, to attack *him;* — and straightway does it. Breaks, that same night (October 15th–16th, 1760), stealthily, through woods and with precautions, into Castries's Post; — intending surprisal, and mere ruin to Castries. And there ensued, not the *Surprisal* as it turned out, but the *Battle* of *Kloster Kampen;* which again proved unsuccessful, or only half-successful, to the Hereditary Prince. A many-winged, intricate Night-Battle; to be read of in Books. This is where the Chevalier d'Assas, he or Somebody, gave the alarm to the Castries people at the expense of his life. '*À moi, Auvergne,* Ho, Auvergne!' shouted D'Assas (if it was D'Assas at all), when the stealthy English came upon him; who was at once cut down.[1] It is certain, Auvergne gave fire; awoke Castries bodily; and saved him from what was otherwise inevitable. Surprise now there was none farther; but a complex Fight, managed in the darkness with uncommon obstinacy; ending in withdrawal of the Erbprinz, as from a thing that could not be done. His loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, was 1,638; that of Castries, by his own counting, 2,036: but Kloster Kampen, in the wide-awake state, could not be won.

[1] Preuss (ii. 270 n.) asserts it to be proved, in "*Miscellen aus den neuesten ausländischen Litteratur* (1824, No. 3, p. 409)," a Book which none of us ever saw, "That the real hero [equal to a Roman Decius or more] was not Captain d'Assas, of the Regiment Auvergne, but a poor Private Soldier of it, called Dubois"! — Is not this a strange turn, after such be-*pension*ing, be-painting, singing and celebrating, as rose upon poor D'Assas, or the Family of D'Assas, twenty years afterwards (1777–1790)! — Both Dubois and D'Assas, I conclude, lay among the slain at Kloster Kampen, silent they forever: — and a painful doubt does rise, As to the miraculous operation of Posthumous Rumor and Wonder; and Whether there was any "miracle of heroism," or other miracle at all, and not rather a poor nocturnal accident, — poor sentry in the edge of the wood, shrieking out, on apparition of the stealthy English, "Ho, Auvergne, help!" probably firing withal; and getting killed in consequence? *Non nostrum est.*

"During the Fight, the Erbprinz's Rhine-Bridge had burst in two: his ammunition was running short; — and, it would seem, there is no retreat, either! The Erbprinz put a bold face on the matter, stood to Castries in a threatening attitude; manœuvred skilfully for two days longer, face still to Castries, till the Bridge was got mended; then, night of October 18th–19th, crossed to his own side; gathered up his goods; and at a deliberate pace marched home, on those terms; — doing some useful fighting by the road."[1]

Had lost nothing, say his admirers, "but one cannon, which burst." One burst cannon left on the field of Kloster Kampen; — but also, as we see, his errand along with it; and 1,600 good fighters lost and burst: which was more important! Criticisms there were on it in England, perhaps of the *un*wise sort generally; sorrow in the highest quarter. "An unaccountable expedition," Walpole calls it, "on which Prince Ferdinand suddenly despatched his Nephew, at the head of a considerable force, towards the frontiers of Holland," — merely to see the country there? — "which occasioned much solicitude in England, as the Main Army, already unequal to that of France, was thus rendered much weaker. King George felt it with much anxiety."[2] An unaccountable Enterprise, my poor Gazetteer friends, — very evidently an unsuccessful one, so far as Wesel went. Many English fallen in it, too: "the English showed here again a *ganz ausnehmende Tapferkeit*," says Mauvillon; and probably their share of the loss was proportionate.

Clearly enough there is no Wesel to be had. Neither could Broglio, though disturbed in his Göttingen fortifyings and operations, be ejected out of Göttingen. Ferdinand, on failure of Wesel, himself marched to Göttingen, and tried for some days; but found he could not, in such weather, tear out that firmly rooted French Post, but must be content to "mask it," for the present; and, this done, withdrew (December 13th) to his winter-quarters near by, as did Broglio to his, — about the time Friedrich and Daun had finally settled in theirs.

[1] Mauvillon, ii. 120–129: Tempelhof, ii. 325–332.

[2] Walpole's *George Second*, iii. 299.

Ferdinand's Campaigns henceforth, which turn all on the defence of Hanover, are highly recommended to professional readers; but to the laic sort do not prove interesting in proportion to the trouble. In fact, the huge War henceforth begins everywhere, or everywhere except in Pitt's department of it, to burn lower, like a lamp with the oil getting done; and has less of brilliancy than formerly. "Let us try for Hanover," the Belleisles, Choiseuls and wise French heads had said to themselves: "Canada, India, everything is lost; but were dear Hanover well in our clutch, Hanover would be a remedy for many things!" Through the remaining Campaigns, as in this now done, that is their fixed plan. Ferdinand, by unwearied effort, succeeded in defending Hanover, — nothing of it but that inconsiderable slice or skirt round Göttingen, which they kept long, could ever be got by the French. Ferdinand defended Hanover; and wore out annually the big French Armies which were missioned thither, as in the spasm of an expiring last effort by this poor hag-ridden France, — at an expense to her, say, of 50,000 men per year. Which was good service on Ferdinand's part; but done less and less in the shining or universally notable way.

So that with him too we are henceforth, thank Heaven, permitted and even bound to be brief. Hardly above two Battles more from him, if even two: — and mostly the wearied Reader's imagination left to conceive for itself those intricate strategies, and endless manœuvrings on the Diemel and the Dill, on the Ohm River and the Schwalm and the Lippe, or wherever they may be, with small help from a wearied Editor! —

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